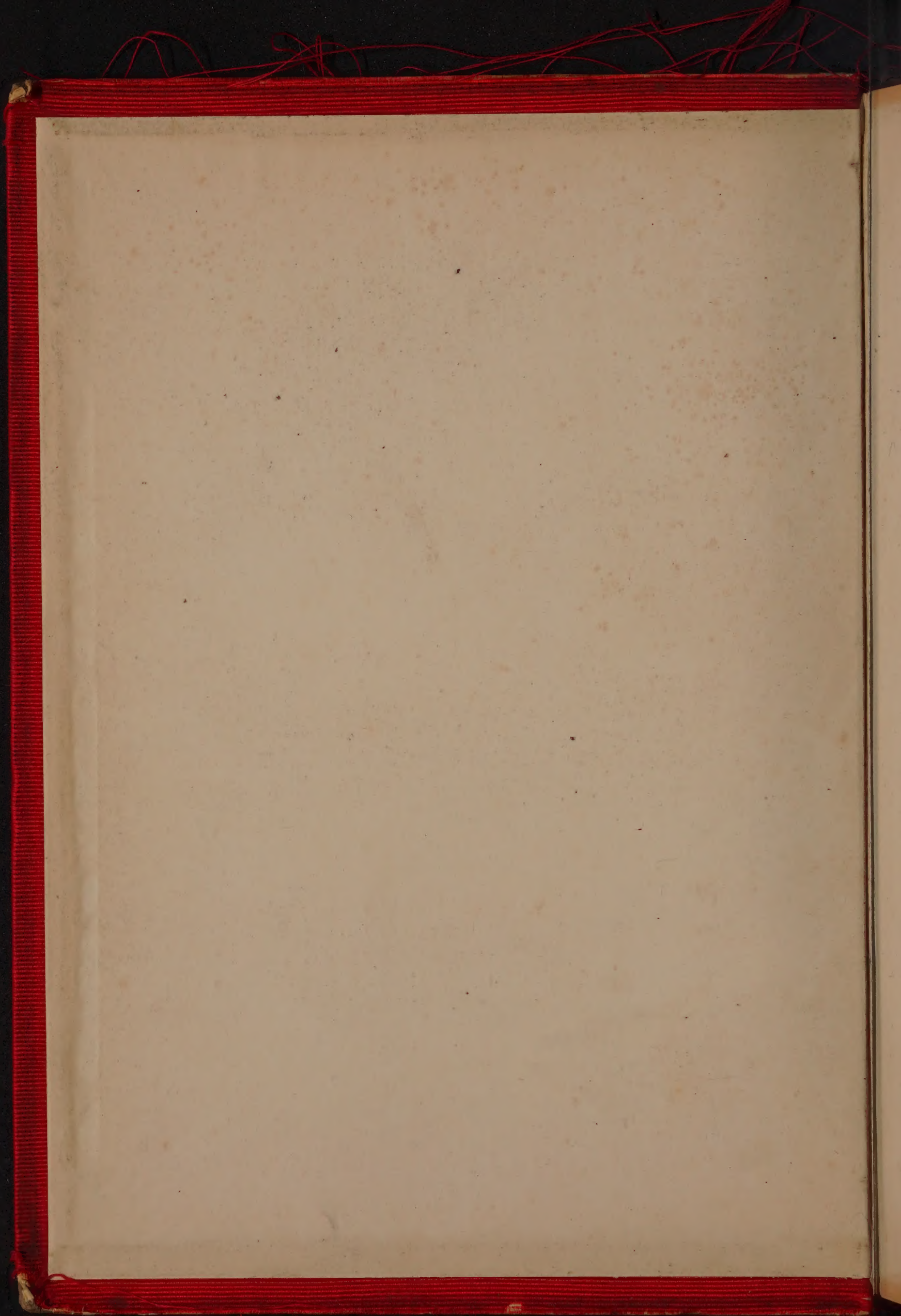


THE
KEEPSAKE
1840.

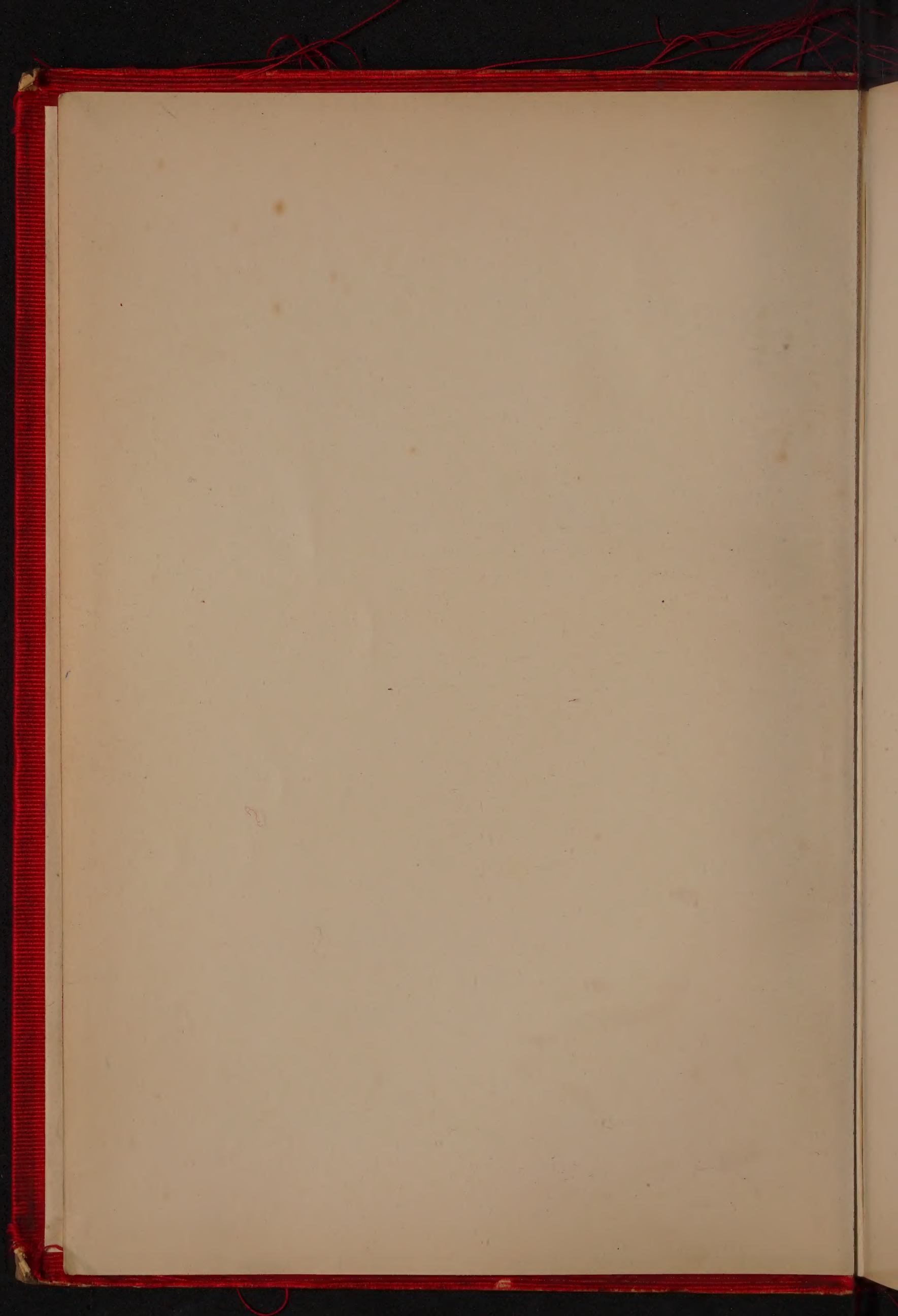


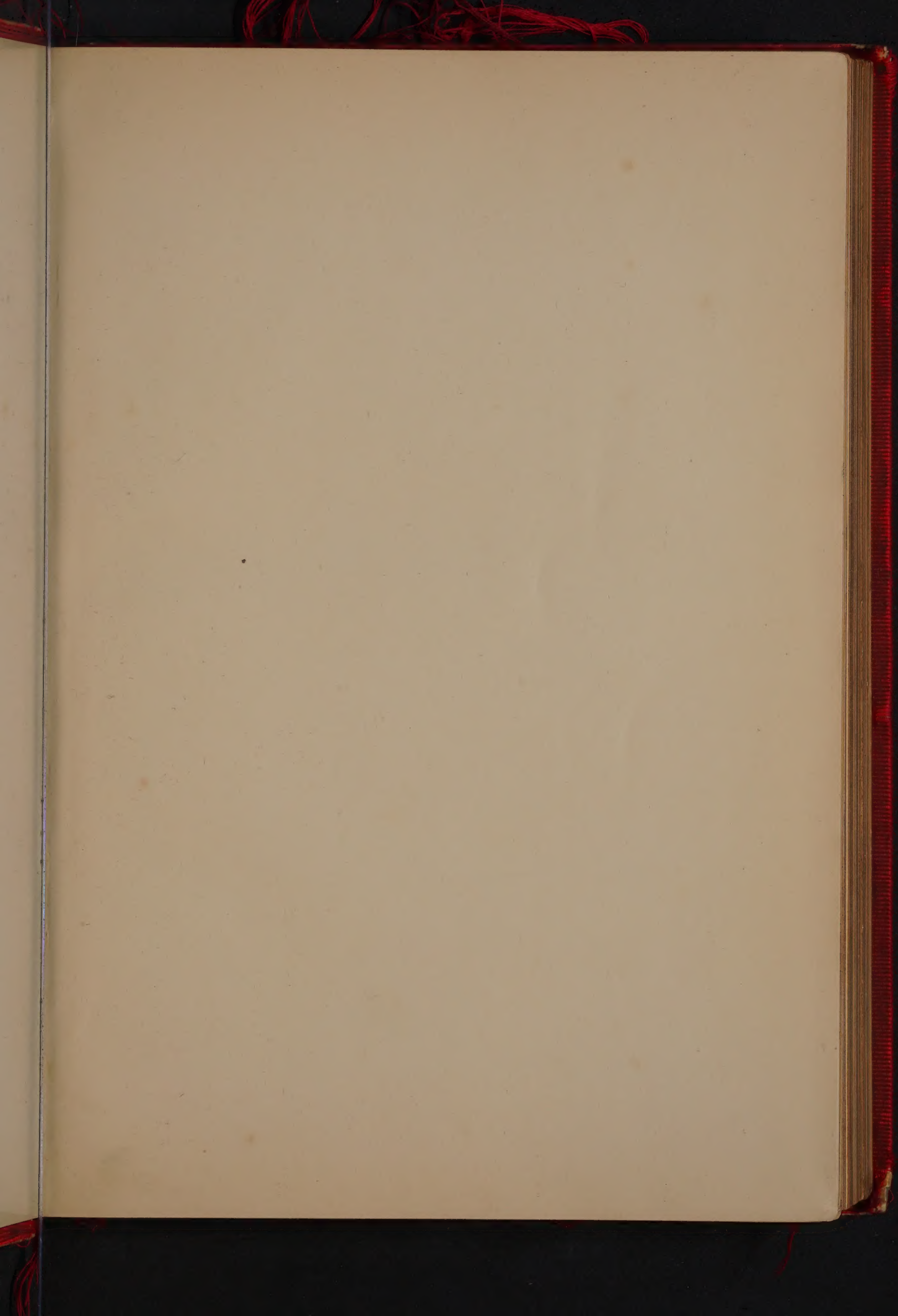






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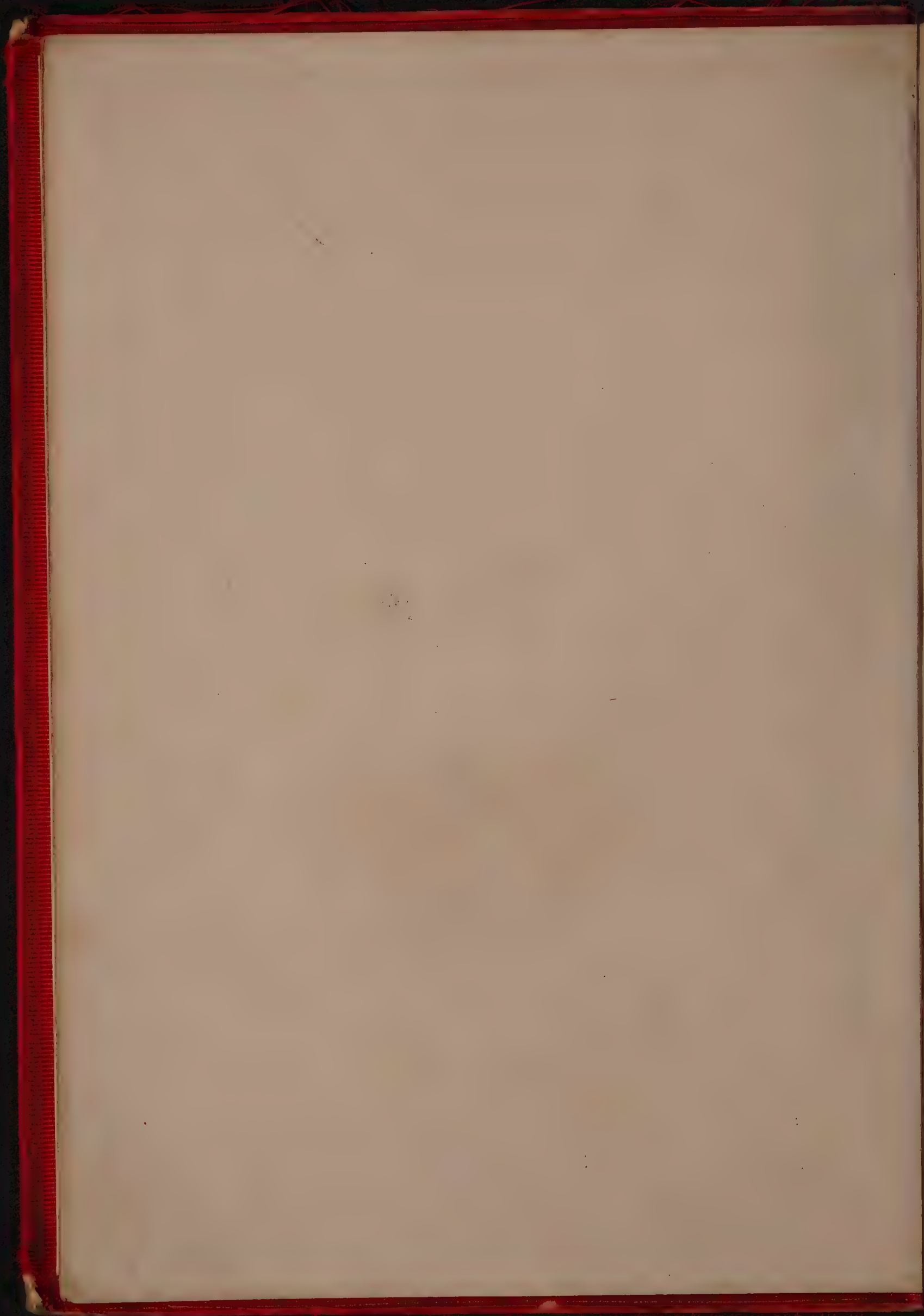
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THE
KEEPSAKE

FOR

MDCCCXL.

EDITED BY

THE LADY E. STUART WORTLEY.

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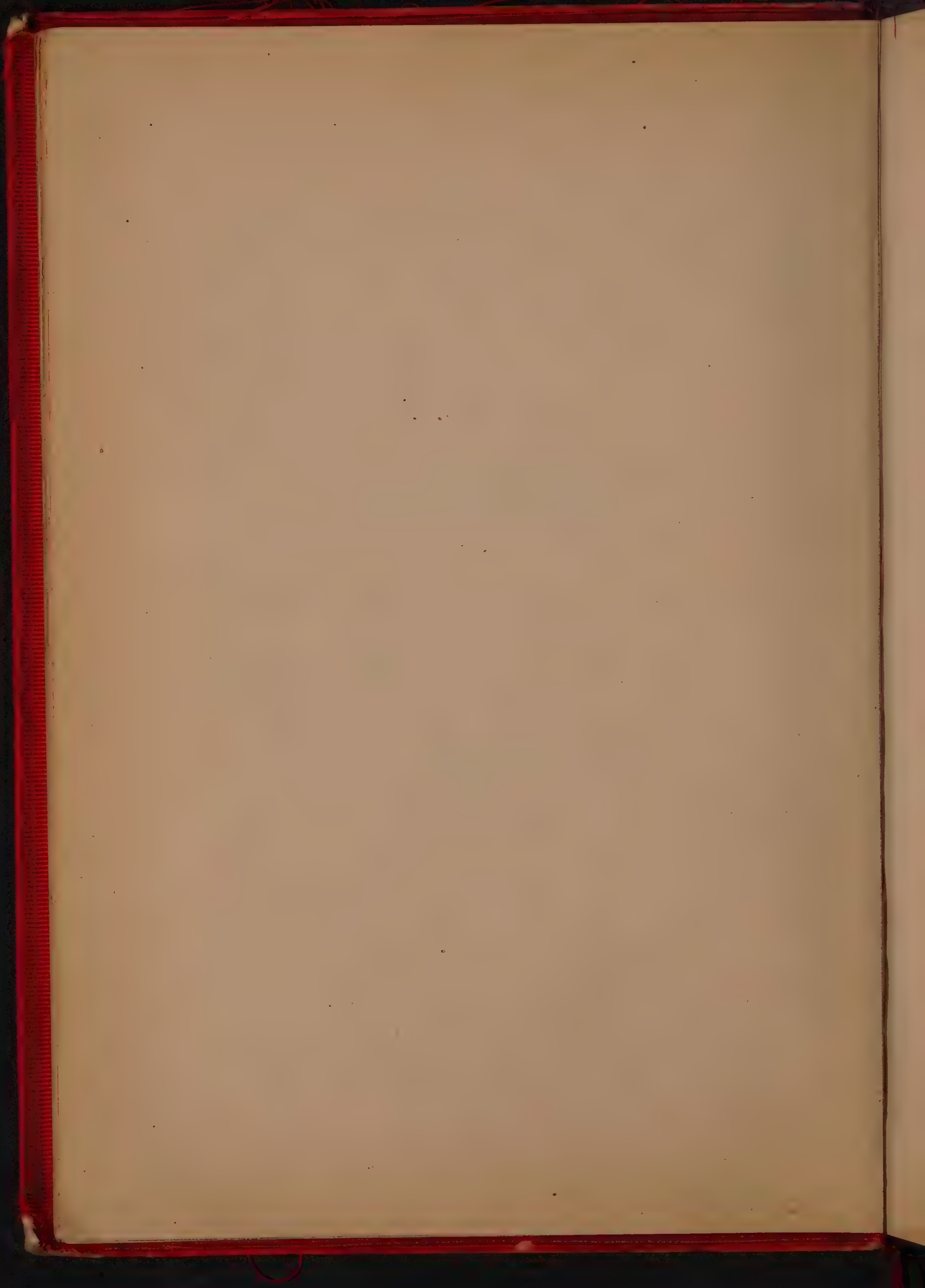
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It is particularly requested that copies will be retained of all MSS. addressed to the Publishers for insertion in the Keepsake, as they cannot undertake to return rejected articles.

ORIGINAL LETTERS OF LADY R. RUSSELL,

ETC.

IN introducing to the readers of "THE KEEPSAKE" the following manuscript letters, in the possession of his Grace the Duke of Rutland, it may not be uninteresting to prefix a short account of the writers of them.

Lady Rachel Russell, a name illustrious, less from her high rank, than from her exalted virtues, and severe trials, was the second daughter and co-heiress of Wriothesly, Earl of Southampton, and widow of Lord Vaughan, the eldest son of Lord Carberry. She married in 1669, William, Lord Russell, (eldest son of the Earl, afterwards Duke of Bedford), who was found guilty of high treason, and beheaded on the 21st of July, 1683, by which cruel sentence she was again left a widow with three children,—Wriothesly, afterwards Duke of Bedford, and two daughters; Rachel, married to William Cavendish, Duke of Devonshire; and Katharine, married to John Manners, Marquis of Granby, and afterwards Duke of Rutland. When upon his trial, Lord Russell requested that he might have some one to assist his memory in writing down what passed, the Attorney General told him he might be permitted to have a servant, on which his wife, who was present during the whole of it, instantly came forward and performed the painful

task herself. But perhaps the shortest, and at the same time most comprehensive account of her character, may be extracted from the Memoirs of her husband, by his descendant, Lord John Russell, out of which the substance of the foregoing historical facts are also borrowed:—

“Before taking leave of so admirable a person, I cannot refrain from offering some remarks upon her character. Her life may be divided into two parts: one, in which we sympathise with her happiness; the other, in which we admire her fortitude, and feel for her distress. In the first we have seen her captivate the affections of Lord Russell; and after having become his wife, we have mentioned her as busy in collecting political intelligence for his information, as anxiously providing for his health and comfort, directing the care and enjoying the amusements of her children; and, above all, returning thanks to the Most High for the gift of happiness, which, though extreme, she seems, never to have abused. She was to her lord the chosen mistress of his heart, the affectionate companion of his life, the tender and solicitous mother of his offspring. These qualities were sufficient to stamp her character as amiable; the conduct we afterwards related mark it as sublime. We then saw her attend her husband in prison upon a charge of high treason, and divide her day between the soothing attention which his situation excited, and the active enquiries which his defence required. We found her where a nobleman’s wife might not perhaps be expected—acting as his secretary in a court of justice, and writing with her own hand the notes from which he was to plead in a cause where his life was at stake. After his condemnation, we followed her in the anxious and unceasing solicitations which she made on every side to obtain his pardon; and amidst her restless endeavours to save his life, we still had to admire a heart, which could lead her to abstain from even hinting to the patriot

she was about to see perish on the scaffold, that his existence might be prolonged by means degrading to his spirit, or inconsistent with his honour. The life of Lady Russell after the death of her lord, was occupied and embittered by that grief of which she has left in her letters so affecting a memorial. Yet we are not to suppose that sorrow for her departed husband made her incapable of the duties which remained to her to perform. We find her on the occasion of the marriage of her daughter, expressing her resolve not to bend her child's inclinations to her own judgment. There remains a letter to Mrs. Howland, whose daughter was to marry her son, afterwards Duke of Bedford, giving very sensible advice upon the manner in which the child, then eight years old, ought to be educated; and it is worthy of remark, that so serious a person as Lady Russell, does not omit to mention dancing as one of the things which her future daughter-in-law ought to learn—"for though I confess," she says, "fashion and those other accomplishments are perhaps over-rated by the world, and I esteem them but as dross, and a shadow in comparison of religion and virtue, yet the perfections of nature are ornaments to the body as grace is to the mind." It appears by another letter, that she gave a large sum from her own fortune to pay the debts which her son had contracted by gambling, and to conclude these quotations, there is another in which she exhorts him, by every argument she can imagine, to seek for support in religion, which had been her own guide and consolation."

Mrs. Bridget Noel, the writer of one of the following epistles, was daughter of Baptist Noel, Viscount Camden, and sister to Katharine, third wife of the ninth Earl, and first Duke of Rutland.

FROM LADY RACHEL RUSSEL TO HER DAUGHTER.

[For the Right Honble the Lady Roos att Hadden in Darbyshire,
by Chesterfield bagg.]

Your sister is very wel, and hopes you are neer setting out, indeed it ought to be soe, for we have had so much wet tis not to be hop't the ways wil be good any more but stil worse. I had no letter yesterday from you, I writ last post to y^r brother and not to you, now tis to you and not him, a short one shall serve since I guesse y^r time is not easie to get either to writ or read. Lady Normanby was buried yesterday two mile beyond winsor without pomp—y^r Lord is gone with Lady Denby to a little place she has in y^e country, but now the funeral is past come to her house in our square til Barkley house is decided. Lady orrery told lady devon that witch was a useful companion for a widower ther being many prity women ther abouts. The Czar affords talke, y^r Duke zel treated him highly, and the Duchesse and Duchesse Brandenburg incognito stood behind his chair at dinner, upon whom he spit often and when he had eat as much as he wod he whistled and then one of his attendants brought a broom and swept the roome, he bought a ship at Amsterdam and made himselfe a cabin very convenient, he works carpenders work exceding wel, I am hasting to my work seting up by y^r sister. lady Sander is to be admitted to picket this evening. My servis to Lords and Lady.

I ame ever y^r affect. mother,

R. RUSSELL.

FROM THE SAME TO THE SAME.

Satur. 21 Aug. 97.

I cannot say and speak truly that I find myself very easie til I hear you and y^r company are well at haddon; the weather was so bad y^e first day; and you and y^r Lord and Lady dorithy so pact, and up y^e next tis strange what so much care dos making one doe y^e contrary to what on entends, for it had bin an easie matter to have made al wel, by putting my travelling coach to y^r hackney horses, but till that evening it never entered my thoughts, nor I hope any bodys else, or they wod have opened ther mouths, now I suspect y^r own selfe most and could be angry if I knew you did think and not make y^r notion but if all be wel, such wil happen I hope no more; I have enclosed y^e note of y^r goods sent to-day, y^e key of the plate not being left we put your choice box and y^r tea in a box together and being yesterday at Mrs. Somer I met little bottles to pour milke out for tea, they cal them milke bottles, I was much delighted with them so put up on for a present for you I have heard nothing since you went of your brother; I doubt I can say no more besides my services in grose especially Lord roos who will still I hope continue to excuse al the inconveniences he met with.

(not Signed)

FROM THE SAME TO THE SAME.

4th june, 1700.

I'me glad you have got y^e picture for tho' I beleve it may not be valuable from y^e goodnesse of y^e work, yet I doubt not but you prise it, as being y^r Grandmother, I spose you want no more tea, but if you do I can supply, for I bought one pound of the Citty tea, y^e bitter sort, and being one day at

Lady Sunderlands we drank tea was good I thought and saying soe she commended it highly, and then I asked her where she had, she said of Mr. Segworth t'was the best Keper in towne and she believed she could help me to a pound, but I took no notice of her saying soe, but however the day after her Lad^p was gone, hur servant brought me a pound, I asked what it cost he said 30 shil: so I found t'was not a present, I keep it close and t'other also, and if want not perhaps they shal be unopened, or at least halfe pound pots, when you come up. I know not a silable of newes; our vacant places y^t wil be, we do not hear who shal fil them; and one more is like to fal, ——— is very ill spitting blood, it seems an old complaint but very bad now. Soe is as I beleve ratcliffe thinks Lady Alington she was to go to y^e bath in al hast, but in a few days he changed his mind, says she is to weak and now must drink brisow waters here, and change the aire, he thinks hur lungs touched, she continues low and faint, my brother james is not wel, a terrible cough realy like a chin cough, and is mighty stufed too so y^e later in y^e night he was forced to let blood, and continues feavourish, he had a blister laid on—I have not heard to day how he is but shal before I seal. Lord bedford holds up wel. Tomorrow is y^e instalment at winsor, I conclude, tho' ther has bin a report because y^e Lord albemarles mother is dead the seremony should be put off but I guesse a little malice in y^t. lord devon, lord rochester and lord Dorset are y^e assistant lords, y^e ——— has y^e duchesse of norfolks jewels—they talke she is near a marriage, but nobody names who, nor wife for y^e lord at present; we linger in our remove for Straton, no day yet set, y^r sister has not got off hur cold yet, at y^e chimney fireing, but I hope to send you word she is prity wel to day. at present my servises conclude from y^r affect. mother,

R. RUSSELL.

Y^r sister is finely wel.

FROM THE SAME TO THE SAME.

I have bin under great anxietie til y^e post came yesterday, for tho' Belvoir is so strong a building and I feared accidents ther as little as any where, yet so many dismal ons have fallen upon so many y^t w^od justifie a mighty apprehension. I blesse God we are al wel, but the chimney where my son and his wife lay fel, and y^e bricks and soot coming downe y^e chimney made them rise at six a clock and come in my drawingroome; y^e wal of y^e garden fel next y^e field, and al y^e trees bent one side to y^e very ground. But at Straton my losse is worse in al respects, by farmes tore to pieces, corne and hay dispersed seen hanging on y^e trees, and amongs y^e trees neer the house the fir grove, as richard writes, intirely broke and tore up by y^e roots; I send Spenser tomorrow to sie if tis in nature possible to get up but a row round y^e ground. hampshire is al desolation. devon-house scapet better than any house I heare of. Many kiled in country as wel as in towne. Lady penelope wicklesse kiled in her bed at ther country house, and he in y^e sam bed saved, a peice of timber faling betweene his legs, and kept of y^e bricks, but 'tis innumerable y^e mischiefs and y^e preservations; sea matters yet too unsertaine, so sertaine beaumont lost, and wonderfully lamented, and 5 ships upon y^e sands, no newes yet y^a to be relyed on of Sir Shovel; I'me sorry y^r lord lost his match, but realy the present calamity takes up al my thoughts. 'Tis time to dine, so must end y^r from y^r affect. mother,

R. RUSSELL.

Tuesday 30 Nov.

FROM THE SAME TO THE SAME.

I did not suppose it necesary to say good nurs Eliz. w^od be kindly welcome to Southampton House, so deferd riting to y^a

post, when I hoped something we woud like to heare might have come to us, but no maile. Last night, ther is a general rumour in y^e towne y^t comes by y^e papists y^t prince Eugene and Vileroy has engaged, y^e first beaten they say, and y^e more modest say a drawne bisnesse, but not a word of Lord malborough; some say 'tis by y^e (owelers*) y^e letters come, but 'tis sertaine ther is newes come from France three or 4 days agoe. I'me very wel plesed you are fixing a time to come to us, and hope y^e weather wil be more moderat in a fortnight, for 'tis violent now, and fainting to you. I feare nothing but an evening journey can be fit for you, I'me glad you rest at lofnam, lord hartington has two pots of tea from lord Shanon, to send lord Granby, he woud have me send at least one downe a Monday, but I count y^r removing so soon makes it better to let it alone til I writ to know, for I may heare his mind time enof to have it with you before you leave belvoir. I have an invitation to dine today at Lady falconberge, a briling day, so to get ready close y^s with servisses, unlesse a maile come in, when we or cosen William shal insert, from y^r affect. mother,

R. RUSSELL.

Lord hartington seems unsertaine in his seting out.

FROM THE SAME TO THE SAME.

tuesday 14 july.

By y^{rs} receved yesterday I read y^s wil meet you at Belvoir I hope wel, and y^t you find al y^e deare children soe, at last ther perewigs are gone downe, as to y^r necklesse, I can say nothing how it came by what wheel of fortune, for as to y^r sister you know more of her then I doe by Mr. Vice Chamberlain. I saw her Thursday morn^s before she went to y^e Queene, and not a word sence; but Lady Devon says she is

* The word in the original manuscript.

to dine to day at Sion wher y^r sister lay last night, and so bringe hur home to day, posibly by evening we may have a sight of hur, but I beleve she has writ to you, for I asked hur if she had sent you advise of y^e way of mourning, she answered me very quick, O yes indeed—if I had wanted y^e subject I hardly know how to have got soe far in my paper, y^e towne now being so empty, y^t realy I hardly know any body to cal by a name; all fly to winser or elections. Sir James says Lord hartinton cant misse in yorkshire, me thinks you dont talke soe confidently of y^{rs} in lestershire; Lord pawlet who is going to his at winchester told me yesterday y^t one of the pretenders not verney, went to som market towne and ther drank a health to y^e Queene, but said he would never drink y^e late king's nor abjur y^e prince of wailes, nor drink health to y^e princes of hannover, and y^a he says wil undoe his interest, if it be true I'me sure it ought to do it. I writ to Lord rutland, from whom I had a letter of congratulation for our infant, and I said al I thought necessary upon y^e subject of Lord hartin. not writing to him for his interest in Yorkshire. I have had no letter from Lady rutland, soe I spare riting, I mention it for fear any may have miscarryd and soe I be blamed for not doing my duty, but I fancy not having an answer from me she wo^d speak of it, if she had rit; my servis to al lords and ladys, our mother and child are both wel, only my daughter says she has not slept these three nights, y^r brother went and Lord Edward and mr. charlton to woburne a Saturday, that election is to be tomorrow sennight, but y^r brother comes back la. bedford says thursday or friday. I heard him say he had y^r letter; I had a letter from Lady Anne popam yesterday, she says her garle has found soe much good by coves milk, y^t she has defered going to y^e bath. If any thing happens before post, it shal be added.—(Left off abruptly.)

TO THE RIGHT HONORABLE Y^r COUNTESS OF RUTLAND.

THESE PRESENT.

I must beg my deare sister's pardon, for giving you this trouble, but I canot rest satisfied till I have an account how your lord dos, for I am extremely consarned to hear he has putt his ankel out of joynt. My sister noel and I was at Burley yesterday, my lady Gainsborough met us at Burley, but in sutch a dress, as I never saw, without dispute, her iengan manto is the worst of y^e kind, it is purpel, and a great dell of green, and a leetel gould, and great flowers; there is some red with y^e green, and no lining, w^{ch} luks most abomenable. Mr. Wortly was at Burley, Lord Burley dances extremely fine, Mr. William cecil was drest like a garle, and dansed with Lord Burley, and put me in mind of Lady Kathern in his dansen, for he maks a very prety garl, and dances very grasful, lady Digby is com to Exton, but stays but a week if so long—Mr. May is deed or a dying, he goot a fall off his hors w^{ch} will be y^e cause of his deth, my cosen Filep is with us. I desire you will send me word if you have bought George's share in the Grove. I beg my humble sarvice to your lord and my sarvice to Lord Roos and Lady Kathern and Master, and Lady Dorothy. I am dear sister y^{rs} eternally to command,

B. NOEL.

All here present you with their sarvices and I beg mine to my brother John and cosen Crows.

Katharine, 9th Countess, afterwards first Duchess of Bedford.

LADY RACHEL RUSSEL TO HER GRANDDAUGHTER LADY FRANCES
MANNERS.

Stratten, August 3.

You could not my deare Lady Frances be better plesed to take the opertunity you have done to let me know how con-

stant your kindnesse is to me than I was to read it, and if it had not bin in soe faire a hand the affection I read it with wad have made it easie to me as wel as welcome, the messenger wil be soe who brings back your papa's horse with victory. I wish you al so in the lottery, and desire you love your grandmama as wel as you can. I am and shall alwayes be dear child your very affectionate grandmama,

R. RUSSEL.

TO HIS GRACE THE DUKE OF RUTLAND.

Southampton House, Sep 22, 1701.

I hope my Lord Granby has not omitted my complements due to your Grace, upon the last addition of another branch to your noble family. However I must myselfe present congratulations for our grandchild Lady Bete* being born. Since your Grace is soe good as to bid me be told a boy or garle was equally welcome to you. Indeed my Lord you are plesed every way and at all times to be the most favorable and obleging to my child, that any person in the world can be, and I believe so well of her (who has gratitude in her nature) that willingly no part of duty to your Grace shal ever be neglected, but be performed with gladnesse, honor, and affection, for all which I love her, as I ever pray she may be a blessing to the family she is now off. Thursday was our christening; my daughter Hartington stood for M^{rs} Noel, and myselfe for the Duchess of Somerset, my son for his uncle James. She is a fine healthy garl. The shortest troubles being the best, I hasten to signe this truth, that I am,

My Lord,

Your Grace's most faithful and humble servant,

R. RUSSEL.

The second Duke of Rutland married Catharine, daughter of William Lord Russel, and sister to Wriothsley Duke of Bedford.

* Betty.

FOR MASTER THOMAS MANNERS.

I give my dear Master Thomas abundance of thanks for his pritty letter, and doe beleve him very good that he has not forgot his old grandmamma, and remembers her yet so kindly. Pray continue to doe so, and I wil be as constant to you as my wishes, that you may be as improving in all great qualitys, as you are in writing a good hand, and particularly in all such as suits best a great General; and be able to answer all the hard questions your Papa puts to you, and your brother, General Prince Eugene. I desir you ofer him my kind services. I hope you both agree, we shal take more towns in France before the campaign ends; I agree to wish it, and am, as I wil always be, my dear Grandchild,

Your affectionat Grandmama,

R. RUSSEL.

FOR THE R^T HONOURABLE THE LADY GRANBY ATT BELVOIR
CASTLE IN LEICESTERSHIRE, BY GRANTHAM BAGG.

25 Oct' 1703.

I have bin lasie in writing because I know daughter Bedford failes not, and so you may guesse ther is nothing bad, and in particular I have little to say. I guessed your mind right, that if Woodriffe wod do wel, and advance himselfe, you wod not grudge y^e mony laid out, so that cant be agreed til we see what time tells us. Lord Hartington is gone to Sussex. I cant be sory you sit down contented with fox hunting. I am so afraid of a chance, I know not if I should be sory or glad, your lord lost Newmarket, since t'was no great complaint, because I sie few, I know little, and because I am not inquisitive I know lesse, but one that is a little more so than I am

says, that both your lord and my son lost a great deale at Newmarket. Your brother was quick in dispatch, if he did, I hoped he went better resolved, but what must be, must be. I know not a word of newes. If I get any it shall be added by cousin William. My blessing to you all closes this from an affectionate mother,

R. RUSSEL.

There is a ship come in from Lisbon brings us good news as we could expect from thence; the ratifications are all exchanged, our league intirely settled, when the news came to Madrid a counsel was called. The first debate was whether Spain should declare war against Portugal immediately, but after a long debate came to no resolution. Y^e next thing under consideration was whether they should or should not lay waste that country, where the enemy was like to come—so y^t they might not be able to subsist, but to this point came to no resolution. Porto Cararo has layd down his commission and retired to his country house. D^e Estere is gone out of Spain and let the King of France know, that if he will not permit him to come into France, he must retire to Rome. Leganer, who has been late a governor in Flanders, was offered some very considerable thing, but he excused himself. Armys on both sides are drawn to y^e frontiers of both kingdoms. They have heard in Spain of the Duke of Savoy's affairs—an hour or two ago no maile was come, tho' every day expected now. The wind is east.

TO THE SAME.

Sunday 18th August 1706.

Tuesday was my last. I thank God al here are as we were then, very wel. Lord Hartington had a letter from Lord Sunderland by last night's post, to advise a journey into York-

shire, upon y^e the death of Sir John Key, but he dos not seeme to relish y^e counsel. We are in paine for the expedition fleet, sence the stormy Tuesday night, and Wednesday morning twas a strong south west wind. To me newes of no side is at present very reviving, however room for hope every post day. I cant tell if it was timely enof at Portsmouth to bring Lord Rivers his letter from his sister, to tel him his daughter was now Lord belamore's wife, but howher she hoped he wod be as kind to her as the duke of bolton was to lady mordaunt; Y^t poor lady had a piece of good fortune amongst her hardships, she lay at a publick house in Portsmouth and y^e folks finding that those who came to be merry were better profit asked her to leave y^e house y^t very evening; a gentlewoman in y^e house came to make her a visit, finding her distresse, offered her a chamber til she was provided, twas as soon accepted, and in a few hours the lady mother of a garle, since dead—I beleve your brother is at Woburne againe, but I have not heard so. I think I never said nothing as to hearing from y^m nor is it any matter I think, but you y^t that do not lov to underdo might let prasye scribble to M^{rs} Cretenden how al dos, y^e youngest child has 2 teeth, so y^t may be a cause. I y^s moment rit to my daughter, and said I have often questions from you, how al dos, and I have answered to her content tho' she thinks her brother very lasie never to scribble a word or two how al dos, Lord Hartington goes to the race at lord warton's, where he wil be heartily teased about making interest for lord fairfax tho' I beleve his own thoughts are juster as to y^e matter there, yet I fancy they wil urge further than he can resist, but M^r Charlton thinks he can't do too much in the case, tho' it may be to little or no effect, but perhaps he may hurt his own interest, in my fancy, and his own too I beleve, for he has of all partys. but some gentlemen drive like Jehu. My services close y^s from your ever affectionate mother,

R. RUSSELL.

CASTLES, ANTIENT AND MODERN:

A CONTRAST.

BY SIR JOHN DEAN PAUL, BART.

Moss-grown and grey, behold yon mould'ring walls,
 Time-honored Castle ! in whose bannered halls
 Were wont to meet the beautiful and brave,
 Now names forgotten, and their homes the grave ;
 The falling tow'rs now hastening to decay,
 The ruined fastness of a feudal day.
 There on the dais, raised above the throng,
 The baron sate to list the minstrel's song ;
 Cold, vast, and comfortless the vaulted room,
 Few flickering lamps broke in upon the gloom ;
 Rushes fresh plucked were strewed upon the floor,
 And dogs whipt out could rush beneath the door.
 Fair dames were seen in ermined robes to freeze,
 No stoves dispersed a mitigated breeze ;
 The cow'ring bloodhounds crouched beneath their feet,
 And hawks together nestling kept their seat,
 Whilst the old harper, now grown hoarse and hoary,
 Sang the old song that told his patron's glory.
 From unwash'd mouths, that took a lingering sup,
 To maiden lips was pass'd the undainty cup ;
 Menials on either side, an ill trained pack,
 Drain'd the strong ale from out the huge black jack.
 Rude as the times they lived in, and unfit
 For modern ears their ill imagined wit :
 Coarse in expression, boisterous and loud,
 Were the old feasts whereof our sires were proud.

Behold the change—we alter and improve
 In modern intercourse of social love.

High as of old are raised our modern tow'rs,
With taste more polish'd, unabated pow'rs;
An instance take—compare the old and new,
And thankful own it is a proud review.
Whose banner that which floats in air so high,
The lordly symbol, in yon azure sky?
'Tis Rutland's flag!—and now assembles there
That gracious Duke, the gallant and the fair.
High o'er the woods, the monarch of the lands
That spread beneath—imperial Belvoir stands!
What warrior's skill the bastion wide prepared,
Those cannon planted, and the platform squared,
Those harbingers of death with flowers combined,
Fortress and palace—sure a master mind?
With skill so absolute, and taste so true,
Who but the Chief that won at Waterloo!
Enter the Castle. Mount the spreading stair
With armour deck'd, and breathe a perfumed air,
The schools of art their matchless magic give,
And long lost heroes on the canvass live.
Behold the Banquet!—flames a second day,
A hundred lights on glitt'ring goblets play;
On the rapt sense melodious sounds are poured,
Whilst tempered Bacchus crowns the chastened board.
Anon they meet at Music's gentle call,
With lights subdued within the bannered hall;
The song still deepens, and still sweeter strains
Bid lovers grieve that night so quickly wanes.
Who would prefer the feudal feasts to these,
Or the coarse orgies that were wont to please?
These are our modern scenes—no neighbour's rights
Invaded now—no border feuds nor fights;
But equal laws and even balanced state,
Secure alike the humble and the great.

VERONICA OF CASTILLE.

BY THE COUNTESS OF BLESSINGTON.

THERE dwelt not in all Castille a fairer maiden than Veronica d'Alcantara. Left an orphan in her childhood, and the heiress of immense possessions, the guardianship of herself and fortune was confided to a distant relative, the Conde Ribiero. In his castle, in a remote province, were passed the first years of her girlhood; where, under the superintendence of a kind-hearted and devoted duenna, she attained all the accomplishments deemed necessary for a lady of ancient descent, one who boasted of blue blood in her veins, and whose wealth surpassed that of every Hidalgo in the province. The Conde Ribiero had a nephew, a youth of wild and ungoverned passions, whose name had been more than once linked with crime; and who no sooner saw the fair ward of his uncle, and heard of her broad lands, than he determined to appropriate both to himself. It was not that his heart was touched by the charms of the fair Veronica; for, truth to tell, all captivating as they were, they made but little impression on him. Her wealth was the attraction; though he rejoiced that her surpassing beauty would exempt him from the suspicion of having sought her solely from mercenary motives. His uncle, the Conde Ribiero, marked with satisfaction the preference accorded by Don Manuel de Mendoza to the fair Veronica. He looked on the alliance of his ward and heir as the means of enriching the impoverished fortunes of the latter, and upholding the fast-falling dignity of his ancient house; and in this agreeable prospect, forgot the vices of his nephew, reports of which had frequently reached him, coupled with irrefragable proofs of their truth.

Don Manuel was a constant guest in the secluded castle of the Conde Ribiero, where no insidious art was left untried to win the affections of the young and lovely heiress. Flattery assailed the inexperienced girl in all the seductive tones of a man who had often, and successfully, availed himself of this redoubtable weapon against the gentler sex; but, sooth to say, though the flattery pleased her passing well, she loved not the flatterer. The vanity of Don Manuel became wounded, as he marked the unaffected indifference of her whom he had determined to wed. That he, the most favored of all the young men who distinguished themselves in the heartless course of gallantry at Madrid and had won the smiles of its proudest dames, should fail to captivate a mere girl, who had never left the solitude of her provincial abode, surprised and mortified him! His indifference towards Veronica soon began to assume a stronger, sterner sentiment—that, of positive dislike as his wounded vanity writhed under the daily and evident symptoms of her distaste. Not all the dissimulation in which he was so well skilled, could at times conceal his hatred towards the fair and artless Veronica. Often did his more wary uncle reproach him, *not* for the sentiment, but for its unwise exposure, and prophesy that it would preclude the fulfilment of the schemes and wishes of both. Then the wily Don Manuel would smooth his brow, dress his face in smiles, and court the heiress with all his practised arts; but she continued as insensible as before, her perfect indifference rendering her as unconscious of his real dislike, as regardless of his affected preference.

Veronica had now attained her seventeenth year, when a letter from the Court, summoned the Conde Ribiero and his beautiful ward to visit Madrid. This summons, a compliance with which could not be evaded, filled the uncle and nephew with alarm. The beauty and wealth of Veronica could not

fail, they felt convinced, to attract universal attention and admiration; and it was but too probable that the heart which had resisted all the arts of Don Manuel, would yield to one of the many suitors likely to try to win it in the dangerous focus of the courtly circle. They already saw, in anticipation, the prey they had so long deemed their own, become the property of another, but how to avert this impending evil they knew not. Various were the plans devised by this unworthy pair to detain Veronica from Madrid until she should consent to become the wife of Don Manuel; but the order for repairing thither was so peremptory, and the time granted for obeying it so brief, that they despaired of finding any satisfactory excuse for non-compliance.

Veronica evinced such unequivocal symptoms of pleasure when informed that she was soon to exchange her gloomy abode, for the brilliant one of Madrid, that her guardian and his nephew saw that her desire to leave the Castle de Ribiero, would offer a strong obstacle to any plan they might attempt to frustrate it. Don Manuel, at the suggestion of his uncle, redoubled his attentions to Veronica; and she, elated at the prospect of her speedy emancipation from a dwelling endeared to her by no tie of affection, no recollection of happy days, in the artlessness of her nature, permitted a portion of the exhilaration she felt, to mingle in her converse with her guardian and his nephew; whose vanity led him to attribute her unusual complacency and gaiety to a growing sentiment of kindness towards himself. But while the Conde Ribiero and Don Manuel retarded their departure to the utmost permitted limit, and reflected on every possible means of finding a pretext for detaining Veronica at the castle, chance offered one, the very evening previous to that fixed for their leaving the country, which they seized with avidity. Veronica complained of illness, and in a few hours was pronounced,

by the leech of the neighbouring village, to be suffering under the measles, a malady then raging in the neighbourhood. He asserted that the symptoms were so favorable, and the constitution of the patient so good, that her recovery could not fail to take place in two or three weeks, and pronounced that he would answer for her safety. Under these circumstances, the Conde Ribiero and his nephew determined to proceed to Madrid forthwith, rejoiced that the beautiful and wealthy heiress could not be exhibited at Court for some time, and determined to use every effort to prevent her ever appearing there until she was presented as the bride of Don Manuel de Mendoza.

Left to the care of her affectionate duenna and the skilful leech, and aided by an excellent constitution, Veronica soon recovered from her illness, and with all the buoyancy of mind peculiar to the young on leaving the sick chamber, sought the fresh and fragrant air with renovated feelings of delight. Mounted on her palfrey, and attended by an attached domestic, she would ride gaily forth, and for the first time mistress of her actions, extend her excursions many miles beyond the walls of the umbrageous park, within which her duenna strictly enjoined her to limit them.

Of all duennas, Donna Olympia Albufera was the most tractable. She loved the Lady Veronica as though she had been her child, and never could resist her pleadings. A smile, or an affectionate entreaty from the fair young creature over whose childhood she had watched with almost maternal assiduity and tenderness, were generally found sufficient to silence the objections of Donna Olympia; but a caress or a tear were proved to be irresistible. The attendant who followed Veronica in her equestrian excursions, knew no will but hers; and relying on the indulgence of Donna Olympia, and the devotion of Huguez, the fair heiress now took advantage of her freedom.

from the presence of her guardian and his nephew, to extend her rides nearly seven miles into the surrounding country, the wild beauty of which surprised and delighted her. When she returned at a late hour from these protracted expeditions, Donna Olympia forgot to chide her for her long absence, in the pleasure the good woman experienced in seeing her partake her light repast with an unusually good appetite; and though she urged, the next day, her request that her dear young lady would not stray so far from home, she welcomed her back with as much affection as if the entreaty had not been disregarded. These were happy days, and Veronica felt them to be so, though health, and the enjoyment of air and exercise, constituted their chief pleasure; but to a young and pure mind these simple enjoyments furnish more pleasure than the palled voluptuary can find in the most varied amusements.

Riding through a neighbouring forest one day, Veronica was surprised by encountering a knight, whose noble air and fine countenance, though seen only for a moment, made a deep impression on her. He drew up his charger, and uncovered his head while she passed, bowing low, and fixing on her face an impassioned glance from the most lustrous eyes that ever met her gaze. She returned the salute with dignified courtesy and maidenly reserve, and passed on, leaving the knight lost in admiration of her beauty. When she had proceeded some distance she demanded of Huguez, if he knew the knight they had met?

"Yes, lady," replied he, "it is no other than Don Alphonso de Pampluna; I recognized him in a moment by his noble air and fine face, although I have not seen him since his childhood."

The Lady Veronica felt a complacency towards Huguez as he uttered these words, that she had never previously ex-

perienced; and she longed to question him still farther about the knight, but was deterred by a consciousness of already feeling an interest about him that had never before been excited in her breast. Encouraged by her first and only questions relative to the stranger, Huguez, on arriving at a narrow and somewhat abrupt defile, under pretence of thinking his lady's safety required a closer attendance, advanced nearer to her, and resumed the subject which had occupied both their thoughts since they had met the knight.

"Yes, lady, I knew it could be no other than Don Alphonso de Pampluna, the bravest warrior, and truest knight, in all Castille. Ay, I warrant me, he remembered old Huguez, though it is now seven years since I last saw him, for he smiled when I bent me to the pummel of my saddle in passing him. Ah! I should know that smile, and those white teeth of his, among a thousand, that I should. There will be rejoicings in the castle, and in the village, I warrant me, at his return, for he is loved by all—so good, so generous, and so thoughtful of others. How many hearts will beat the quicker for seeing him! and how many tongues will bless his name!"

"I knew not," replied Veronica timidly, "that the Duke de Pampluna had any other son than the Marquess, who is reported to be in such ill health."

"Don Alphonso is the Duke's second son, lady," answered Huguez, not a little proud of the encouragement to speak given him by his noble mistress. "He has travelled much, madam, has been in various countries, and is now returned to help to sooth the last days of his brother, and to comfort the Duke under the heavy calamity that threatens soon to deprive him of his elder son. The Marquess is so good, that his death will cause universal regret, notwithstanding that his place will be nobly filled by Don Alphonso; and the brothers have been so fondly attached since their boyhood, that the accession of

rank and wealth will be a poor consolation to Don Alphonso for the loss of such a brother. Ah, lady! the rich and great have their troubles as well as the poor and lowly, and, Heaven knows, the Duke de Pampluna has had his share!"

The Lady Veronica listened to the garrulous old servitor with deep interest, and he, gratified by it, made his horse amble closer to her Andalusian palfrey, still keeping a little in the rear to mark his respect.

"What have been the causes of the Duke's troubles?" enquired the Lady Veronica.

"Bless me, lady! have you never heard the sad story?"

"Never, Huguez."

"That is strange," muttered the old man; "and perhaps the Conde de Ribiero would resent my communicating it."

"Do tell me, Huguez," said the Lady Veronica, in her sweetest accents—those accents which few could have resisted, and least of all the ancient domestic, whose love of gossiping was only equalled by his love and devotion to his youthful mistress.

"I am thinking, lady," said he, "that as you have never heard of the sad events to which I referred, it is probable that the Conde, your guardian, did not wish you to be informed of them, and consequently might resent my telling you."

The curiosity of the Lady Veronica was still more excited by this hesitation of the old servitor to gratify it; and she so strongly urged Huguez to recite the tale, and promised so faithfully not to divulge it, that he at length related it to her.

"The Duke de Pampluna had been the friend as well as neighbour of the Conde de Ribiero, and their families frequently met. The Duke was the happy father of two of the finest boys in all Spain, and he and his Duchess loved their children so passionately, that their very existence seemed bound up in that of their sons. In his visits to the castle of the Duke, the

Conde Ribiero was frequently accompanied by his nephew Don Manuel de Mendoza, who was about the same age as the eldest son of the Duke, and the youths practised their lessons in horsemanship, tilting, fencing, and shooting, together. The Marquess, then as fine a youth as ever mounted a courser or handled a lance, so far surpassed Don Manuel in all manly feats, that a strong sentiment of jealousy took possession of the heart of the latter, and every new achievement of his rival increased the baneful passion. When, as not unfrequently occurred, the Marquess had unhorsed or disarmed his antagonist, Don Manuel would break out into the most violent fits of rage, and vow to be revenged. But all this passed with the attendants as proofs of the impetuosity of youth, and was never repeated beyond their own circle.

“The Duke and Duchess, with their sons, came to spend a few days at the Castle de Ribiero. As usual, the three youths, followed by their servitors, adjourned to the manege, and it was agreed that a tilting match should take place between the Marquess and Don Manuel. The superior address of the former soon rendered him victorious, and the rage of Don Manuel, at being defeated, became so ungovernable, that, observing Don Alphonso applaud his brother's prowess, he rushed on the child, then only in his twelfth year (Don Manuel being five years his senior), and struck him so violently with his lance, that he fell from his pony, the blood flowing from the wound inflicted on his arm by the point of the weapon. Maddened by seeing his brother struck down and bleeding, the Marquess rushed on Don Manuel, who, shrinking on one side, avoided the blow aimed at him by his adversary, and pierced him in the side. The Marquess reeled in his saddle, and fell fainting into the arms of the attendants, who had rushed to separate the combatants, but, alas! arrived too late to prevent the misfortune which occurred.

“ At this moment, the Duchess de Pampluna, accompanied by the maiden sister of the Conde de Ribiero, entered the manege, in order to see her sons enjoy their exercise, little dreaming of the fearful sight that awaited her; and beholding both her children apparently dead, and their garments stained with blood, she uttered a piercing shriek, and fell to the earth. Violent convulsions ensued, in which state she continued until the rupture of a blood vessel in the head put an end to her sufferings and her life in the brief space of two hours. When the Duke returned from a ride with the Conde de Ribiero, he found that the beloved partner of his life was no more, and that he was threatened with the loss of his first-born son, while the younger was not exempt from danger, the child being reduced to great weakness by the loss of blood.”

The Lady Veronica shuddered, and felt her previous dislike to Don Manuel increased into a positive abhorrence as she listened to this sad tale.

“ Ah! lady, that was a fearful day, and never since has any one of the house of Pampluna entered the Castle of Ribiero. The very name is proscribed; nor can it be wondered at, when one reflects on the affliction that luckless visit entailed on the Duke, for never since has the young Marquess had an hour's health, which is to be attributed to the event of that day. The Conde, your guardian, sent away his nephew, fearful that the retainers of the house of Pampluna would avenge on him the death of their beloved mistress, and the melancholy fate of their young lord, who, from the wound inflicted by Don Manuel, had his lungs so injured, that his life has been considered in daily danger. From being one of the finest youths ever seen, he dwindled nearly to a shadow; incapable of the least bodily exertion, he has dragged on an existence of pain and suffering, to be terminated—Heaven only knows how soon—by death; for it is said he is now reduced to nearly the last extremity.”

“ And the knight we lately met, how came he to leave his suffering brother, whilst he journied into distant lands ? ” demanded the Lady Veronica.

“ Why, madam, no sooner had he reached his sixteenth year, than remembering how the death of his lady mother, and the sufferings of his idolized brother, had been caused by Don Manuel, he determined to avenge them, or die in the attempt. He never forgot that it was in seeking to punish Don Manuel for his aggression on himself that the Marquess received the wound that was reducing him to the grave ; and the recollection made him burn to challenge him who had brought such misery on his family. The knowledge of this resolution, and the dread of losing the last prop of his noble house, determined the Duke on sending Don Alphonso to travel ; and he has only now returned, after an absence of seven years, to see his beloved brother before he dies.”

Observing the effect produced on the Lady Veronica by his narrative, Huguez, dreading to indispose her towards Don Manuel, now endeavoured to palliate his crimes.

“ He was then but a mere youth, lady, hardly out of childhood, and youth is ever wild and wilful. Don Manuel is now changed ; I warrant me, he has doubtless often repented the rashness of his boyhood ; and it is to save his feelings that the name of Pampluna is never mentioned in his presence. You will remember your promise, lady, and not betray my having intrusted you with this secret.”

Whilst Veronica repeated her assurance of never revealing what he had told her, a shot was fired from a wood that bordered the road, which so startled her steed, that he plunged violently, and dashed back with fearful velocity through a bridle-path that led in the direction of the Castle of Ribiero. Fearful of urging his flight by pursuit, Huguez endeavoured to keep his lady in sight by crossing some fields ; and in an attempt to clear a steep fence that intervened, was thrown

from his horse, which escaped, and followed the course so lately taken by the terrified steed of the Lady Veronica. Though much bruised by his fall, the old man essayed to overtake the fugitives, but tried in vain; the sounds of the retreating feet of the horses were soon lost to his ear, and the most serious apprehensions for the safety of his young mistress obtained possession of his mind. Whilst he, panting with fatigue, advanced as quickly as his bruised leg and the infirmities of age would allow him, the Lady Veronica was borne rapidly along towards a deep ravine; through which gushed a mountain torrent, swollen by recent rain, and whose turbid waters had overflowed their banks, and dashed impetuously over the large rocks scattered on each side. She saw her danger without the power of averting it, for every attempt to turn the horse in a contrary direction was in vain; when at the moment that the maddened steed was rushing down the ravine, a horseman cleared a high hedge on the left of the steep declivity, and throwing himself before him, seized the bridle, and arrested his further progress. The next moment, the Lady Veronica, half fainting with terror, was removed from her courser by her deliverer, who, one glance showed her, was no other than Don Alphonso de Pampluna.

This interview sealed the destinies of both; for though no word of love was spoken, each experienced that deep emotion which ever marks the commencement of true affection, and yielded to the new and delicious sentiment that pervaded their hearts, forgetful of the past and regardless of the future.

Whilst, seated on a bank, they conversed together, the horses tied to a tree, a peasant had stopped the steed of Huguez, and restored it to its owner; who now joined his lady and her deliverer, overjoyed to find her in safety. As the Lady Veronica pointed out to the old servitor how near she had been to the foaming torrent, towards which her courser was rushing when Don Alphonso de Pampluna rescued her, such

an expression of gratitude and tenderness shone in her beautiful countenance, that Don Alphonso felt he could have perilled his safety—nay, his very life—a hundred times, to have reaped so rich a reward. He thanked her by looks eloquent as her own, spoke kindly to Huguez, referring with a deep sigh to his boyish remembrance of him, and having assisted the Lady Veronica to mount her courser, rode by her side until they reached the entrance to the Park of Ribiero. Here he took leave, with a manner in which the most profound tenderness and deep respect struggled for mastery; and when, after advancing a considerable way, the fair Veronica, urged by an irresistible impulse, turned to look again at the gate where she had left him, she beheld him, as if transfixed to the spot, still gazing on her receding figure.

With what different feelings did she re-enter the Castle Ribiero, to those with which she had left it but a few hours before. She was a new being. Existence appeared to possess charms which she had not previously suspected; her heart beat with emotions hitherto unknown; and the image of Don Alphonso was never for a moment absent from her thoughts. Donna Olympia Albufera remarked with pleasure the heightened colour and beaming eyes of her lovely charge; and talked of the marvellous effect of long rides in improving the complexion. But when, during the evening, she found the Lady Veronica abstracted, silent, and pensive, she averred that however such excursions might heighten the roses in her cheeks, they had not an advantageous influence on the spirits, for that she had never known her young lady so thoughtful before.

In her dreams that night, the Lady Veronica was again with Don Alphonso. Again she heard the music of his voice—again her eye sank beneath the tender glance of his: and she only awoke from her slumbers to the blissful conviction that in her ride that day they should again meet; for she felt this encounter

to be certain, though neither of the lovers had alluded to it the day before. It was consequently with an impatience more nearly approaching to ill-humour than she had ever previously known, that she saw the rain descending in showers, as she looked from her lattice. She watched the dense clouds with an anxiety as deep as it was new, and sighed as she marked that the gloomy horizon portended many hours of unceasing rain. Never had a day appeared so interminably long and irksome to her as this; she could settle to no occupation, though several were tried; and the unsuspecting Donna Olympia more than once observed that her young lady must be indisposed, so unusual was her preoccupation and pensiveness.

The next day the sun shone brilliantly. Again she rode out, and on arriving at the park gate, was more than half disposed to take the route where she had encountered Don Alphonso; but a sentiment of feminine delicacy forbade it, and she took, though not without an internal struggle, the contrary direction. She had proceeded but a short distance, when she met him who occupied all her thoughts, and who, even more impatient than herself for another interview, had been for some time watching for her from a neighbouring hill; whence, seeing the direction she had taken, he had galloped across some fields, and turned his horse so as to meet, instead of having the appearance of pursuing her. Their ride was a long one; and ere they parted, an avowal of the most passionate love was breathed to no unwilling ear by Don Alphonso; and replied to by downcast eyes, blushing cheeks, and a pearly tear that bedewed them.

Day after day they met, every interview rendering them still more fondly devoted to each other: until tidings came, that the Conde de Ribiero was soon to return to his castle, and with him Don Manuel de Mendoza.

The day this intelligence arrived, dreading that it might perhaps be the last when she could ride out attended only by

Huguez, the Lady Veronica met her lover. His brow was overcast, and his cheek pale as marble as he pressed his lips to the delicate hand yielded to his grasp. He told her that his brother, the object in life next to her the most dear to him, was so much worse in health, that a few days, perhaps a few hours, might terminate his existence.

"This is most probably the last day that I can leave his couch of pain, until all is over," said Don Alphonso, and his eyes became suffused with tears, "but you will think of me, adorable Veronica, and while I sooth the bed of death, your sweet voice will bid me not yield to despair, in losing the noblest brother and truest friend, that man ever was blest with."

"Alas!" replied Veronica, "even had this heavy affliction been spared, we could not have continued to meet, for the Conde de Ribiero and his nephew have announced their approaching return, and I shall no longer be at liberty to ride out, except attended by them."

"These are indeed sad tidings," said Don Alphonso; and his cheeks glowed, and his eyes flashed. "Does the destroyer of my sainted mother, the slayer of my beloved brother, come hither to behold the completion of the misery his accursed hand has wrought on our house? Comes he here to triumph in our desolation, to witness the despair of my aged sire, and to see me consign to a premature grave, the brother who received his death wound, in avenging the cowardly violence committed on me, whilst yet a child? His deeds call for vengeance,—be mine, oh! gracious Providence! thy instrument to smite him."

"Would'st thou expose a life so precious to thy parent, whose sole consolation thou soon must be—so necessary to—" "me," the Lady Veronica would have said, but modesty and terror checked her utterance, and the tears she could not repress, flowed down her cheeks.

"To save my father a pang, and to preserve thee, idol of my soul from sorrow, I would do much, but let the destroyer of my brother beware how he crosses my path, lest my long slumbering vengeance awake to annihilate him."

The lovers parted this day with a deeper sadness than either had ever felt at saying farewell, though never had they uttered the word without a regret known only to hearts as devoted as theirs, when parting even for a brief space. As they pursued the paths that led to their separate homes, until their figures were lost in the distance, often did they pause to look back at each other.

On reaching the castle of Ribiero, the Lady Veronica learned with dismay that a courier had arrived there, to announce the death of the Conde, his master, (which event had occurred suddenly at an inn, on the route the previous night,) and that the corpse of the defunct, attended by his nephew and domestics, would arrive the next day. This intelligence spread a general gloom over the castle, for the Conde de Ribiero, though a weak man, was a mild and generous master; whose greatest faults originated in an over-weening affection for his worthless nephew, to whom he had bequeathed his fortune. Every one in the castle dreaded the change likely to be effected by the new possessor; for Don Manuel was equally disliked and feared. To the Lady Veronica, who had ever experienced gentle treatment, if not kindness from her late guardian, the news brought unaffected regret; but whilst she lamented the departed, she forgot not, (and she accused herself of selfishness in remembering it at such a moment), that she was now released from all dependence on the will of another, and was free to bestow her hand where her heart was already given. Unconnected by even a remote tie of blood with the new Conde de Ribiero, there could no longer be any obstacle to her union with Don Alphonso, whenever he claimed her for his bride; and this thought soothed the

sorrow she felt for the death of her guardian. She determined to wait in the castle until the obsequies of the deceased were over, and then to remove with Donna Olympia to the home of her fathers.

The next night, the funeral procession reached the castle, headed by Don Manuel, now Conde de Ribiero, who entered it rather as a triumphant conqueror, than as a mourner for the most indulgent of uncles. The undisguised satisfaction he evinced on taking possession of his newly acquired wealth, no less shocked than disgusted the inhabitants of the castle. But when, with indecent haste, within an hour after his arrival, he ordered the corpse of the late Conde to be consigned to the tomb, all were filled with indignation.

The next morning, at an early hour, the new Conde de Ribiero was examining every cabinet, and ransacking every coffer of the deceased, and before noon, he had discharged all the servitors of his late uncle, whose age or infirmities rendered them unfit for active service. There were nought but tears, murmurings, and prophetic shakes of the head, to be seen among the dependents, as they were ordered to leave the roof that had so long sheltered them, and under which they had hoped to have closed their eyes. No will belonging to the dead could be found, or if found, (which was shrewdly suspected), was ever produced, and even a scanty pittance to support the infirmities of age, was denied those who had spent their best days in the service of the late Conde. Huguez was among the dismissed, but he was immediately engaged by the Lady Veronica, to form one of her retinue.

On the evening of the day after his arrival at the castle, the Conde sought the chamber appropriated to the Lady Veronica, and approached to take her hand with the air of one who seemed to think he had a right to it. She withdrew it with an air of dignified reserve that displeased him, and he was at no pains to conceal his displeasure.

"You are cold and haughty, methinks," said he, "and receive me not as befits a betrothed bride to receive her future Lord."

The undissembled surprise of the Lady Veronica on hearing this speech seemed to increase his anger, and when she proudly told him that she never had, and never would consider him in any other light than that of a mere acquaintance, his rage knew no bounds. He swore that she should never leave the castle but as his wife, and at the termination of their stormy interview, absolutely locked her up as a prisoner in her chamber, and put the key in his pocket.

Whilst this scene was passing at the Castle de Ribiero, Don Alphonso de Pampluna was watching by the couch of pain of his beloved brother, and endeavouring to cheer the spirits of his aged sire. The first intelligence of the death of the Conde de Ribiero was brought to him by the faithful Huguez, who, informed by Donna Olympia that the Lady Veronica was incarcerated in her chamber, by the unworthy successor of the late Conde, thought it right to make Don Alphonso acquainted with the state of affairs. The indignation of the lover knew no bounds when he heard of the treatment to which she was subjected; and he vowed that he would rescue her from the power of her unmanly persecutor, or perish in the attempt. He instantly determined to call on the Conde to restore the Lady Veronica immediately to freedom, or to meet him in single combat forthwith.

This challenge was dispatched by a trusty hand, and its receipt threw the Conde de Ribiero into the most ungovernable rage. He hurried to the chamber of his fair prisoner, and demanded if she knew its writer. Her answer in the affirmative enraged him beyond measure; but when, after having reproached, and even threatened her with personal violence, she acknowledged, with all the *fierté* of her race, that she loved the Marquess de Pampluna, and never would be the

bride of any other, his fury became desperate, and he vowed to take a deadly vengeance on her lover. He wrote, and fixed an hour and place for the combat. The spot selected was an opening in a forest, a few miles distant from the castle, a wild and unfrequented place, bounded on one side by a steep and nearly perpendicular rock, at the base of which flowed a deep river.

The Conde de Ribiero, as dastardly in spirit as violent in temper, having heard much of the prowess in arms of him who had challenged him to combat, dreaded the result of the encounter, and determined to try and take vengeance by a mode less doubtful than that afforded by an honourable combat. Among his retainers, there was one named Diego, of great physical force and reputed skill in arms; and him he decided on having recourse to in this dilemma. He promised a large reward to Diego, if, when Don Alphonso de Pampluna advanced to the place appointed for the combat, he would rush out from ambush and slay him before he had time to draw his sword to defend himself; promising, that if Don Alphonso fell not by the arm of this mercenary assassin, he would himself sally forth from a concealment, whence he could await the result of the rencontre, and if required, assist in dispatching his foe. The close of the evening was the hour agreed on for the meeting, and unsuspecting of treachery, Don Alphonso rode forth, unattended, to the appointed place. He had arrived within a short distance of it, when Diego rushed from the adjoining thicket, and attacked him with a fury and vigour which would have soon terminated the fight, had Don Alphonso been a less accomplished swordsman; but quickly recovering from the momentary surprise caused by the vile treachery practised on him, he not only defended himself from the thrusts of his powerful assailant, but aimed a blow at him that laid him mortally wounded at his feet.

The dastardly Conde de Ribiero witnessed with dismay,

the defeat of his mercenary, and would have fled, but the neighing of his horse betrayed his place of concealment, and the indignant Don Alphonso hurling defiance at him, braved him to the combat. His pusillanimity afforded so easy a conquest to his opponent, that his anger changed to contempt, and he was on the point of abandoning the too unequal fight, when the charger of De Ribiero, becoming unmanageable, his rider, who was as little skilled in equitation as in arms, suddenly checked him up so violently, that the animal, rearing, fell with him down the precipice. Shocked at this catastrophe, which was the work of a moment, Don Alphonso approached the edge of the stupendous abyss, and shuddered as he beheld the wretched De Ribiero and his steed dashed from rock to rock, their forms growing every instant smaller, until they were lost in the foaming torrent beneath. Another eye had also been a witness to this awful event; for Huguez, having met the horse of the mortally wounded mercenary returning to the castle, and suspecting some act of treachery from the known character of Diego, mounted the steed, and directing him towards the place whence he had come, reached it only a few minutes before the close of the eventful scene.

The wounded man was conveyed to the castle, where, previous to his death, he confessed the plot formed by his worthless master against the life of Don Alphonso.

The first act of the latter was to deliver the Lady Veronica from her prison, and to lead her to the castle of his sire, where she was warmly welcomed: and soon became the bride of her deliverer, the consolation of his father and brother, and the honoured mistress of his ancient house.

STANZAS.

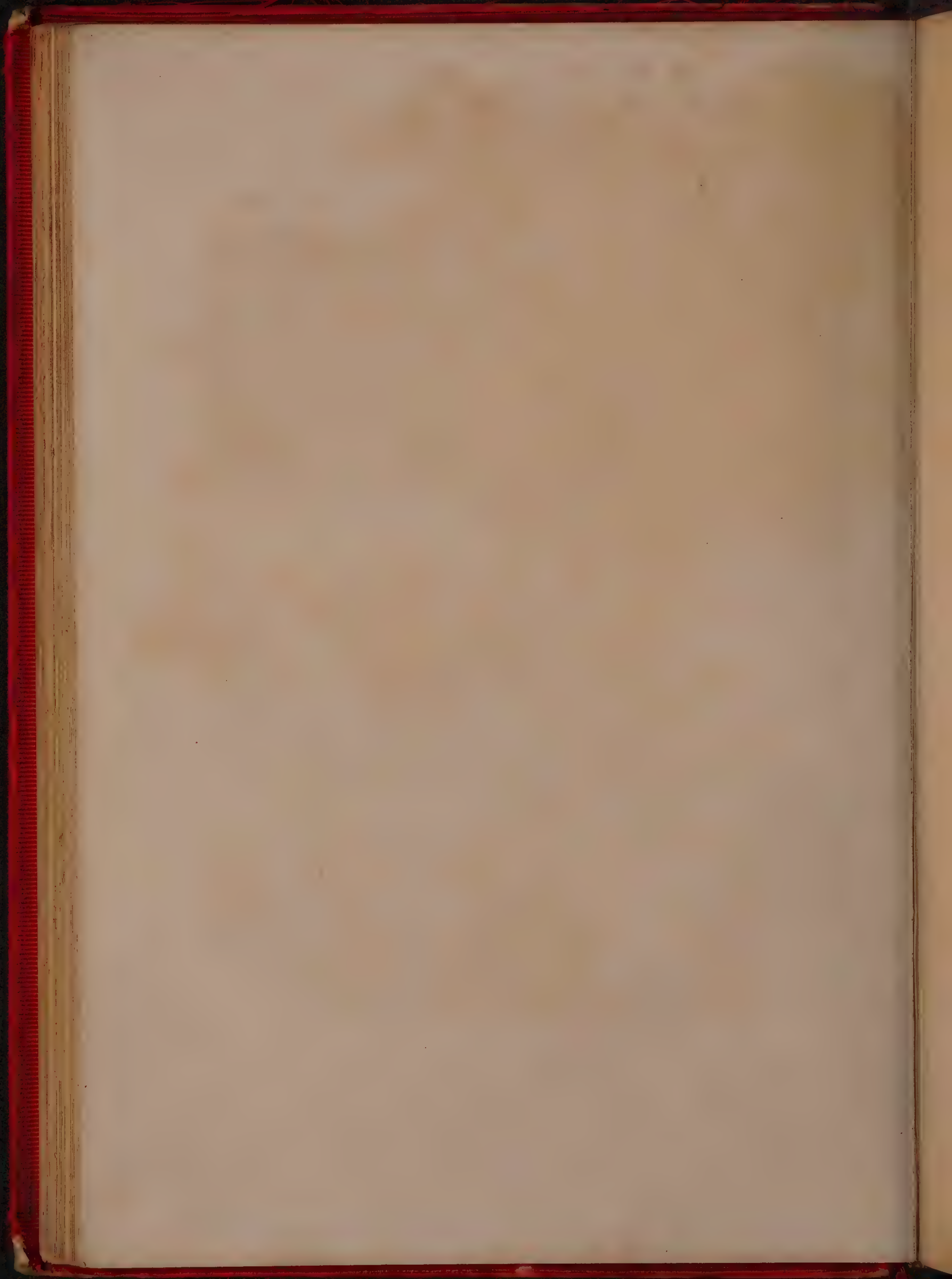
BY LORD GARDNER.

AH, no ! alas—it cannot be !
 'Tis inspiration, 'tis not art ;
 Alone the stream of poesy,
 Can flow but from the heart.
 I once could feel what once I sung—
 All wildly then my numbers rung
 To one beloved theme ;
 My soul portray'd in boyish lays
 The vision of my earlier days,
 I woke—'twas but a dream.

Yet would I dream it o'er again,
 And from the times gone by,
 Recall the pleasure with the pain,
 And drain the goblet dry.
 The soul's intoxication's flown,
 The virtue from the draught hath gone,
 As water from the spring.
 My thirst is slak'd, but to the heart
 Nor joy, nor grief it can impart,
 Or new excitement bring.

Yet, lady ! if the ice and snow
 Of Nova-Zembla's clime
 Forbid the stream of life to flow,
 'Twould melt 'neath eyes like thine.
 The coldest heart ashamed would be
 To own the stern philosophy
 Thy beauty fail'd to fire ;
 And more than stoic were the Muse,
 Who, at thy bidding, could refuse
 To tune again his lyre.





And who could gaze upon that face,—
That mouth on which a smile still lingers;
That rounded arm, whose perfect grace
Might rival e'en those lily fingers?
Nor gazing own that form and mien
Might well adorn an Eastern queen,
Or seem to Moslem's eyes,
Some bright-ey'd Houri sent to show,
To longing mortals here below,
The joys of Paradise.

And said I, that I could forget
What once I felt, what once I sung;
There is a chord unbroken yet,
A harp not all unstrung.
Beauty like thine exalts the soul,
Beyond the limits and controul
Of doubt and care combin'd;
Stamp'd on that form, as angels fair,
Those speaking glances picture there,
A pure and virtuous mind.

All radiant as before me now
Long may that beauty last;
Unruff'd be that placid brow
By time's destroying blast.
And may the powers who watch above,
And deign to smile on earthly love,
One perfect model spare,
To show the nations of the earth,
Exulting in degenerate birth,
What once her daughters were.

COUNT RUDIGER OF HENGSTENBERG.

A TALE.

BY J. W. DONALDSON, ESQ.

ON the summits of two elevations on opposite sides of the valley through which the Fulda pursues its noiseless course, stand, or rather stood, the castles of Stolzheim and Hengstenberg. From the barbican of the former, the ground descends by a steep but unbroken sweep to the north bank of the river, and from the opposite side, the bold rock, which forms the pedestal of the Castle of Hengstenberg, rises abruptly and proudly into the air. The hill of Stolzheim was covered on all sides by a thick forest of fir-trees, elms, and beeches, chiefly the latter, through which a narrow road led to the chief portal from the bridge, which crossed the Fulda at the foot of Hengstenberg. The entrance to this latter castle was from the side farthest from the river; on the river side, Hengstenberg presented a bare and almost perpendicular face of rock.

The possessors of these two neighbouring castles, the *Freiherren*, or Barons of Stolzheim, and the *Grafen*, or Counts of Hengstenberg, had been for ages bound together by the strongest ties of intimacy and friendship, which had been further cemented by frequent happy alliances between the families. Instead, therefore, of the feuds and quarrels which usually chequered the otherwise monotonous existence of German barons, and enabled them to transmit to their successors, along with their names and possessions, an inheritance of envy, malice, and all uncharitableness, these two noble

families had lived in obedience to the laws of good fellowship, seeking how they might benefit, not how they might injure one another. The bridge over the Fulda had been built at the joint expense of the Lords of Hengstenberg and Stolzheim, to facilitate their friendly intercourse. The young nobles of the baronial house tilted in the yard at the foot of Hengstenberg Castle; the sons of the Counts had been in the habit of hunting in the woods of Stolzheim at their own free will and pleasure; and the maidens of both families would oftentimes don their green kirtles and ride out together to fly a cast of hawks in the fens, some miles down the river.

The frequent intermarriages between the houses of Stolzheim and Hengstenberg had, some time before the period when our tale commences, brought about an event which might have been expected after so many years of collateral relationship; the families had run on so long in parallel lines, that they at last approximated to the point of convergence. In other words, the Baron of Stolzheim became presumptive heir to the Count of Hengstenberg. Adolph von Hengstenberg had left two sons, Albrecht and Rudiger. Wolfram, Baron of Stolzheim, was succeeded by his only son Frederic. The two cousins, Frederic of Stolzheim and Albrecht of Hengstenberg, lived together as brothers, and there was no interruption to the confiding intimacy of their friendship till the death of the latter, some fifteen years before the commencement of our tale. They had been some few years married to the beautiful daughters of two neighbouring barons, when the alarming progress of Bayazid Ilderim called to the standard of the King of Hungary so many of the enthusiastic and valiant spirits of Europe. Albrecht and Frederic marched at the head of an united band, leaving behind them, the latter a son, who was named Adelbert, the former a daughter, Theresa. From their birth, these infants were destined for one another:

and when, after having long languished under the effects of the wounds which he had received at the disastrous battle of Nicopolis, Albrecht von Hengstenberg felt the cold hand of death upon him, he called his friend to his bed-side; and with his last breath adjured him to carry into effect the plan to which they had both looked forward with so much pleasure, and which had formed the subject of so many conversations between them.

On his return from Constantinople, where he stayed some time with the broken remains of the Christian army, the Baron of Stolzheim found his friend's brother, Rudiger, established as Lord of Hengstenberg, and still unmarried. His only companion and the great object of his solicitude was his little niece, Theresa, whose mother, the late Countess, had died shortly before the return of Frederic. The Grafschaft of Hengstenberg, was a male fief, and therefore, as it could not descend to the Lady Theresa, would fall to the Baron of Stolzheim, as next male heir, if Count Rudiger died unmarried.

As Adelbert and Theresa grew up together in that familiar intercourse which had so long subsisted between the families, their childish affection ripened into love; which would have rendered their obedience to the will of the Baron of Stolzheim, and the dying commands of Theresa's father, a very light and easy duty. At the time when our tale commences they were both eighteen, Adelbert being a few months the elder, and it had been for some time understood between Count Rudiger and the Baron, that their *Verlobung*, or betrothal, should take place within the year. An event, however, happened, which, while it produced the first rupture that had ever disturbed the harmony of the two families, threatened to break off a marriage which was sanctioned alike by paternal authority and youthful love.

Before we recount this incident, and the steps which led to it, we will endeavour to give a sketch of Count Rudiger of Hengstenberg, who was the cause of the disagreement.

Count Rudiger was one of those men who generally play the chief part in the romance of real life, but whose characters are never studied or appreciated, because every one thinks he understands them by intuition. He had no real malice in his composition; on the contrary, he might have been called an eminently good-natured man. As a boy he was beloved by the whole household of Hengstenberg, from the old seneschal down to the youngest page. He had been known to place a way-worn pilgrim on his little palfrey, and walk for miles by his side; he had laid his furred cloak on the bed of a shivering invalid in a humble cottage, and had watched for hours by the death-bed of poor Caspar, the falconer. He would now and then break out into violent passion, but the fit was soon over; and generally, so far from retaining any ill-will towards the person who had caused his anger, he would endeavour to make amends for every harsh word he had spoken, and any violent action which he might have committed. When he came into possession of his brother's castle and lands, his first object was to console the bereaved and distracted countess; and when grief, preying on a feeble frame, at length carried her to the grave, his every care was directed to his young and beautiful niece. She rode with him, she sang to him, she read to him from the illuminated pages of his old books; every time she entered his chamber, she was greeted with a genuine smile of welcome and with kind words spoken in a kinder tone. But notwithstanding all these traits of an amiable disposition, which Count Rudiger had given during a life of more than forty years, he was in his inmost soul the veriest slave to the black passion of hatred; and the object of his bitter dislike was the Baron of Stolzheim, the dear friend of his brother, and the father of his

Theresa's destined husband. To what a degree of intensity this uncharitable feeling had obtained the mastery of him, will shortly be seen. Previously, however, it will be necessary to show how it came to exist at all in such a character as that which we have described.

Like many other good-natured men, Count Rudiger was essentially vain. His ruling passion from his childhood was love of approbation; and it would not be difficult to trace to this source almost all the good actions by which his life had been distinguished. Vanity or love of approbation, like every other motive of human action, has been placed in our hearts for wise purposes; and, similar to many other qualities, which, under unfavorable circumstances, may be productive of the utmost misery and crime, is capable of affording, and happily does afford in most cases, the greatest enjoyment, as well to the person actuated by it, as to all others who have intimacy or intercourse with him. The individual whose conversation and manners delight every circle which has the good fortune to receive him, is almost always vain, or influenced by a love of approbation, without much self-esteem to counterbalance it; for he who disregards the opinions of others in comparison with his own, is not likely to give himself much trouble to acquire a popularity which he disregards; and he who sees nothing but his own dignity or importance, will not run the risk of compromising the one or lowering the other by exertions to please, which must be made in a self-sacrificing spirit, or not at all. It is very unfair to place vanity at the head of selfishnesses; we are all selfish to a certain degree, the dignified and reserved man no less than the frank and forward: the only difference is, that the latter would purchase the approbation of his friends at the price of being thought vain, while the former abstains from making such an expensive acquisition. As long as the vain man

meets with no checks or stumbling blocks in his career, he is sure to be amiable and agreeable; he is satisfied with himself, and it is natural that he should wish to extend his delight to those around him. But if his vanity is once wounded, if he is rendered conscious that he has failed to obtain that approbation and applause which he courts and covets; that, on the contrary, he has committed himself somewhere or somehow, and has incurred ridicule instead of admiration, he at once dissolves the friendly relation which he had established with himself; and entertains a dislike, in some cases amounting to hatred, for all those who have caused or witnessed his humiliation. This happens especially when he has been striving for preference in some particular, and fails. Then it is his successful rival who has to bear the brunt of his newly awakened ill-will; and if the same person has supplanted him more than once, this unhappy being, though really unoffending, will probably incur his unextinguishable hatred.

Now such was precisely the case with Rudiger of Hengstenberg. In his younger days, his efforts to please had been uniformly successful. For every kind or graceful action he was rewarded by the gratitude of the poor or the attachment of the domestic; the approving words of his father, the kiss of his mother, the fond encouragements of his grandsire Wolfram, or the affectionate sympathy of his generous brother. But, unfortunately, he found too soon that he had a rival in the gratifying course which he was pursuing, one who surpassed him in all his exertions to merit and obtain admiration and approval. This was his cousin Frederic of Stolzheim. When they were boys and playmates, his ears were often jarred by commendations of Frederic's kindness of heart and agreeable manners. Thus the Countess might say to his father, "Did you see, Adolph, how Rudiger behaved this morning as we rode through the wood of Stolzheim?"

"I did not mark it, dame."

"A poor creature with her child sat weeping in the snow, by the body of her husband, a forester, who had been slain by the fall of an elm in the late storm."

"And what did Rudiger?"

"He sprang from his little steed, spoke words of kindest meaning, and poured into her lap the broad pieces which you gave him to buy a new saddle at Mühldorf."

"It was well done, Rudiger. You have been my almoner with those pieces of gold. Your pouch shall be lined again. But, dame, did you see young Frederic of Stolzheim? Rudiger had remounted, and was riding on with yourself, when I came to the spot with my cousin of Stolzheim, and the Lords of Ebersdorf and Rossburg. There we saw young Frederic kneeling in the snow, now chafing the well-nigh frozen hands of the poor little child, anon cheering the widow with looks and words of sympathy; while the new cloak which his father gave him on new year's night was carefully laid over the mangled corpse, to cover the ghastly wounds which had caused the unhappy man's death; and his silken scarf was bound round the poor woman's head, to ward off the pelting storm. We reined up our horses and looked; by the Holy Hubert, the rough old Lord of Ebersdorf wept, as he gazed on the scene!"

It will easily be conceived that such conversations as these, while they created in Rudiger's breast something nearly approaching to envy, would, at the same time, render him anxious to acquire the love of one whom his parents so highly commended. But in spite of all his strivings to ingratiate himself with his cousin, he could never place himself on that footing of intimacy and attachment which subsisted between his own brother and Frederic. He felt himself excluded from many a friendly conference which they held together; and,

though Frederic was always to him as frank and kind as he was to any one of his companions, he was piqued at not possessing the same place in his heart as Albrecht did; his vanity was wounded, and he began to dislike his cousin, because he could not appropriate to himself the chief portion of his friendship. There were many things to increase the secret estrangement, to widen the hidden breach. In the friendly meetings of the two families in the tilt-yard of Hengstenberg, Frederic had often unhorsed Rudiger; and especially on one occasion, when all the neighbouring nobility were present, and, among others, Matilda of Ebersdorf. Frederic had very early won the esteem of the old Baron of Ebersdorf, who encouraged the love that soon sprung up between his young friend and his beautiful daughter. Rudiger, too, had formed an attachment for Matilda; and the two cousins carried on a friendly and boyish rivalry to win her heart. In all his efforts to please, Rudiger had been surpassed by Frederic; and soon after the tournament which we have just mentioned, and at which the victorious Frederic had declared Matilda "the Queen of Beauty and of Love," he pledged his vows to her in the chapel of Ebersdorf, a few days before his friend Albrecht led to the altar the fair-haired Adelaide of Rossburg. From this time, disappointed love was added to the conflicting feelings with which Rudiger regarded his more happy cousin. Dislike at length became the most prominent; and when the news arrived that Albrecht was no more, in the midst of his grief for the loss of a brother whom he really loved, Rudiger could not avoid muttering the wish that the fatal blow had rather fallen upon Frederic; a wish which soon generated another, that his cousin had shared Albrecht's fate. Frederic, on his return, renewed his intimacy with Rudiger, whom he now regarded with additional affection as the surviving brother of his dear friend. But the same causes of secret dislike on the part of

Rudiger remained in force. Frederic still thwarted him in his efforts to obtain the exclusive love and admiration of his neighbours; and excelled him so completely, that his very virtues ceased to shine in the brighter light of his cousin's more brilliant character. The growing aversion of Rudiger, which had been so long concealed, at length found a vent, some months before the period of which we purpose to write. The aged Lord of the Marches of Westphalia had died after a lingering illness, during which the Baron of Stolzheim, and the Count of Hengstenberg had, unknown to each other, used all their influence at the Imperial Court, to obtain the distinguished office which promised so soon to be vacant. Shortly after the Warden's death, the two cousins were mutually surprised by meeting in an ante-chamber of the Emperor's palace.

"What make you here, cousin Frederic?" cried the Count, "it is surely an unusual occurrence to see you playing the courtier to the King of the Romans."

"By my faith! cousin Rudiger, I am not a whit less astonished to see you at Sigismund's Court. I imagined you had been too much occupied in preparations for the event we know of, to make an unnecessary journey to Prague. For my own part, I am come here to see what chance there is of the Emperor's giving to me the vacant Wardenship of our Marches."

"Then I fear you will be disappointed," said Rudiger, and something like a triumphant sneer curled his upper lip; "unless I much mistake his grace, the honour is destined for another claimant."

"For whom, I beseech you."

"For—but see the folding-doors open, and the Emperor himself approaches. You will soon learn from his own mouth the name of old Arnulph's successor."

As they spoke, the Emperor, preceded and followed by a numerous *cortège*, was passing through the ante-chamber on

his way to the cathedral, where *Te Deum* was about to be performed for his recent victories over the Hussites. On perceiving the two cousins, he stopt and called them to him, and the lords who attended him, partly from curiosity, formed a semi-circle round him.

"My Lords of Hengstenberg and Stolzheim," said Sigismund, "ye have both made secret suit to me for the Wardenship of the Marches of Westphalia. I have, after serious deliberation, and by the advice of my council, determined to confer this post of danger and honor on my trusty friend the Baron of Stolzheim; and, my Lord of Stolzheim, I cannot give you a stronger proof of the high value which I place upon your services, than by setting aside, in your favor, the long tried fidelity and attachment of Count Rudiger of Hengstenberg."

Having said these words in a most gracious tone, the Emperor bowed courteously to the two noblemen, and proceeded on his route to the cathedral.

When the last of the procession had quitted the palace, the two cousins found themselves alone. For a while, neither of them spoke. At last Rudiger addressed his cousin in a cold, haughty manner.

"My Lord Warden, do you purpose to set forth for Stolzheim to-day?"

"This afternoon, Rudiger, at two of the clock—and you?"

"I shall crave the honor of accompanying you. I would fain speak with you alone, and the woods between this and Töplitz will suit us as well as any other place. Our retinues can follow at a distance. Till two of the clock, farewell."

It was about eight o'clock in the evening, the summer sun was sinking to his rest, and his rays, now almost horizontal, threw a mellow auburn light on the beeches and chesnuts of the Böhmer Wald. The two travellers were riding down a

wide grassy glade, some two miles in advance of their company. Since they left the gates of Prague, neither of them had spoken a word. Frederic was displeased with Rudiger, for the silence which he had kept with regard to his designs upon the Wardenship; and Rudiger was brooding over the long smothered feelings of dislike, which, before inexplicable, had now assumed a sufficiently definite and intelligible form. He hated his cousin,—he was assured of this,—he felt too, that he had long hated him, but had never before been able to justify to himself the emotions of which he had for so many years had a vague consciousness. From the interview with the Emperor that morning, he had been brooding over a copious catalogue of offences, real and imaginary, with which he charged his cousin. He thought of the slights which he had received, and of the many occasions on which he had been supplanted. In the state of mind to which he had brought himself, he viewed every event that had happened through a false and exaggerating medium; and he recalled and misconstrued a number of expressions. He even went so far as to imagine that his cousin, who was his presumptive heir, was directing his views to the time when Hengstenberg would fall into the hands of the Stolzheim family; and might perhaps be plotting to deprive him of the Grafschaft, just as he had secretly negotiated for the Wardenship. He fancied too, that, with such great influence at court, and in those unsettled times, Frederic might, on some fictitious charge, get him removed, and take his place at Hengstenberg; and that perhaps this marriage between his son and Theresa was vamped up for some such sinister purpose. In short, the secret flames which had so long smouldered in Rudiger's bosom, at length burst forth; and he had concentrated in a few hours all the angry feelings of offended vanity, which had been generated by the disappointments of twenty years. He had accordingly

worked himself into one of those violent passions which had so often marred his happiness in his younger days; only it was now the deep-rooted and permanent indignation of the man, and not the transient ebullition of boyish anger.

Having first looked behind to see if the attendants were completely out of sight, he turned to his cousin, and said in a voice almost choking with rage—

“Frederic of Stolzheim, thou knowest well why I have sought this interview with thee. Thou hast played a false and treacherous part.”

“In what respect, cousin Rudiger?”

“Hast thou not secretly and dishonourably sought for and obtained an office, which I alone had right to claim?”

“Had the event been otherwise, I might have brought the same charge against thee. Was it kind, was it friendly in thee to say no word to me of thine intentions? As soon as I met thee at Prague, I told thee at once what my object was. Did not this at least prove that I attempted nothing secret or underhand? I declare, on my honour, as a belted knight, that I dreamt not of thy wishes.”

“’Tis false, Lord Frederic! Thou knowest ’tis false. But words shall not serve thee here. Thou hast paltered with me—trifled with me—deceived me—would’st deceive me still—but it shall not be so. I tell thee, Sir Warden, thou’rt defied!”

Saying this, he sprang from his horse, and tying the bridle to the branch of a gnarled dwarf oak, drew his sword.

Frederic was struck dumb with astonishment; he could not see the tumult of passions which disturbed the heart of his cousin; he could not appreciate the effects of the long process of fermentation which had been yeasting and working there; and, therefore, this sudden anger appeared to him unaccountable and inexplicable.

“I vow and protest, cousin Rudiger——” he at length said,

"Spare thyself further falsehoods," retorted Rudiger, "I take my answer from thy sword alone."

"I draw not my sword against one of the house of Hengstenberg. Listen to what the Bohemian prophet spake to me and thy brother.—'Ye are both,' said he, 'goodly branches of two tall trees that grow in the same soil, and entwine their friendly boughs. Wo unto that tree which jarreth against the other! they shall from thenceforth become one tree, and the name of the tree which so unkindly pressed its neighbour, shall know it no more.' Thus said the Bohemian. Beware, then, of provoking me to fight with thee, Rudiger! For if our blades cross, the name of Hengstenberg is no longer an independent name."

"Would'st frighten me with such vain dreams? I know well that if I fall by thy sword, Hengstenberg is thine; but the battle is not yet fought; Rudiger is not yet overthrown. Marry, beshrew thee for a faint-hearted coward! Fit Warden thou of the Marches! But thy timidity shall not avail thee. Dismount, or I will slay thy steed, and beat thee with the flat of my sword. Thou a Warden!"

Upon this, Frederic sprang to the ground, and fastening his horse to the oak tree, sadly and slowly began the combat. Rudiger attacked with all the violence of passion, but Frederic contented himself with parrying his blows, till his adversary had exhausted himself with his own impetuosity; and when Rudiger gave symptoms of fatigue, he suddenly closed with him, and after a short but vigorous struggle, succeeded in wrenching his sword from him, and throwing him to the ground. After gazing sorrowfully for a few seconds on his prostrate and humbled antagonist, he returned him his sword and assisted him to rise. He then addressed his cousin with that unruffled calmness for which he was always distinguished.

"Rudiger," he said, "forget this quarrel, as I will. No

one has witnessed it. Let it be as a dream, which melts into nothing under the morning light."

Speaking thus, he assisted his cousin, who was much shaken by his fall, to remount his horse. Rudiger never spoke a word, nor did he even look at his cousin, but galloped off in the direction of his retinue; who were now seen approaching at a distance. Frederic also mounted his horse and followed at a slower pace. When he came up with his train, he was informed by one of his attendants that the Count of Hengstenberg had taken all his followers with him, and had proceeded at a rapid pace down one of the glades of the forest.

From this unhappy event, the habitual intercourse of the two families was entirely broken off. We should not say entirely; for although the usual train of knights and pages did not proceed over the bridge every Sunday at noon, to hold their feast in the Hall of Stolzheim, as was their wont in the former happy times; though the tilt-yard of Hengstenberg was resorted to only by the retinues of the Count, and there was no more dancing of the maidens of Stolzheim and Hengstenberg on a Saturday night, in the great gallery of the latter castle; yet there was one member of each house who never desisted from their daily intercourse with one another. These were Adelbert of Stolzheim, and Theresa of Hengstenberg. The place at which they met was the old conventual church of St. Hermangilda, which was about two miles from Hengstenberg, on the same side of the river. Thither Theresa had been in the habit of going early every morning to pray by the tomb of her mother; no suspicion, therefore, could attach to her continuance of the custom. She went attended by a strong guard, which waited at the church door; and having paid her devotions in the chapel consecrated by the piety of the late Countess, proceeded to one of the extensive cloisters that surrounded the building, and there conversed with Adelbert,

who awaited her arrival concealed behind an old monument, that he might not attract the notice of any of the numerous priests attached to the church. Here they would discourse on their old love, their constant affection, the quarrel of their houses, to them inexplicable, and their hopes of a reconciliation. We do not intend to describe the beauty of these lovers; it will be sufficient to say that the painter never limned a more lovely face than that which smiled beneath Theresa's fair long hair; nor could the sculptor have carved a more charming little hand than that, above which the pearl bracelets were clasped—Adelbert's last new year's gift. As for Adelbert himself, he was all that the admirers of soft black hair, a tall and well-built person, and a handsome manly face, could desire. Their love was of that kind which may easily be imagined from the circumstances under which it sprung up. It was the expansion and development of the confiding affection of two playfellows, who fall in love with one another before they know what the word means. The essence of their attachment was mutual reliance—an interpenetration of souls—the glassing of all the thoughts and feelings of one in the mirror of the others mind; and either might have said to the other in the words of the great Florentine:—

“ S' io fossi d' impiombato vetro
 L' imagine di fuor tua non trarrei
 Più tosto a me che quella dentro impetro.
 Pur mo venieno i tuoi pensier' tra i miei
 Con simile atto e con simile faccia,
 Sì che d' entrambi un sol consiglio fei.”*

The Baron of Stolzheim was so much occupied with the new duties of his wardenship, that he did not mark his son's constant absence; nor did Count Rudiger discover these secret meetings till after they had continued for some time.

* Dante, *Inferno*, xxiii. 25—30.

At last one of the Lady Theresa's attendants, becoming tired of her long stay in the church, went in to seek her, and not finding her by her mother's grave, pursued her way through the cloisters till she found Theresa in close conversation with Adelbert. She retired hastily, without having attracted their notice, and, with a woman's love of gossip, communicated her discovery without delay to the page in waiting, who immediately informed the Count. Rudiger made no remark on the transaction; he merely said, "Call hither the Father Ludwig:" and the Count and his confessor were closeted for the rest of the evening.

Father Ludwig, or Ludovico, as he was named in his own land, was an Italian who had joined the train of the late Count of Hengstenberg, when he was passing through Lombardy to take shipping at Venice, on his route to Constantinople. He had fought bravely against the infidels, and, on his return, had assumed the cowl and taken on himself the office of confessor to Count Rudiger, whose favor he possessed in a higher degree than any one of the household. He had the reputation of being a man full of expedients, which he had decision and resolution enough to carry into effect. Like many of his countrymen in those days, he had no inconsiderable skill in medicine, and was so well versed in the mysteries of chemistry, that he could, by a skilful amalgamation of materials, imitate the outward form of any natural substance. Indeed, his skill was so great that the ignorant menials did not hesitate to ascribe to him magical power.

On the morning after the conference which we have referred to, Count Rudiger took horse, followed by a numerous retinue, and rode over the bridge and through the wood of Stolzheim. He sprung from his horse when he arrived at the castle gate; and, on being admitted, proceeded at once to the hall, where he found the Baron sitting with his son Adelbert. The Baron

rose to receive his cousin with unfeigned cordiality; not, however, unmixed with surprise.

"Cousin," said Rudiger, "a long time has passed since you honored with your presence the once hospitable board of Hengstenberg. You have, it is true, been well occupied with the duties of your new post. But it is right that families long connected as ours have been, and destined to be united in still closer ties, should not be subjected to any further interruption of the friendly intercourse which should subsist between them. Let us hope, then, that your household will banquet to-morrow in the Hall of Hengstenberg."

The Baron accepted the welcome invitation with the greatest frankness. He hoped that Rudiger's better nature had enabled him to overcome his disappointment, and to forget the humiliation which had followed; he believed that affection for his niece had induced him no longer to postpone the union which seemed so necessary to her happiness; and his joy at finding his cousin's friendship restored to him, prevented him for the instant from reflecting on the suddenness of the reconciliation. He was particularly delighted that Rudiger had made no allusion to their quarrel or the cause of it; and he gladly allowed himself to suppose that the Count of Hengstenberg had determined to obliterate from his memory all traces of their disagreement. The household of Hengstenberg, who were aware of the long conversation between the Count and his confessor on the preceding evening, were inclined to attribute to his good offices the sudden reconciliation of the two families.

Of the many persons who rejoiced in this event, none, it will be believed, were more sincerely happy than Adelbert and Theresa. They could now and from henceforth freely interchange their vows of love: they might gaze on one another without concealment or restraint; and the day which was to unite them for ever could not be far distant.

The only drawback to Theresa's joy on the day which witnessed the visit of Rudiger to the Castle of Stolzheim was, that she had in the morning most unaccountably lost the pearl bracelets which Adelbert had given her, and which were her constant and her only ornament of dress. In the evening she found them in the usual place, and she could not imagine how she had sought them in vain during the whole day. She satisfied herself, however, with the reflection, that when any thing is mislaid, we always look last in the place where it is most likely to be found.

On the following day, which was to be hallowed by the re-union of the two families, the Castle of Hengstenberg presented a scene of great bustle and excitement. The cooks were busy in the kitchen, the grooms in the stable, and the lacqueys in the hall. The old seneschal was directing and correcting with more than his usual gravity and asperity. In a few minutes the Count Rudiger was to ride forth with his train, and conduct the Lord Warden of the Marches to the Castle of Hengstenberg, where a hospitable banquet was prepared for him and his retinue.

Meanwhile, though the horses had been for some minutes at the door, the Count still sat in his oriel chamber. He had sounded the little silver bell which stood on the table by his side, and summoned to his presence the Lady Theresa. After a short conference, he strode hastily to the door, vaulted into his saddle, and, with much trampling and prancing, with nodding of plumes, and clashing of scabbards against steel boots, the glittering cavalcade rode down to the bridge over the Fulda.

It was a little after one o'clock in the afternoon. The Count had returned to Hengstenberg with his guests. The Baron was conducted to the little chamber, in which he had been used to change his riding-dress, in those days when his visits to Hengstenberg were more frequent than they had been of late.

He threw himself into the well-known chair. He gazed on the familiar forms which smiled upon him from the old tapestry, and seemed to bid him welcome to the castle where he had spent so many happy days. He thought of Albrecht, of Adolph, of the aged Wolfram; he smiled with a father's contentedness when he reflected on the approaching happiness of his son; his countenance assumed a graver cast as he meditated on his cousin Rudiger's excessive and unreasonable resentment; his sudden reconciliation too——But here his train of thought was interrupted by the sound of a voice which seemed to issue from behind the arras in the chamber. It chanted some rude German verses, which, chiming in as they did with the Baron's reflexions, at once attracted his earnest attention. He distinctly heard the following lines:—

Nur zum Verrath', es geh'n hinein
Die freundlich geöffneten Thüre.
Ach! hüte dich vor den tödtenden Wein;
Vermeide die Perlen-Schnüre.

which might be in English:

“ The gates are opened for thee and thine;
But treason is lurking there.
Sir Warden, keep ward for the poisoned wine:
Of the bracelets of pearl beware!”

The Baron's first impulse was to lift the arras all round the chamber; he could see nothing but the smooth oaken pannels beneath. He returned to his seat, convinced that he had been deceived by his imagination; that the suspicions, which were awakened in his mind by reflecting on the strange termination of his quarrel with Rudiger, had plunged him into this musing day-dream. He had known instances, when the scattered thoughts of an imaginative person had shaped themselves into rude rhymes, and that too even in sleep. And then, what a

strange combination! a poisoned cup and pearl bracelets! It must be only fancy. He proceeded at once to substitute for his riding-dress, a richer and more appropriate costume, and descended to the hall, where Rudiger and his niece were ready to receive him.

Although he had determined to efface from his mind his newly aroused suspicions, he could not refrain from scrutinizing narrowly all the preparations for the banquet. Some months had passed away since he had feasted at Hengstenberg; and he could not recollect whether the Count's retainers had been in the habit of sitting down to table with their swords by their sides, as they appeared on this occasion. He also thought that he saw the stiff folds of a hauberk under the Count's silken tunic. In other respects every thing was just as it used to be; and the studied kindness and courtesy of the Count, the happiness of the lovers, and the hearty joy of the retainers of both houses, who had so long been unwillingly separated, obliterated from his memory all traces of his own suspicions, and the mysterious lines which in part echoed them.

At length the time came for his return to Stolzheim. It was a custom among German families at this period, that the stirrup-cup should be presented to the most honored of the guests by the chief lady of the family which had given the entertainment, and many a time, after Frederic and his son had gained their saddles, would Theresa come down the castle steps, from the top of which Rudiger waved a graceful farewell to his guests, and offer them the golden cup of sparkling wine. On this occasion she appeared, followed by an attendant with two cups more beautiful than he had ever borne before. They were chased and jewelled, and full to the brim of the ruddy wine which the Baron of Stolzheim loved. There was a slight appearance of impatience and agitation in the Lady Theresa, as she said to the Baron and her lover,

"My uncle sends you these two goblets as pledges of his goodwill at parting, and as promises of renewed welcome when ye return. And lo! I break from my bracelets of pearl, the centre jewel of each, as tokens of Theresa's love."

Thus speaking, she took the centre pearl from each bracelet, and dropping one into each cup, presented the larger goblet to Frederic, and the smaller to Adelbert.

The Baron of Stolzheim started—At this very instant, the mysterious words sounded in his ear—

"Sir Warden, keep ward for the poisoned wine!
Of the bracelets of pearl beware!"

The strange combination was realized. He forbore to drink, and gazed on the wine. A bubble slowly ascended from the bottom, then another, and then many together. "What," said he to himself, "do pearls dissolve immediately in wine?" He turned round to his son, who, after whispering a few farewell words to Theresa, was at last lifting the cup to his lips.

"Adelbert!" he cried, "drink not, I charge you! Here, Schnell!"—he continued, holding the cup down to a huge wolf-dog which was standing by his horse,—"drink!"

The dog raised his fore-paws upon his master's boot, and slowly lapped the wine.

"By the living God!" cried Rudiger, in a fury of passion: "this is over-insolent! What! when a Lady of Hengstenberg offers the cup, is not this honor enough for a Lord of Stolzheim, ay, though he were twenty times Warden of the Marches! and must our goblets of gold and our pearl-offerings be given to the dogs. Draw, gentlemen of Hengstenberg, and hew him to pieces!"

In an instant all was confusion in the court-yard—An hundred sword-blades flashed in the last rays of the setting sun—the Lord of Hengstenberg hastily descended the steps with all

his retinue, and the numerous attendants of the Baron of Stolzheim pushed in their horses between him and his assailants. Adelbert dropped the cup of untasted wine; Theresa clung to him—and wept. The clash of swords and the shouts of men, and the screams of women, were already heard. The Baron alone was calm. He looked into the cup—not a trace remained of the pearl. He raised himself in his stirrups, and cried “Peace!” but it was in vain. He threw himself between the combatants, warded off many blows aimed at himself, and at last, partly by commands and partly by remonstrances, by the authority of his high office as Warden, and by the respect, which, even in the moment of excitement, the men of Hengstenberg could not refuse to him, succeeded in stopping the fray. As soon as tranquillity was restored, he addressed himself to Count Rudiger.

“My lord, I refused your wine because I believed it was—*poisoned.*”

A thrill of horror ran through the assembly.

“Behold,” continued the Warden, “behold the justification of my suspicions.”

He pointed to the dog, which had been neglected during the scuffle, but which was now seen lying on the ground, foaming at the mouth and writhing in the agonies of death.

“My lord,” proceeded the Baron, “I know not how to explain this strange event. The poison was contained in the pearls on the Lady Theresa’s bracelets. Let the Lady Theresa answer.”

Every eye was now directed to the unhappy girl. She made no answer, but clung to her lover. Adelbert’s first feeling had been one of stunning astonishment. He was, as we sometimes fancy ourselves in dreams, about to grasp some golden fruit which is close to our hands; but the earth sinks with us, we fall down into infinite space, and the object we coveted

vanishes from our view. Even so it was with Adelbert of Stolzheim. He was on the eve of obtaining the happiness he prized more than life, and it was rudely snatched from him. He had received a cup of poison from her whom he had believed to be as himself—with no thought concealed from him; he was cast down from the seat where he deemed himself so firmly placed; and instead of confidence and love, a suspicion, nay, a conviction of guilt had taken possession of his heart. And she remained silent! He cast her from him, and turning his horse's head, galloped frantically to Stolzheim. She threw her arms into the air, uttered a loud scream, and fell senseless to the ground.

We cannot describe all that took place on that eventful night; suffice it to say, that the whole party, with the exception of Adelbert, returned to the hall of Hengstenberg Castle; and that after a long investigation, at which Father Ludovico assisted, they could arrive at no other explanation of the mysterious event, than that Theresa's mind must have become deranged;—how or why, no one pretended to say. The pearl bracelets were examined; but, with the exception of the two centre jewels which had been removed, they consisted of real pearls which would not dissolve, and were in fact the same which Adelbert had given her. On the whole, it was determined that Theresa should be conducted the same night to a cell in the cloister of the church of St. Hermangilda; and confined there, under a guard of soldiers supplied by the Warden of the Marches, till she recovered her self-possession sufficiently to enable her to give some account of the transaction.

For some weeks after this event, the Baron of Stolzheim paid a daily visit to the unhappy girl. She sat on the straw of her dungeon, now gazing fixedly on the wall, now turning with clasped hands and uplifted eyes to the cross, which was placed there, and which was the only object that she seemed to

recognise. She never uttered a complaint, but the big tears coursed one another incessantly down her beautiful cheeks. The Baron of Stolzheim could not explain the transaction to himself on the supposition of Theresa's madness, a supposition which had been started and insisted on by the Father Ludovico. The mention of treachery in the mysterious warning, which had been so strangely verified, still dwelt in his memory. But he could not induce Theresa to speak a word; and was therefore obliged for the present to rest content with the unsatisfactory explanation of the friar, who was always consulted as the physician at Hengstenberg.

In the meantime, Adelbert had been sent on a distant expedition by his father, who saw that active employment far from home could alone dispel his excessive grief. He shortly after joined his son, and they were soon engaged in the bustle of a campaign with the revolted Bohemians, who, under their leader Ziska, were carrying on a successful war against the Emperor Sigismund.

On the evening of one of the many skirmishes which had taken place between the Warden's troops and those of the Hussite leader, Frederic and his son were riding back to their quarters near the city of Eger, when they were met by a knight in the service of the Emperor; who told the Baron that a man-at-arms, who had been mortally wounded and taken prisoner in the affray, desired earnestly to speak with him before he died. The Baron and his son turned their coursers and rode hastily back to the field of battle; where to their great amazement they recognised in the wounded captive the Father Ludovico of Hengstenberg. His confession, which was made with great difficulty, owing to his extreme faintness from loss of blood, was taken down and attested by the chaplain of the Warden's army, and a number of knights, who were standing by. It was to the following effect.

“When Rudiger of Hengstenberg returned from Prague, he at once broke off all connexion with the house of Stolzheim. To his old dislike to the Baron, he had added that, arising in the humiliation of having accepted his life from his generosity; and his hatred therefore was now intense and extravagant. The reflection, too, that on his death his castle and lands would become the possession of the man he most hated, and the significant hints conveyed by the Bohemian prophecy, had determined him to take some measures for getting rid of the Warden. With the Father Ludovico he held frequent conferences for this purpose; and several plans had been formed for effecting his object without creating any suspicion. It was known that Frederic would soon depart to head the Imperial army against the Hussites; and it was proposed that he should be slain, either by the dagger or by poison, while absent from home. The discovery of Theresa’s interviews with Adelbert had given a new direction to their plans. The Count felt that as long as this love subsisted between his niece and his enemy’s son, his vengeance would be incomplete. He at first resolved to destroy the confidence between the two lovers by making Theresa the instrument of the Baron’s murder; but afterwards, a busy devil prompted the thought, that, on Adelbert’s death, he himself was the heir of Stolzheim. He determined therefore that Adelbert should also perish, and that Theresa’s hand should administer the poison to him and to his father. It was in execution of this plan that he made the treacherous advances towards a reconciliation. It was Ludovico who stole Theresa’s bracelets, and skilfully substituted a poisonous composition for the central pearls. And it was at the interview between the Count and his niece that she innocently undertook to place in the cups, to be presented to the Baron and his son on leaving the castle, what she regarded as the most valued offering she could make. The poison was

not to take effect till after they had reached Stolzheim. The animal, on which it was tried, felt its effect more speedily than a man would have done. The author of the mysterious warning, which frustrated the murderous attempt, was Ludovico himself. Although so deeply implicated in the design, and persuaded by an enormous bribe to undertake it, Ludovico, venal and unscrupulous as Italians were in those days, was not altogether devoid of gratitude; and perhaps had some few rays of conscience to enlighten the darkness of his black heart. Some recollection of the day when Frederic of Stolzheim saved his life from the uplifted scimeter of a Turkish warrior at the battle of Nicopolis, occasionally flashed across his mind; and when on the eventful morning he saw the innocent joy of Theresa, the confiding love of Adelbert, and gazed on the countenance of his preserver, he repented of the crime which he had undertaken to commit, and, availing himself of a secret passage and a sliding pannel, gave Frederic the timely warning which saved his life. On the following day, he fled from Hengstenberg, and throwing aside his friar's dress, returned to his military avocations, and joined the banner of Ziska. Feeling his death approaching, he had made this confession to ease his labouring conscience."

That night Ludovico died: but before he had breathed his last, Adelbert set off with twenty lances, and rode night and day till he arrived at Stolzheim. He there changed his armour for the dress which he had worn at the eventful banquet, and set forth without delay to the church of Hermangilda. His father's signet gained him instant admission to Theresa's cell. It was a starry evening,—the loud peal of the vesper hymn sounded from the choir of the church. A lamp was placed on the floor of the cell at the foot of the cross: Theresa knelt before it, barefoot;—her long fair hair hung dishevelled over her shoulders. Her hands were clasped together; with upcast

eyes, she seemed to be listening to the holy strains which issued from the church. The rugged jailor leant against the doorway and wept.

Adelbert gently approached the kneeling sufferer, and laid his hand upon her arm. She turned round and sprang to her feet. He passed his arm about her waist, and looked kindly in her face, the tears gushed from his eyes. She gazed at him silently, and passing her slender fingers through his black curls, which hung over his forehead from the disorder of his rapid ride, parted them on both sides, and, recognising her lover, uttered a loud cry of joy.

“O blessed be the Virgin and St. Hermangilda! he is come again—my own Adelbert! Heaven punishes not the innocent for ever. Yes! he is come again; and he looks kindly on me. Surely,” she added, putting her small white hands before her eyes, “surely I dreamt; he did not, he could not spurn me so rudely from him. But,” said she, speaking in a lower tone and shuddering convulsively, as she gazed on her unadorned wrists, “I see not the pearl bracelets. And where is Schnell, poor Schnell, who fed so often from my hands.—Oh! it was too true! I behold still those castle steps—and my uncle’s frown—and the drawn swords—and Father Ludovico still gazes on me!”

“Be calm, dearest Theresa—it was but a dream; we will go from this dreary cell: we will go to the beech-woods of Stolzheim,—you shall see again the distant lines of the dark blue hills,—we will gaze on the Fulda as it flows with silvery ripples beneath the old grey bridge.—My own love! all shall be as it once was.”

“My dear, kind Adelbert!—But surely I have been mad, even as the cruel friar said. I have had the strangest distracting thoughts; I have believed myself in the place of torments, cast out and rejected by God and man; and but now I thought



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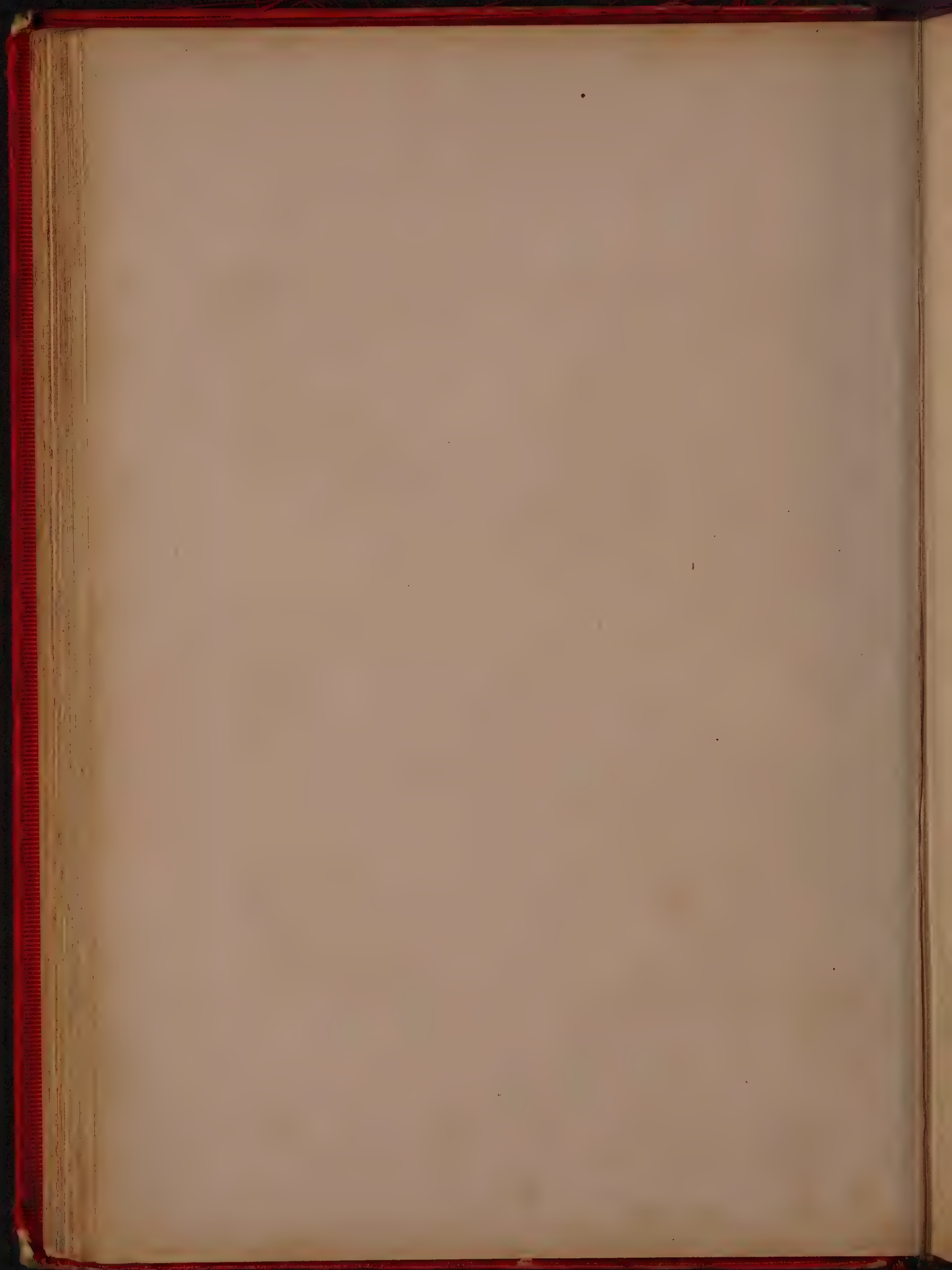
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that the angels sang to my troubled soul, and folded me round with their sheltering wings. I will go to my mother's tomb and weep, for this joy is too much for me."

She gazed again on Adelbert's face, and sobbing "Oh! it is true—'tis he indeed,"—threw herself into his arms and fainted.

Adelbert bore her sinking frame to a litter which he had brought with him, and conducted her to the convent of Ebersdorf, where he placed her under the care of the abbess. He then repaired to Stolzheim, to await the return of his father.

The remainder of our tale shall be briefly told. The Count of Hengstenberg was summoned before the Fehm-Gericht, on a charge of treachery and administering poison: and fell by the dagger of the secret judges. The Lord Warden of the Marches added the Grafschaft of Hengstenberg to his other possessions; but resigned the castle to Adelbert and Theresa, who were united about a year after the events which we have described. The *Meister-sänger* told how happily they lived. The cell in the cloisters of St. Hermangilda was consecrated as a chapel to the Holy Virgin, and often in the evening would Theresa pray there while the even-song pealed from the choir. The tapestry was raised, and the sliding pannel taken away from the little chamber: and the centre jewels were placed again in the Bracelets of Pearl.

THE DEATH OF THE OLD YEAR.

WRITTEN IN NEVILLE'S COURT, TRINITY COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE, AT MIDNIGHT,
DECEMBER 31, 1838.

BY LORD JOHN MANNERS.

OLD Year ! thy race is well nigh run ;
One short quick hour, and thou hast fled
To the still mansions of the dead ;
And with thee many a sin forgot—unwept,
And many an evil thought,
Have sunk in darkness with thy setting sun,
To be in darkness kept,
Till years for aye shall be together brought
To witness all the deeds that in them have been wrought !

Old Year ! one last half hour is thine ;
It fleeteth fast away,
And will not stay
For any prayer of mine.
The pale moon rides above,
And hushed is every sound,
As I pace my solemn round,
And think on heavenly love.
Fantastic towers around me rise
In the light, that half conceals
The shapes that it reveals
To my meditative eyes.
Each pillar seems to say
“Thou art of to-day,
And weepst for the year that now dies ;

But we have stood unmoved, and seen
Centuries glide by;
And that which is, the same hath been,
And shall be to Eternity."
The shadows gather far and fast,
And chiller is the air;
Old Year! thy reign has well nigh past,
Oh! lowly be my prayer!
'Tis past! Old Year, thou art no more,
But in thy grave art laid;
Thy minutes and thy days are o'er—
So earthly visions fade!

STANZAS.

BY THE LADY E. STUART WORTLEY.

There are silence and gloom, where was glad freedom once,
When each thought found an instant and fearless response;
No more are my thoughts, and my dreams fair and free,
And I own that the change is in *me*—not in *thee*!

Thou art just as thou wert in thy looks and thy words,
But my soul seems all withered—my heart hath crushed chords;
Thou art rare and resplendent in beauty to see—
And I feel that the change is in *me*—not in *thee*!

My heart is all mournful, but faithful and true,
In sorrow as fervent, with love ever new;
Though in fate it is fettered, in feeling 'tis free,
Ah! methinks that the change is in *thee*, not in *me*!

THE SOMNAMBULIST.

BY SIR JOHN DEAN PAUL, BART.

THE family of Diodarto de Cinci had fallen under the displeasure of the Doge; they having been more than suspected of what were deemed treasonable attempts at displacing the tyrannical power which held Venice in its iron grasp. Banishment of its members, and confiscation of their property, had by degrees reduced that once powerful house to comparative ruin. The head of it was in a state of mental imbecility, and the immediate heir an exile, supposed to be under a fearful ban, or (as was not less commonly believed) to have been privately made away with. Beatrice, an only daughter, was left a sort of presumptive heiress; but actually the possessor only of matchless beauty, a sensibility fatal to her peace, and a flight of talent equalled only by the energy and loftiness of her character. Witchery surrounded her,—she was considered a dangerous beauty, an object of great attraction, but one, with whom the prudent and the wise deterred the young over whom they ruled, from intimacy or connexion; and the displeasure of the Doge being certain to fall on any that took part with the family of Beatrice de Cinci, she was in a manner proscribed. There are, however, or rather there have been (for in these utilitarian days it is less common) romantic spirits in whose estimation tyranny and oppression invest their victims with a thousand charms; and she whom they are told, they dare not, must not love, becomes an object of idolatry, and doubly endeared by the danger which surrounds the attempt.

Whilst Poland yet was, she produced many a gallant chief, many an ardent spirit; and Altamont Larinsky was one. Illus-

trious by birth, the gifted owner of many broad lands and rich possessions, he had been for some time a denizen of Venice, an apt subject for romance; and no long time elapsed ere the spell of this enchantress fell upon him. The mysterious and infatuating descriptions of the singularity and the dangerous charms of Beatrice de Cinci, created in his imaginative mind a restless longing for her acquaintance, which was confirmed by a casual view of her at mass. He became enamoured of a fancied object, for as yet she was little more than as a vision seen in a dream; but the figure in that dream haunted him by day, and hovered round his pillow through the live-long night!

Venice was the paradise of priests and spies; they played each other's game. Through the agency of the latter fraternity, Larinsky became acquainted with the confessor to the family; a golden key unlocked the churchman's breast, and he gained some knowledge of the character, education, temper, and habits of the syren, Beatrice.

Through the same channel the history of Larinsky, full of stirring and interesting incident, was conveyed to Beatrice; and their meeting, contrived to bear the character of accident, was productive of the most favorable impressions on both, thus mutually prepared for reciprocal captivation.

The beauty of Beatrice was peculiar;—her spirit shone through her;—her action was thought, and every movement an inspiration;—her form was classic, and her complexion pale as the marble statue beneath which she stood when Larinsky first beheld her. Her tresses of a golden brown, her high and ample forehead, and the dark lashes which fringed her languid eyes, so marked her countenance, that, once seen, she could never be forgotten.

Larinsky was irretrievably in love before he asked his reason whether his eyes had not betrayed his heart. Of a fiery

temperament, open as day in all his dealings, and frank almost to rashness, he attempted not to conceal that his affections and estate were hers, and at her disposal.

Not so the lady. By no means insensible to the incense offered at the shrine of her beauty, nor regardless of the merits of her admirer, yet she betrayed no weakness. The impression, however, which in her earliest intercourse was conveyed to his mind by the singularity of her manner, never varied; a jealous doubt was awakened, a hesitation in the belief that she would really love, or ever give her undivided heart in exchange for that which she had so fatally ensnared. Larinsky saw and felt all this, but his passion blindly urged him on, and his vanity assured him that devotion must ensure return. What were her secret thoughts we know not, that she really loved Larinsky we believe, but we dare not swear it. In answer to all his outpourings which affection made eloquent, she would gaze upon him with a fixed and somewhat startling look, and say—"Beware of me—I am not made for happiness, neither to possess, nor to bestow it. I am an offset from a blighted stock!"

"But," urged he, "I will transplant thee to a garden which none but zephyrs visit, and there!"——

Let us however hasten to events. They were married: and the establishment of Larinsky was the admiration of one half of the city of Venice, and the envy of the other; while the malice of the government seemed to derive fresh virulence from the success of any part of the proscribed family.

Larinsky had no eyes but for the beauty and the loveliness of his bride, no ears but for the music of her low and plaintive voice. She was all that man could desire in feature and in mind; yet to one whose ardent temperament and passionate love, having won much, still craved for more,—that more was wanting. There was not that perfect abandonment of body and soul, that absence of all reserve, which is perhaps but an

ideal possession,—yet the want existed. Like the speck sometimes seen in the horizon, which small at first soon spreads into a cloud, so this mistrust daily gained possession of Larinsky's mind, and marred his happiness. She placed not implicit confidence in him,—mused alone,—sought solitude oftener than was agreeable to him, and to his jealousy; not jealousy in the common vulgar sense, but that exquisite susceptibility which only true love feels. He fancied she had something to conceal; he occasionally observed her eyes were glistening with a tear, and oft he could in her sleep detect a sigh. Yet she was all generous kindness, and truth and innocence, like guardian angels, seemed to hover round her. Oh! who could gaze upon that open brow, or witness that guileless smile, and for a moment entertain distrust? Then why was not Larinsky happy? Why not content with the blessings he enjoyed? Ask the god of love, and he will tell you that nothing less than all will satisfy the cormorant heart; he will shew you that nothing is gained whilst aught is left to win. Then why did not Larinsky question her? why not lay open all his feelings, and by a word dissipate the floating vapour which sometimes dimmed the mirror of his happiness? It is, alas! that true love cannot speak of doubt—cannot descend to a common category; thus many a heart has been lost for want of a simple question, and that exquisite refinement which constitutes the great charm of the tender passion, sometimes generates the fatal worm that corrodes the flower.

Beatrice was devout, punctual in her attendance at mass, and always preferred going alone, and her absences were sometimes longer than the services of the church were supposed to occupy. A land of spies is a land accursed, and the anonymous assailer of character is more to be abhorred than the assassin.

Larinsky was preparing on a festal afternoon to dress for the evening entertainment, when he found a small billet on his

toilet-table addressed to himself; the handwriting was unknown to him, and the device of the seal singular. He hesitated to open it—such things sometimes occur—an instinctive wavering of ill seems to give a sort of second sight. Larinsky chid himself for such weakness and opened the billet. The venom it contained was wrapped in these words—

“There are more confessors in churches than wear cowls.”

It angered him. “Impertinent nonsense,” he muttered to himself. He half tore the paper—paused—then held his hand, and threw it with some others into his *escrutoire*—turned the key, which he carefully secured, and proceeded with his toilet, fancying that he thought no more of the billet;—but the arrow had stricken him.

“I remember when I was at Padua, a Jewish doctor sold to me a deadly poison, which he told me if administered by half a grain a day, would send to his grave the stoutest, by a gradual and almost imperceptible decay, which no antidote could arrest, and no suspicion detect.”

This was a mental movement—why it then occurred to him we have no means of knowing: such are the mysterious associations of a romantic mind.

Beatrice was in great beauty that evening, and when her husband joined her to proceed to the festive scene, he was struck by her commanding beauty and the chastened splendor of her dress. They mingled in the crowd. She was not gay, and his spirits were evidently depressed.

Larinsky detached himself from his lady, but still kept a wary eye upon her; and he was rallied by his gay young friends on the uxorious watchfulness of his looks.

Beatrice did not dance, and he fancied her eye wandered in search of some person whom she did not find. Nothing remarkable occurred; the evening wore away; and they returned

home with little conversation beyond what arose from the usual incidents of a gay and numerous assembly.

Larinsky could not sleep, and the slumbers of his wife were heavy and restless. After a time she arose from her bed, and slowly taking up the lamp, by the light of which, for it shone immediately on her face, Larinsky discovered that though her eyes were open their sense was shut; and he now for the first time became aware that she was a Somnambulist. He arose stealthily to watch her motions. She proceeded to the adjoining apartment, where she placed the lamp on a writing table, seated herself, took up a pen, and sat some minutes in a musing attitude, as if reflecting on what she wished to write; then, shaking her head mournfully, replaced the pen, and heaving a deep sigh, resumed the lamp, retraced her steps, and was soon seen by her ill-satisfied husband with her head upon her pillow in a deep sleep.

The next day's sun brought not back with it his peace of mind. Mischief is of rapid growth—"The mass," he said, "the evening mass, this I know she will attend." He feigned an absence, and made his way to the church, armed, unseen, and unsuspected, to watch her movements there. After the service, she mingled in the retiring crowd, and for some moments he lost sight of her;—again in the aisle, darkened by the stained glass, he thought he recognised her form, and that she was joined by a young man muffled in a cloak. Larinsky was all on fire; he dashed forward through the throng, and overthrowing in his haste some seats, the noise of their fall alarmed the mysterious pair. The lady, if it was Beatrice, vanished one way, and Larinsky, sword in hand, rushed on to arrest her companion, but his victim suddenly disappeared—how he escaped was a mystery.

Larinsky wandered forth in a state so excited that he could scarce collect his scattered ideas; doubt, suspicion, and jealousy,

assailed him at once, and shook the inward man; he did not return to his house for some hours. After a distracted ramble, as he entered the corridor, two active and well known officers of justice passed him in a hurried manner; this was a new surprise upon him, and they passed so quickly that he had no time for question. He made his way to the apartment of his wife, who rose to receive him with all her accustomed tenderness and grace, and though he did not absolutely repulse her advances, he motioned her gently from him and said—

“The officers of justice have been here—they passed me at the door!”

“But they had no victim with them,” cried she in a tone of exultation, “they had no victim—no—no—no victim!” and her flashing eye declared her triumph.

“I must not be suspected, Larinsky,” continued she; “mine is a lofty spirit—I am a thing of mystery—I warned you of this when first we met. I am your wife, your noble, loving, free, unspotted wife—time will clear all! Then why this cloud upon your brow?”

Her words fell powerless—she spoke but to a man of stone; the demon of jealousy had possessed him—the worm that never dies was at his heart—his blood was changed to gall. The look he gave her was terrific,—she cowered beneath it,—trembled;—she became faint and staggered, and would have fallen, but that he supported her to a chair. There was a vase of water on the table—his determination had been already made—he filled a glass, and dropping unperceived an atom of the fatal drug into it, with a trembling hand and averted eyes, presented it to her; and thus in a moment of rash and senseless jealousy, the fond, the devoted Larinsky commenced the slow but certain work of death. He occupied an adjoining apartment, and with an agonised and beating heart he heard her sob herself to sleep!

The next day, he was summoned to the Doge's palace, and closely questioned as to the company he entertained, and the visitors he received. He endured the insolence of suspicion with the spirit of conscious innocence; returning the shortest answers, and with sullen and insulted dignity threw back with scorn the imputations on his honor. His home, so lately a heaven, was become a hell, and he the master fiend,—with murder, which he falsely fancied to be justice, the fatal companion of his cruel thoughts. No pains were spared, no cost, no bribes withheld, no stratagems omitted, to discover the invader of his peace.

During that day, and another—and another—variously disguised, were administered the minute atoms of the deadly poison; still the fatal passion rankled in the breast of the infatuated husband, and still day by day the inroads on the health of his much injured wife became more and more apparent. Medical aid was pressed upon her by her numerous friends; and every conjecture formed by those most skilled in the healing art, on the nature of her complaint, and every remedy in vain applied.

To her husband's alienation much was imputed: the estrangement of his heart was, alas! but too apparent and too notorious, though he was not separated from her person, for he seldom quitted her sight. Yet still her proud spirit disdained to enter into explanations with him; and his ardent and desperate love having been by the alchymy of the deadliest of passions changed into hatred, he pursued his course of fatal yet tardy vengeance in gloomy silence; resolved to guard against the possession by another, of the jewel he disdained to wear.

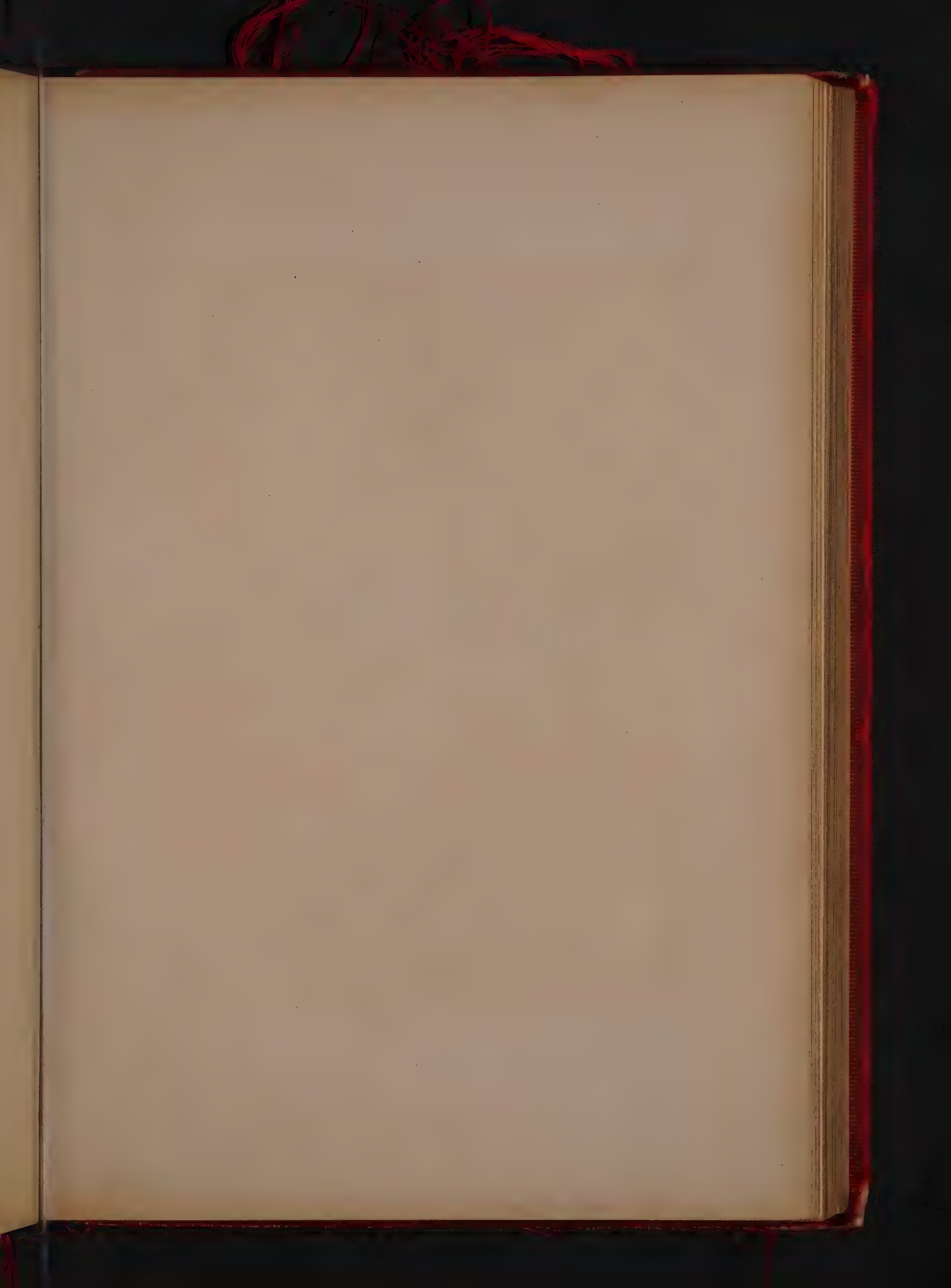
Thirteen days had now elapsed since the still lovely Beatrice had become the unconscious victim of his dreadful resolution. On this the thirteenth day, Larinsky had been called from home on some important and unavoidable business: and during

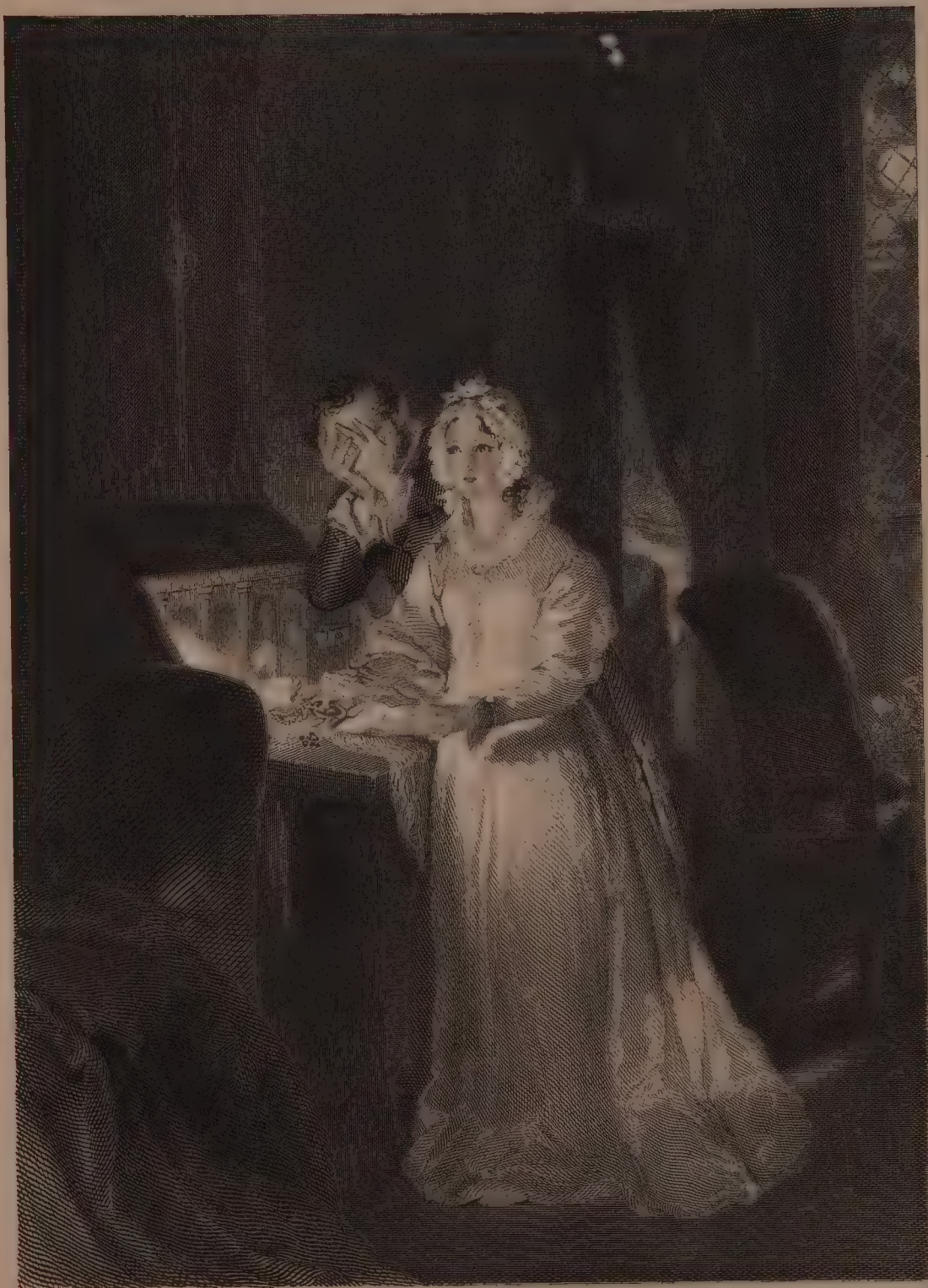
those hours of absence, which his savage jealousy had made of rare occurrence, for he never quitted the house but on urgent calls, she received a communication, the effect of which seemed almost to break down her shattered and enfeebled frame.

The messenger by whom the letter was conveyed had been for several days watching an opportunity to deliver it unobserved; but such was the Argus-eyed vigilance of the spies and watchers by whom she was beset, that Larinsky was instantly informed of it. The intelligence inflamed his passions into madness, yet he still retained his self-possession; he uttered not a syllable, and resolved if possible to gain possession of the letter by stratagem. Beatrice had been in tears all day, too weak in bodily health for remonstrance or complaint, and in heart too deeply wounded, by suspicions so fraught with injustice. She sate like the monument of grief in the palace of despair!

The night drew on and proved unruly; the wind blew in fitful, fearful gusts, the lightning flashed, and peal on peal of thunder succeeded, as though the angry elements would level the palace, and bury their mouldering walls in the waves that beat against them. Beatrice was long occupied with her devotions; and bent like a drooping lily over her crucifix, fixing her thoughts on a world beyond the grave. Anon she looked forth on the troubled sea beneath her windows, and then went weeping to her bed.

Larinsky was a witness to all she did. Her weariness, her cares, and her weaknesses, were soon forgotten in deep sleep. About midnight, she arose slowly from her widowed couch, in one of those fits of somnambulism to which she had been lately subject. Beyond her sleeping apartment, and opening on the grand marble staircase, was situated her boudoir, in which were arranged her writing materials, an escrutoire, which had been





always considered sacred, her books, and all the little elegancies of polished life.

She was in a night-dress, which completely concealed her figure; its whiteness was exceeded by that of her complexion, through which the course of her blood in every vein was visible. Her eyes were bright and glassy, her step measured and solemn, and, taking up the lamp, she moved forwards towards the boudoir;—her husband, with noiseless tread, was close behind her. Onwards she went though in a deep sleep, opening the door into the boudoir, and, like a spectre, moving to the cabinet, drew forth a key attached to her belt. Then unlocking the escrutoire, she raised an open letter to the lamp in her other hand, and prepared to read. Now, thought Larinsky, now the fatal secret will be unfolded—now I shall behold the evidence of her guilt even in her own hand! His heart beat so audibly against his breast, that he feared she would hear it and awake; he advanced so close behind her that every word in the paper was visible to him—they seemed letters of fire!—They seared his eye-balls!—and they ran thus:—

“Beloved Beatrice! you, for whom I have risked every thing, you, for whom and with whom I would live or cease to live, must behold me no more. I see—I know the dreadful consequences I have brought upon you by the fatal oath in which I bound you never to reveal the secret, even to your husband, of my presence in Venice, this tyrannised city. The decree of banishment you know is unrevoked, and instant death awaits my discovery; the spies of the Doge are sleepless, and I am hunted like a beast of prey. We have met seldom—but too often. All this, and ten times more of danger, I could and would have borne whilst my plot of vengeance was advancing to maturity; but what I have brought upon you from your husband is no longer tolerable. Before this will reach your hand,

I shall have left Venice, perhaps for ever. Adieu ! a thousand times adieu !—a few days more will decide the fate of your unhappy

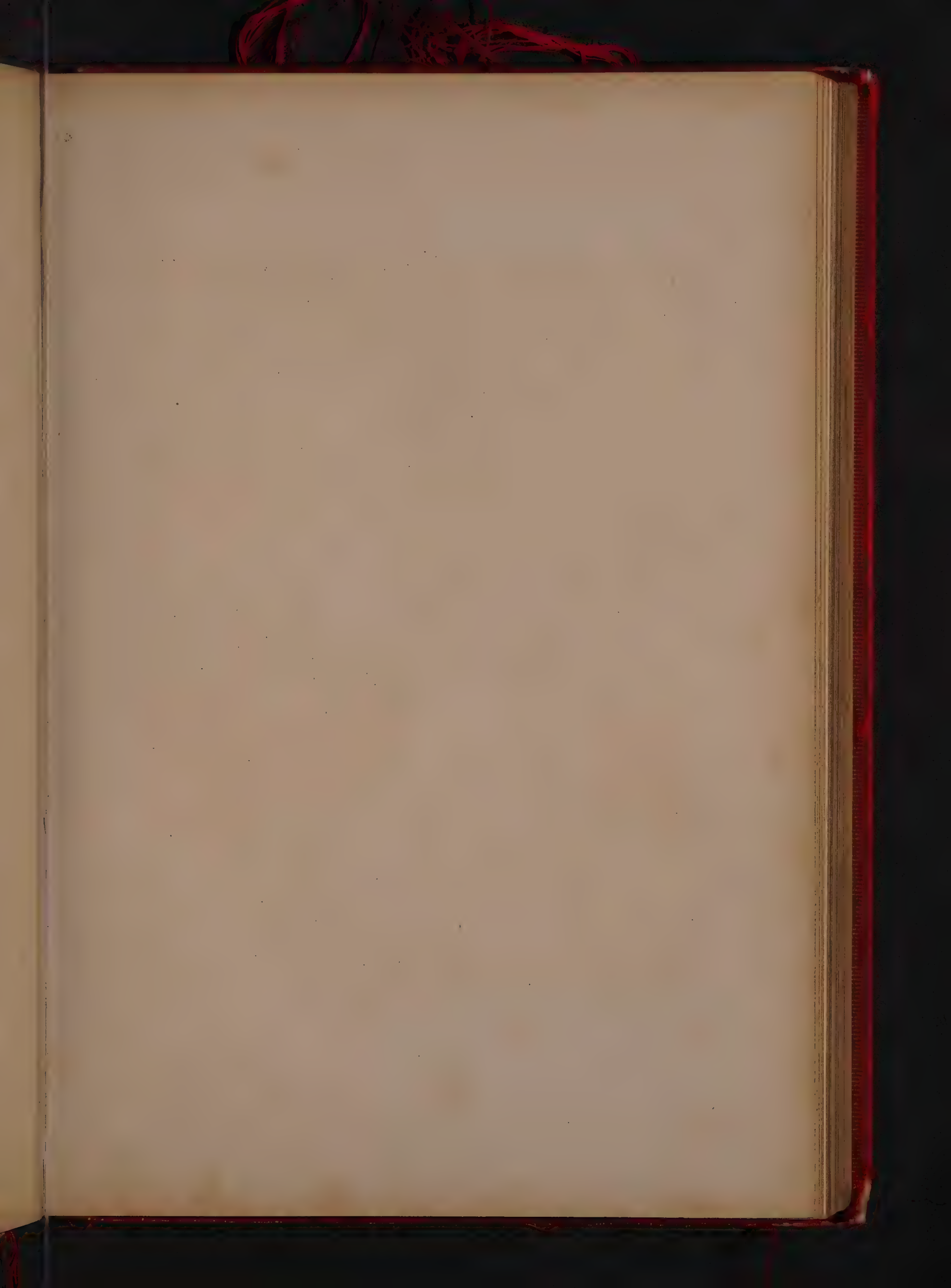
BROTHER."

A thunder-bolt would have been mercy—the scales fell from his eyes, the fatal error was disclosed, and he discovered that he was—what ?—a cold-blooded, cruel, treacherous murderer—the murderer of innocence. He placed his hands before his eyes and shrieked aloud.

Beatrice awoke at the cry !—she dropped the lamp, unconscious of what she did or where she was ;—she rushed forward to the folding doors which opened on the broad marble staircase, and pursuing her desperate course in darkness, fell headlong down some fifty steps, and was stretched a lifeless corse, staining the marble with her innocent blood !

His outcries raised the house, the officers of justice were summoned. He was borne away a culprit, suspected of having thrown her down——Guilty, alas ! but not of that.

Repeated examinations could draw nothing of connected elucidation from him ; he was removed to a place of security, and howled away the remnant of his wretched existence in a lunatic asylum !





J. Herbert

Rods

Henry's Vision of his Wife

MARINO FALIERO

TAKING A LAST FAREWELL OF ANGIOLINA (HIS DUCHESS.)

BY LYDIA B. SMITH.

“FAREWELL, my Beautiful! condemn me not
 If the foul wrong the slanderer heap'd on thee—
 Forgiven by thy calm purity—forgot—
 If the vile Steno's insult madden'd me;—
 How unavenged could Zara's conqueror die?
 He, who for Venice shed his blood to save,
 Hear the hoarse murmur! the patricians' cry,
 'The warrior prince must fill a traitor's grave!'

“But thou, sweet Angiolina! gentle wife!
 Though bitter thus to leave thee, and alone
 In the cold world—the blossom of thy life
 Is in its summer yet—and when I'm gone,
 When the stern memories of my fated lot
 Shall fade away in the dim mist of years,
 Perchance thy weary step may reach some spot
 Untainted by the haunting trace of tears!

“Dost thou remember when the Bucentaur
 Through the blue Adriatic clave its way,
 While shouts, and song, and greetings from the shore
 Hail'd with acclaim Marino's festal day?
 Sudden a thick and murky darkness shrouded
 Our gallant bark, and the haze-mantled land,
 The brilliant sky was in a moment clouded,
 And misty vapours hid th' expectant strand.

- “ My fate was shadowed forth in omens dark—
 Ev’n in mine hour of glory there was gloom !
It was between the columns of St. Mark
 (The spot where evil-doers meet their doom)
That Venice saw Faliero’s footstep leave
 On her loved soil, its first and fatal trace,
When pouring forth in gladness to receive
 The Victor Doge—the chosen of her race.
- “ And he, the hero of full many a field,
 Whose skill and courage battled with despair,
Who taught the Saracen and Hun to yield,
 They wait for him upon the Giant’s-stair !—
Not as in olden time, with pomp to set
 The Ducal Crown upon his hoary head—
Here let it rest !—this mocking coronet
 A few brief moments more its lustre shed !
- “ Ere they shall lift it from the traitor’s brow,
 The prince-conspirator, who dared to seek
His just revenge for calumnies so low !—
 My heart would burst did I essay to speak.
—Thou ’st loved me, Angiolina ! though thy youth
 Was haply ill-assorted with thy lord’s ;
Yet, in thy peerless virtues, in thy truth,
 I found a jewel priceless beyond words.
- “ The air blows freshly through the orange-trees,
 Our clime’s bright noontide sheds its purest ray,
And o’er the azure waves the healthful breeze
 Curls the Lagune’s deep waters, as in play !
But hark !—they swarm around my palace-gates !
 Yon gazing multitude—one breathing flood !—
The victim is prepared—the scaffold waits !—
 Nature is calm, while man’s athirst for blood.

“ The headsman’s axe is sharp, but sharper still
 This parting pang, sweet love !—I dread not death !
 But shuddering fears my anxious bosom fill
 For thee !—no rose is on thy cheek, no breath !—
 Alas ! must I be thankful that I grasp
 In my fond arms but pale unconscious clay ?
 For the last time her small white hand I clasp—
 The hour is come—I must be firm—Away !

“ Support ! but wake her not !—this death-like swoon
 Is surely sent in Heaven’s mercy now—
 O God ! that I should hail it as a boon
 To gaze my last upon that pallid brow !
 And bless the marble-whiteness stealing o’er
 Those lovely features, reft of life and bloom,
 The lips whose accents I shall hear no more
 Until we meet—my own !—beyond the tomb !”

One wild and passionate embrace—’tis o’er !—
 The fatal summons comes, the hollow sound
 Of armed feet approaching to the door—
 His guards in silent pomp the Doge surround.
 Erect—majestic—he goes forth in state—
 A sovereign to the last, in regal pride
 His madness and his crime to expiate—
 And thus the Noble and the Aged died !

WINDSOR DELL.

AFFECTIONATELY INSCRIBED TO THE HON. MRS. WESTENRA, OF 'THE DELL;'

BY MISS LOUISA H. SHERIDAN.

THE bright rays of a summer day were falling with brilliant profusion through the large trees of the Dell of Windsor, when first I saw it, throwing fantastic shadows on the slanting soft green beneath, and lighting up the rich colours of the heath and fern. A herd of deer reposed in the glade, careless and undisturbed, in the foreground beneath the windows. The rapid descent of the long "dell" lost itself in a purpled wood in the valley; and at the extreme of the picture, Windsor Castle shone bold and bright in the blaze, as if contrasting the elevated position of royalty, with the tranquil and secure vale of retired life, of which the Dell seemed the appropriate emblem.

The approach to the house which occupied this charming position, was through perfectly level grounds: therefore there was no preparation for the startling surprise of this bold beautiful descent immediately at the back of it: it sloped down beneath the painted windows of the antiquely-fitted library, whose rich oak carvings and other treasures were alone sufficient to rivet admiration. Such a room, with such a prospect, could not be matched out of dear England!

After a lengthened gaze down the beauteous declivity, I could not help exclaiming, "Could sin or sorrow ever reach a spot like this!"—but, turning to my companion, I observed her eyes (usually clear as the bright sky before us) were clouded with a thoughtful expression. Feeling fearful, there-

fore, that I had awakened some painful remembrance, I hastened to repair, if possible, the effects of my inadvertence. She replied, "Although there is a sorrow connected with that placid looking view before us, which your exclamation has recalled, yet it has no connexion with me, beyond the ordinary sympathies of humanity: so I will tell you this little romance of humble life, which is affecting (to me at least) from its locality and truth."

Her brief sketch induced me to examine other sources, and from these I gathered the materials of my simple tale.

Among all the rural belles of that neighbourhood, a few years ago, none attracted so much general admiration as Mary Evesham; yet, sensible and reflective in character, none seemed less elated by the homage paid to her charms. The darling child of one who was liable to the most fitful caprices, Mary had become habituated to alternations of extreme indulgence and uncalled for harshness:—a fate which soon breaks the gay spirits, if it injure not the health, of early girlhood: and Mary's clear pale cheek and thoughtful eyes bore the chastened and resigned expression of one who had already perceived that this world is not one path of roses.

Simon Evesham, Mary's widowed father, was one of those strangely-placed persons, whom we occasionally see, possessing tastes most perfectly incongruous with their humble position. Thus he, who kept a rustic inn in the neighbourhood of Windsor Park, instead of attending to the "*drawings*" used in his profession, had an inveterate taste for *old pictures*,—which he purchased at any sacrifice. Another fancy of his was, instead of collecting his book debts, he sought every where for scarce and valuable *autographs*, priding himself not a little on the cramped and scrawled contents of his manuscript portfolio.

Mary's delicate health was the only idea he ever permitted to interrupt his scientific reflections; and he would frequently pause during his scrutiny of some antique parchment, to regret the consumptive transparency of her complexion. One evening, having taken forth a newly-acquired and most esteemed autograph,—a strip of parchment on which King John (so Simon said, at least,) had tried his pen when about to sign Magna Charta in the neighbouring isle of Runymede,—he thus addressed the fair invalid; alternately, however, introducing some phrase regarding his relic.

“ Mary, my darling, I'm vexed to see thee look so ill (*quite yellow and beautiful, with the ink brown*); at your time of life you should look (*wrinkled with time, since six hundred years*) you should look well and happy and (*somewhat moth eaten*), and your beautiful figure, which was so much admired for being (*very crooked and cramped King John wrote, for a king, I think!*) for being so fine, is now (*quite in the old English style, like a law paper*) is now quite altered: so, dear, I mean to send you to (*King John, what a bad man you were to draw the poor Jews' teeth until they gave you money*) to your aunt's, in hopes of changing the air making you better and (*wishing a brother's death too!*) and quite happy.”

Amidst this mingled jargon, Mary comprehended that she was to visit a favorite relative of hers;—a widow of Evesham's brother, residing in London;—and, accordingly, on the following day she departed; without hope of the restoration of her health, but rejoicing in the expected meeting.

Many times during her absence did her whimsical parent write to recal her. At one time a new picture had come. At another, he was lent a collection of autographs (which, shame to say, he wished Mary's graphic skill to copy surreptitiously). Then, oh summit of pleasure! Prince E—— having by chance heard of Simon's collection of pictures, was actually

coming down to treat for some of them, and Mary ought to be at home to do the honors. But to all these mandates his sister-in-law contrived answers which still deferred Mary's return. This opposition of course excited the capricious temper of Simon, who ultimately went himself to London, and insisted on Mary's immediate return with him.

This seemed to create some embarrassment between the aunt and niece, accompanied by a shower of tears from the latter; but from her father's law there was no appeal; and she instantly departed with him, heeding nothing but a crimson rose-tree, on which she bestowed the most lavish care. As they drove past the Guards' barracks, the band commenced one of those wailing German melodies, which seem to utter a dirge of the heart; and Mary's tears increased almost to hysterics, while Simon crossly said, "No end to the noise and plague of soldiers in this country; all good-for-nothings; in time of war, they cut up pictures abroad, as if they was only old canvass: and if they saw a gennewine autograph, it's my belief they'd think 'twas only a bit of old drum-head! I never will let one of them into my house."

Mary ventured to say something of the guards being generally better educated, and more respectably connected, than ordinary soldiers; which raised her father's temper to quarrel-pitch, until they arrived at home. Here good news awaited him. Prince E—— had appointed the following morning for his pictorial visit; and the delighted host became nearly crazed with the visions of German grandeur and gold to be realized on the next day.

As Simon, in his holiday suit, basked proudly in a bright autumnal morning, awaiting the arrival of the Prince,—a pale, spare, unpretending sort of traveller rode up to the door of the rural inn, the master of which (being too full of expectant grandeur to attend to ordinary people) deputed his rustic

helper to take the horses of the new comer and his servant. The traveller approached, hanging his head on one side, his thin fair hair blowing lankily in the breeze; and, peering up at Simon with a pair of large light blue eyes, he exclaimed—

“Wale, my goot sair, air you de possesseur of de peectures I comb to zee?”

Simon’s face changed to the color of King John’s autograph-parchment:—

“Bless me, sir,—your highness,—I am quite,—this way, your highness,—I am so flattered, your highness, that—those pigs run just in the way of your highness,—if your highness would just be,—the door to the left, your highness:—I’m sure I had no idea you were,—Mary, my daughter, your highness,—*the Satyr*, your highness wished to see!” and while Mary placed a chair for Prince E——, her confused parent triumphantly drew a curtain from the frame of a hideously-good “*dancing Faun*.”

Now, every one who knows the amiable German Prince, is aware that however he delights in painted canvass, he is a devoted worshipper of nature’s fair paintings also; and Mary Evesham’s pure delicate countenance had most agreeably impressed him, among the dusty antiques of the collection. So that, instead of admiring the *Satyr*, he bestowed on the living picture one of his wintry-day smiles, exclaiming, “A pairfaict Venuse!”

Simon was astounded—he never dreamt of persons having eyes for any thing but his pictures; and how the representation of a creature with sheep’s ears and goat’s legs could form a “perfect Venus,” he understood not. The princely connoisseur fell in his estimation fifty per cent. Therefore he listlessly withdrew the covering from another dusky-looking bijou representing “*the Furies*.”

“What does your highness think of that?” inquired he,

willing to give another chance for the display of judgment and taste.

Unfortunately, Mary was helping to hold up the frame, and as the Prince's look fell over her elegant form, he uttered rapturously, "A union of de Graces, 'pan my wort!"

"Oh, dear, that your highness should so mistake!" groaned Simon—"these be *Furies*, and not *Graces*: I'll run and fetch you some beautiful *Graces* I have up stairs:"—"quite good enough copies for such a queer hignorant body," added Simon to himself, as he left Mary and the Prince *tête-à-tête*.

Of this situation the latter instantly took advantage to declare the deep impression, &c. made by her indescribably ineffable charms on the too susceptible heart of a German prince. But Mary seemed singularly unmoved by the long and flattering declaration: and her companion's piqued remark was, "Ah, you not lend de ear to me, becose you gif de ear to annodare." This brought the tell-tale blood into her cheek, to prove the truth of his surmise, just as Simon entered the room; and caused him to speculate on what was the German system of gallantry which had produced the effect of rouge! Resolved to make him pay for it in the price of the pictures, he showed him two common copies, brown varnished; but this time they did not come under the unconscious eye of the "queer body;" who taxed Master Simon's taste roundly, for possessing such trumpery, and walked round the room, where his experience soon pointed out the few choice bits of the collection, which he desired to possess. Simon murmured to himself, "Well, if he aint as hard to read as King John's autograph; first mistaking a Satyr for a Venus; next the *Furies* for *Graces*; then going round like, and finding the genewines, as my lurcher tracks a hare—he's a queer body still, this prince!"

After some discussion of prices, the goodnatured prince departed, possessor of three pictures and the only blossom on

Mary's rose-tree,—which he smilingly told her was “gathered in remembrance of da beautee of da inn;” a piece of gallantry which her looks seemed but little to appreciate.

While Evesham obsequiously held the stirrup of the Prince, the latter proposed what perhaps the reserve of Mary had prevented him from asking herself, namely, that an artist who was painting an Improvisatrice for the Prince, might come on the following day, and take Mary as the study for the head.

Simon, whose wits were already wandering, after the morning's triumphs, was so elated by this new honor, that he knew not how to express his delight: a stammered affirmative sufficed for the amiable German, who rode away ere the innkeeper could recal his scattered thoughts even to remember his best bow.

“Well, Mary, I've made a nice morning's work, my dear: thirty per cent. on my three pictures, and got a real living German Prince's autograph for my book: how condescending of his highness to give it me in German—it looks in their queer letters, like ‘Whisky frisky,’ but I dare say he spells his own name right. There, Mary, don't look so cross, even suppose he did honor you with a kiss! To-morrow I go to London for two or three days, to attend the great pictur-sale, and his highness' excellency bid me ask his secretary for more living autographs. What a fine handsome prince his highness is. Hark! I hear the noise of soldiers: the Blues just coming to their new quarters, I suppose,—I'll get out of hearing!” and away he went, leaving Mary with a very different expression of countenance from that inspired by Prince E——.

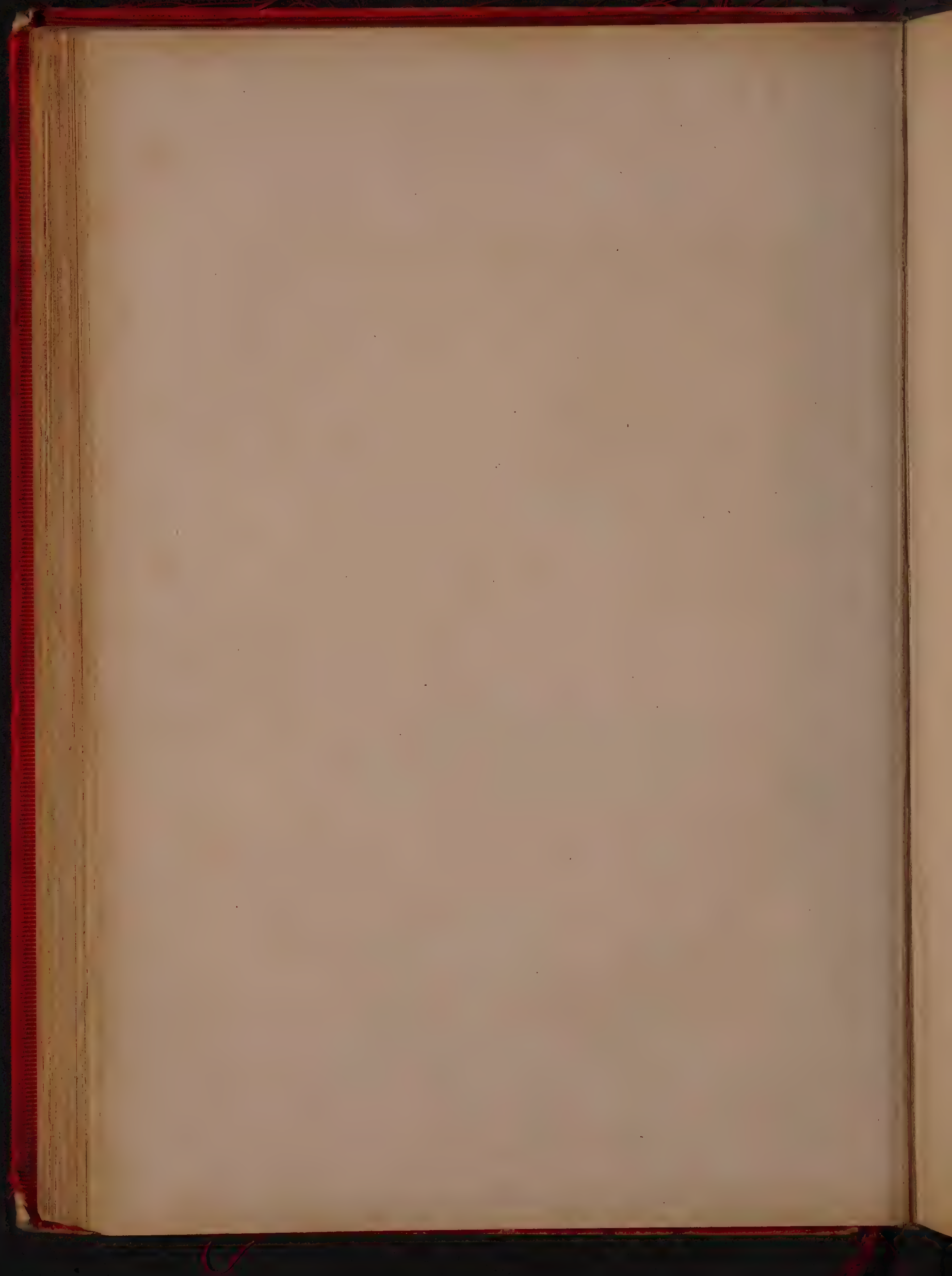
It was indeed the measured tramp of horses; and as the Guards passed the house, Mary leaned forth over her rose-tree in the open casement, and a pair of intelligent eyes exchanged recognition with hers, which made the blood dance happily in her heart for the remainder of that day.



R. Leslie

J. Thompson

My little sister



In the north of England, Mary's aunt had a relative, who had been married to a farmer of some consideration during the golden days of agriculture; and his pride consisted in giving to his only son an education much beyond that which he himself had received. A fatal accident cut short his useful career while his boy was too young to take his place; and, the pressure on the cultivating class commencing about the same time, the invalid and widowed Mrs. Howard found herself obliged to quit the farm where she had lived so happily. A succession of distressing events followed, in the breaking of the country bank, the bankruptcy of trusted friends, &c.: so that actual want approached the small cottage where she and her Frederick (now become a very fine young man) had sought refuge. Finding any agricultural undertaking was impracticable, the young Frederick Howard vainly turned his thoughts for some means of subsistence for his one parent: when the son of a neighbouring farmer, who had recently enlisted in the Guards, proposed his taking service in the same regiment. Frederick's pride revolted at the idea of being commanded by any one, and entering a line of life so much beneath his former prospects: but on Woolford representing to him that the Guards were chiefly recruited from the northern farmers' families, and that it required even considerable interest to be taken, he struggled to repress his scruples, and with an aching heart proceeded to offer himself, when his figure and personal appearance caused him to be most willingly received into the Blues.

Mrs. Howard anxiously bethought herself of every former acquaintance to whom she could recommend her boy; and on hearing the destination of the regiment, she joyfully recollected her relative, the widow of Simon's brother, who for her sake would be kind to the young stranger. Mrs. Evesham, woman-like, was prepossessed by the extreme beauty of the youth who

claimed her relationship: and as time brought forth the sentiments of his romantic mind (stored with the ill-placed treasures of poetry and exaggerated fictions, just like her own), she decided that Frederick was perfection,—and therefore just suited, except in a worldly view, for her niece, the beautiful young heiress of the inn! But Simon, she knew, hated the army; hence her little scheme for bringing the young persons together, and her excuses for the long visit, which had been sufficiently extended as to allow of an interchange of faith between these high-minded young persons, who resembled each other in having received an education much too refined for their station, and in the possession of that unworldly and generally unfortunate gift, a romantic temperament.

The morning after the Guards marched to Windsor, the artist sent by the Prince arrived early, to commence his portrait of Mary. Her father remained in the room, giving his advice in the most pompous manner, and advising continual alterations; until both the artist and Mary were quite weary. Fortunately, the latter recollected the picture-auction, which she no sooner mentioned than Simon darted towards London; and the painter, being uninterrupted, advanced rapidly with his composition.

After the sitting was terminated, Mary took her customary walk, with a book, through the Dell, where, seated beneath her favorite tree, she was soon absorbed in some speculative and romantic author. A hasty rustling of the sweeping branches near was heard; and, from among the tall grey stems of the gigantic elms, sprang forth a noble figure in uniform, which, on approaching, proved to be Frederick Howard, his countenance now all radiant with delight, though generally somewhat melancholy in its expression.

“Oh, Mary, how fortunate that I should have met you here!” said he, pressing her extended hand; “I have wal-

dered vainly round your house all the morning, not daring to call on you without your permission; and now was returning, disappointed and unhappy. Guess what must have been my sensations on finding you had left your aunt, without even a token that you would not forget me,—except,” he added, looking on her downcast eyes, “that my rose-tree was no longer there.”

“My father could not wait on that day, dear Frederick, and my aunt feared to mention our—our acquaintance,—as he never allows the presence of—a——”

“I know!” said Howard, drawing up his stately form; “I am perfectly aware of his prejudice against my profession; although there will be found in it at least as much *honor* as in”——he stopped, for Mary’s soft blue eyes were filling with tears; he gently wound his arm round her, he kissed their long lashes, and whispered “forgive my impetuosity, dearest; it was the thought of the needless barrier of prejudice against our happiness which maddened me at the moment:—I will only think of the joy I experienced when we were ordered here, where I may breathe the same air as my dearer self, and where I may even thus occasionally meet her. Shall we not, my beloved?”

Mary raised her head from his shoulder on which it rested: “Oh, Frederick! it were unworthy of either of us to profit by my father’s confidence in me; and until his return we must meet no more.”

“But Mary, we *have* met by accident; and no one can be blamed for a recurrence of such a chance, the anticipation of which will alone enable me to sustain during the interval of our separation, the annoyances of my present situation.”

“Frederick, what confidence could you ever place in one who would deceive a parent? Let us hope my father may relent on his return; and now farewell.”

Howard having vainly requested permission to accompany her home, watched with earnest gaze her slight and graceful figure as she departed, until it was lost among the over-arching branches; then sorrowfully returning to his barracks, he occupied the remainder of the day in thinking of the best method of addressing her father, bitterly lamenting the change of circumstances which had placed him in his present position. And Mary, the thoughtful, the prudent, the highly resolved Mary, how did she pass her time? In gazing at the town where Frederick was quartered,—in reading again and again his treasured notes,—in mentally recalling the deep tenderness of his thrilling gaze,—in repeating every soft phrase he had used,—although quite decided that she would meet him no more until her father's return; and finally, resolving that, although she would see him no more until then, she would go at an earlier hour to visit the Dell, to recal the memory of the morning's interview. And thither she went, and was not Frederick already there? Daily Mary resolved that it was wrong to see him; yet as her father was still detained by picture auctions, daily they met and breathed love pure as it was intense, to the expression of which Angels might have listened.

At length Simon Evesham returned; and, to his surprise, soon afterwards a stranger, in military uniform entered his house, and requested to speak to him in private. Simon had been crossed in his bargains, therefore was in no placable mood;—so he replied, "I never like soldiers about my house mister;—so what you has to say, say it where you are."

Howard's proud feelings, on another occasion, would have made but short work of their interview. Considering, however, what was at stake, he struggled effectually to repress his anger, and calmly stated the progress of his acquaintance with Mary, their mutual attachment with the approbation of her aunt, and finally his hope of obtaining her hand.

Simon heard him to the end with an ominous silence; then, in a tone of laboured civility, he said,—“of course you know, (being a military gentleman), that Mary will come in for all my property:—might I be so bold as to ask what *you* possess on your side of the matter?”

“That is easily answered, sir; I possess nothing but an unblemished character, and a total devotion to your daughter.”

“Then, mister,—please to take your devotion elsewhere, for I will have no fortune hunters in laced jackets round my doors. Begone, sir, let us never see more of you!” and Simon left the parlour, slamming the door violently. He then ascended to Mary’s room, where she sat pale and still as a statue, having heard the ominous rising of her father’s voice,—he commenced by violently upbraiding her with deceit and undutiful conduct, telling her that she had seen her gay lover for the last time; but before he had exhausted his rage she had fallen death-like at his feet, and was only restored from one swoon to sink into another.

Howard, unknowing whether he went, rushed hastily through the park, his brain scorching with the indignation he had suppressed for Mary’s sake, and his heart almost broken by the destruction of his fond hopes. His uncertain steps had led him to the Dell, the scene of his happy hours;—here he threw himself on the grass, passionately giving way to his alternation of feeling, until their very intensity threw him into a stupor; from this he was roused by a cheerful and kind voice calling out—“Is that you, Howard, under the trees? What on earth is the matter man?” It was not, however, until the question had been repeated, that the bewildered youth could collect his senses to reply to Captain Cavendish, one of the officers of his own regiment.

Howard made some incoherent excuse of having committed a regimental error; but Captain Cavendish replied, in a softened voice, as he dismounted, “no, no, Howard, my good

fellow; 'tis something graver than that which distresses you thus deeply. I have had you nearly a year now, and your conduct has been so excellent, so irreproachable, that I would not believe even your own story against yourself! Tell me," (he added, kindly laying his hand on the young man's shoulder) "is it any matter in which I can assist you—and if so, do not fear to make the request."

Howard's spirit, which had risen almost beyond control against Evesham's harshness, now softened to this unexpected and welcome kindness from his officer, and he wept like a woman. By degrees, and with a broken voice, he related the source of his sorrows to his compassionating young auditor, who was so much affected by the artless, yet superior manner in which the tale of woe was communicated, that after a pause (in which his good nature struggled with, and prevailed over their difference of rank)—he exclaimed,

"Nay, you *shall* not despair Howard! for I will myself seek this obdurate man, and bring matters to a happy conclusion for you!"

Howard could scarcely believe his senses; with clasped hands and upraised eyes, he tried to utter—"Heaven bless you sir," but the words died in a convulsive sob, and when he looked up, Cavendish was already departed on his amiable mission, his morning uniform flashing in the sun, as he galloped through the trees.

An hour passed over the head of the anxious lover, who felt as if it were eternal; life or death was indeed in it for him—the sun declined, and the chill grey of autumn shut in all around; but Howard felt not the damp breeze that waved his hair over his forehead, which seemed tightened to agony. At length a horse's tread sounded heavily over the grass. Cavendish had returned from his sympathising mission, and now slowly approached the young soldier.

Howard bent forward his eager searching gaze,—then hid

his face in his hands! the mediator's vexed and disappointed countenance, told too plainly of his failure, which he communicated with great feeling, at the same time gently urging Howard to leave the spot and return to his barracks.

"Forgive me sir," gasped Howard feebly, "if for this once I seem inattentive to your voice, which has hitherto been a law to me. I would fain stay in the scene of my happiness yet a little longer; to-morrow, (he added with a look of wild despair), you will not have to complain of me."

Captain Cavendish felt so affected by the tone, that he could not trust himself to reply, but galloped off, offering up a heartfelt prayer for the restoration of a person who, though an inferior, he valued so highly.

Mary had remained until a late hour insensible, when she partially recovered and tried to collect her thoughts. She heard, through the slight partition, her father's raised voice in contention with some one; and the fatal words were, "No! I tell you once more, any one who had ever been a soldier should not have her, not if he possessed,—no not even if he could bring me a finer collection of autographs than this book!"

"Shame old man! think of the sorrows of the living, while thus I serve your accursed nonsense!" exclaimed Cavendish angrily.

"Ah! the madman has thrown my autographs into the fire! Let me save them—oh, look at King John scorching,—ah, let me go!"

Sounds of a struggle ensued, and Cavendish exclaiming,—
"go then, and join them, unfeeling monster!" flung Ever-sham from him, and Mary heard the officer's receding step succeeded by the galloping of his horse. Her distracted thoughts grasped the whole matter. The last hope, intercession from Frederick's officer, had failed; and Mary's mind, irritated by the long contention, gave way at length to the

fearful relief of delirium. Her attendant soon after entered and found her (with the art of that malady), affecting the sleep which that night would no more visit her eyelids; but when darkness closed in, and the household were at rest, Mary cautiously rose, strengthened by the fever of her frame; and, true to her ruling feeling, made her way to her beloved haunt, the Dell! The cold moon of November gleamed up the avenue of trees, bringing forward their stems like ranges of warning spirits; and, striking full on the well known oak, gave to Mary's distracted vision, a sight which recalled one flash of reason,—she screamed and fell beneath its branches.

In the morning some labourers passing at dawn through the Dell, observed a young officer riding hastily towards a large tree, where he dismounted. On their approach they found him, horror struck, kneeling near the bodies of two persons. A soldier who had destroyed himself—a female equally motionless, from the heavy insensibility which saved her from the horror around.

In time the poor girl's health was partially restored, but her spirits were totally broken, and she lingered in meek resignation the rest of her days.

Thus did Howard's last act, and Mary's sad fate, prove that even the tranquil and peaceful Dell was not "exempt from sin or sorrow."

AN ENIGMA.

ADDRESSED TO THE LADIES.

BY THE HON. GRANTLEY F. BERKELEY.

WE are in kindred many—far and wide
In country banks full richly do we share ;
Though funds to us are nothing, yet the pride
Of field and valley ever is our care.
Let others boldly boast them to be bless'd
With all that sounds full sweetly in the ear,
All silently within the shade we'll rest,
For solitude to us is ever dear.

Humbly beneath the soft green grass we grow,
And as our evening thankfulness is given,
The tears that from our eyelids gently flow,
A winged messenger bears up to Heaven.
Yes, when the lark has nestled near at night,
From us the dewdrop tenderly beguiled,
Pure as it came from Heaven—sweet and bright
We send to God, fit greeting from his child—
While the meek messenger that upward flies
Sings as she breasts the tribute to the skies.

H

Such is our love—so humble—so content—
As such we lay it, Ladies, at your feet;
Our homage from the root of life is sent,
And as you prize it, so shall it be sweet.
Not in the eyes alone our favour rests—
No—you may bind us better to your breasts—
There let our colours—purple, white, and blue,
Prove that in death we sweetly sigh for you.

STANZAS.

BY THE HON. GRANTLEY F. BERKELEY.

Oh! let the balmy morning gale this sigh bear on its wing,
And waft it to thy shady grove where feather'd songsters sing,
And let all flowers yield their sweets and lend their aid to one,
Who walks a weary pilgrimage, who dwelleth all alone.

Let gentle dews that fall by night remind thee of his tear,
Let nature sigh in murmurs sweet his name within thine ear;
Yet though he gazes on the world in grief that dims *his* sight,
He'd sooner die than tear of *thine* should tremble in the light.

Oh! there is joy to gaze upon the glorious orb of day,
Or watch its golden gladsome beam upon the waters play;
And to reflect that other eyes may thus be turn'd to Heaven,
And by such train of roving thought to sunny streams be given.
The world can never sunder those who in the realms above
Can find so sure—so beautiful—an interchange of love!

ALICE MANSFIELD;

OR,

THE ROSE OF ADDENBROOK.

BY LORD WILLIAM LENNOX.

The joys of meeting pay the pangs of absence,
 Else who could bear it?
 When thy lov'd sight shall bless my eyes again,
 Then will I own I ought not to complain,
 Since that sweet hour is worth whole years of pain.

ROWE.

THERE is not a more lovely, peaceful, sequestered spot in England, than the fertile and romantic valley in which the village of Addenbrook is situated. It derives its name from a clear lively stream, which, winding in Wye-like curves, foams and sparkles through its verdant meadows on either side the richly cultivated district, interspersed with fields, woods, gardens, and cottages. The hedges decked with the wild honeysuckle, the banks enamelled with violets, perfume the air with their soft breath. A picturesque mill, with its busy wheel and gurgling stream, enlivens the landscape.

It was in the spring time of the year, on a fine, warm, sunny, "incense-breathing" morning, in the "merry month of May;" when animate and inanimate nature seem to brighten into youth and happiness, that, accompanied by a friend, we entered this neat, clean, and cheerful village. Its usual stillness, which was seldom unbroken save by the familiar music of its chimes,

had now given way to sounds of mirth and revelry, and its inhabitants were indulging in all the exuberance of rustic joy. On reaching the *head inn*, the Robin Hood,—so a small hostel was grandiloquized,—we were ushered into “the parlour,” so called *par excellence*; and ascertained from the loquacious hostess, that the annual village wake, old May-day, was to be kept. We ordered breakfast, and in the meantime amused ourselves by observing the multifarious decorations of the state apartment. Around the white-washed walls were hung various scriptural subjects: the Prodigal Son, King Solomon, the Queen of Sheba, Daniel in the lions’ den,—all dressed in modern costume, court dresses, hoops and bag-wigs. The Four Seasons, the Passions, most wofully caricatured. Over the mantel-piece, which was decorated with wax figures and china effigies, was a splendid specimen of “stitch work,” containing the Golden Rules of Life, and worked by Anne Freeman, A. D. 1798.

Determined to enjoy as much as our time would permit, a scene which promised to be so hilarious, we hurried over our frugal meal, and sallied forth to witness the festivities of the day. A may-pole was decorated with “garlands of every green and every scent;” a band of musicians were seated in a temporary orchestra, the whole village appeared alive, and, in the words of Wordsworth,

“ This sweet May morning
The children are pulling, on every side,
In a thousand vallies far and wide,
Fresh flowers.”

Persons of all ranks and ages enjoyed the hilarity and liveliness of this scene of mirth and revelry. From the peer to the peasant; from the aged couple, who had for many revolving years enjoyed it together, to their smiling and noisy grandchildren, with rosy cheeks and sparkling eyes, shouting with

infantine glee—every one seemed to devote himself to pleasure and merriment.

At a distance from a merry group of maidens dressed in their gayest attire, was one whose pensive countenance and sorrowful eye told she had a deep and silent grief. Unheeding all around her, she stood apart. The bright calm morning had no charm for her; the heavens looked smilingly upon all around, but to her appeared only to mock her wretchedness; the birds carolled their joyful songs; every flower and shrub seemed springing into renewed life. Her spirit felt none of the lightsome gladness of the scene; hers was "the helpless, hopeless, brokenness of heart." The wintry chill of disappointment had for ever withered the wretched hope of her own bosom.

Touched by her wo-worn look, and grief-stricken appearance, our curiosity became powerfully excited. We inquired into her history, and heard the following "simple annal;" a narrative which has no higher pretensions than being a bare recital of facts.

"Never was a more thriving or happy family than that of John Mansfield, the miller of Addenbrook; it consisted of himself, his wife, and two children; and by his own temperance, and his 'guid wife's' excellent management, they had not only lived within their means, but were enabled to lay by occasionally, trifles towards establishing their children in business. John, the eldest, had been apprenticed to a most respectable solicitor; while Alice, then in her eighteenth year, kept her father's books, went to market, and took charge of the cottage, where neatness and cleanliness seemed the presiding deities. She was the beauty of the neighbourhood; and was generally distinguished as the Rose of Addenbrook.

"Already had she, with her parents' consent, fixed her affections and plighted her vows to Frank Ellman, a young

man of the village. Their attachment was reciprocal; and for some time, as if on purpose to contradict the old adage, 'the course of true love ran smooth as a summer stream.' The day for their marriage had been appointed; it was to take place on the 13th of May, the anniversary of the village wake. It was only one month before this period, when an event occurred, from which may be traced all the subsequent miseries that chastened this amiable family.

"Some speculating individuals settled at Addenbrook with the intention of establishing a canal company, which was, as they described it, to be of the greatest public good, and a mine of wealth to the shareholders. Mansfield had become a subscriber; he had fallen into a snare that had been purposely laid for him. His politics, which were 'good wishes for his queen and country,' had given offence to the legal agents of Lord Archdale, the owner of the land, Mansfield rented; and his lordship, who was 'a man of the world,' a being whose finer feelings had been blunted by dissipation, was highly incensed at the idea of canals, and filthy barges, and vulgar bargemen, entering the aristocratic domains of Archdale manor. In a few months the project failed; and Mansfield became a ruined man. To the honor of human nature, be it said, his old friends did not forsake him; a subscription was set on foot; they rented a small farm for him, where, by the unwearied industry of the family, they were enabled *to exist*. It was a heavy day for them when they had to take leave of the mill, that peaceful home, the spot of their birth; and where they had spent so many happy years, and which they were now compelled to abandon. These feelings went deeply into Mansfield's heart, and Alice saw it, and though her soul was sick and her 'heart sair,' she endeavoured to console her afflicted parent.

"Severe as the inflictions were with which Ellman's feelings

had been tried, the attachment of this high-spirited young man was characterized by the deepest devotion. Unable to find employment at home, he accepted a lucrative situation in Canada; pledging himself to return and claim his bride the moment he could lay at her feet the fruits of his own industry—independence.

“An event occurred that hastened his departure. Lord Archdale had sought retirement on his manor, from the noise and heat of the metropolis. It happened one evening, when his lordship was pursuing his favorite amusement on the banks of the trout-stream, that a heavy shower compelled him to take shelter in Mansfield’s new cottage. He caught a glimpse of Alice; and soon became a victim to her charms. We will not dwell on the toils the artful profligate spread systematically for her undoing, or destruction. Lord Archdale looked upon Ellman as the obstacle to his wishes. To be vanquished by an obscure and low-born individual, was more than his rankling spirit could bear; and, rendered desperate by his many rebuffs, he determined to make one more attempt.

“His importunities had always been treated with silent contempt by Alice; and yet he had often dared to felicitate himself in the expectation of a triumph which the succeeding moment taught him was never to be obtained. His resolution was no sooner formed than it was put in practice. He, in the absence of her parents, gained admission into her house. Alice’s countenance flashed with anger, as the object of her persecution entered her apartment. She felt choking with resentment—as she expressed her surprise at his intrusion.

“‘Hear me,’ cried Archdale, catching her hand. But we will not follow the ‘man of the world’ through his vehement pleadings. For his promises, threats, and entreaties, Alice felt an equal contempt. Desperate with the repulse he had met, he rushed forward and attempted to embrace her; one

arm encircled her waist, while with the disengaged hand he grasped hers within its burning palm. Alice shrieked aloud. At that moment, the door burst open; and Ellman, boiling with rage, entered the room. His first impulse was to seize the noble libertine and thrust him from the room; but the entrance of Archdale's groom saved his discomfited master from the fury of Ellman's rage.

"The news of Edward's departure, hastened by the dread of an action at law from the powerful lord, was a terrible shock to Alice; but she endeavoured to contend with it for the sake of her parents, whose affection she now felt with redoubled force.

"It was autumn when young Ellman left: the winter disappeared, and spring again returned. Hours and days passed heavily and drearily on, but no tidings, no gleam of sympathy, brightened the gloom of the dejected; no ray of happiness beamed on the despondency of her heart.

"Few know the depth of feeling, the unshaken constancy, of a woman's devotion. Even hopeless love—

"Yea, time hath power, and what a power I'll tell thee;
A power to change the pulses of the heart
To one dull throb of ceaseless agony,
To hush the sigh of the resigned lip,
And lock it in the heart, freeze the hot tear,
And bid it in the eyelid hang for ever."

At length intelligence arrived, that the ship in which Ellman had sailed was lost, and that all her crew and passengers had perished. The heart of Alice sank; she wept long and bitterly. For some time she lay delirious on a bed of sickness, struggling with the deadly force of a brain fever. Time passed on; the pure and invigorating rays of her native air partially restored her to health, still there was a languor in her gaze. Sorrow had spread a pallid hue over her countenance."

Our narrator had proceeded thus far in his history when suddenly a loud shout of surprise and joyfulness sounded in our ears; and crowds of villagers were seen running in all directions towards the main entrance of the village. At first we were inclined to think that some accident had occurred; but the shouts could not be mistaken, they were evidently manifestations of joy rather than grief. About a quarter of a mile from the village, a carriage was observed coming towards it with all speed; it entered the narrow and winding street, reached the market-place; the band struck up, "See the conquering hero comes." There was a rush towards it, an eager pressing forward; there was the kind recognition, the warm embrace, the friendly greeting, the manly grasping of the hand. At this moment, the crowd of villagers that surrounded the carriage gave way, and an aged man, followed by his daughter, suddenly and hurriedly approached it. The blood rushed across her brow for an instant, and then left her countenance overspread with the hue of death. She gazed intensely forward; she uttered an exclamation of rapturous greeting, "It is he!" Alice had beheld her long lost Edward, —the deep had given up its dead. She clasped him wildly to her breast, and sank exhausted in his arms. He raised her like a drooping lily, sprinkled some water upon her forehead, and the tears rushed as it were from the fountains of her heart. His story was soon told: the ship had encountered a severe gale off the banks of Newfoundland, and a boat washed overboard, with the name of the vessel, *The Pacific*, in the stern, had given rise to the reports. By the death of a relative, Edward Ellman had inherited a small property, and had returned to claim his affianced bride.

A rustic procession was formed, headed by the blushing Alice and her betrothed. How different was the expression which now animated her beautiful features. Once more he

was at her side, once more their hearts beat in unison together, both forgot the terrors of the past in the joy of the present.

We stood for some time gazing upon this gladdening and refreshing scene of rural happiness, conversing familiarly with the peasants around us, when an old farmer, whom we ascertained to be Alice's father, approached us, and hoped we would remain and enjoy the festivities of the day. We accepted his courtesy. Our good wishes, uttered over a parting cup, and a small present which we made to the bride to furnish the *trousseau* for her approaching nuptials, were received with the warmest gratitude.

"And whom, gentlemen, am I to thank for the honour this day conferred upon us?" said Ellman, rising to propose our healths as a parting toast. "The new Lord of Archdale manor," said I, acknowledging the compliment, "and who makes the first use of his power, in rewarding honest industry. Farmer Mansfield, the mills and lands of Addenbrook are settled upon your daughter and her heirs, male and female, for life."

The astonishment and delight of all may be easily imagined. It were impossible to describe the expressions of gratitude showered upon the new lord of the manor.

One word more for his predecessor. The passion for display, and the far more dangerous one of gambling, had obtained entire possession of Lord Archdale's thoughts; and after involving himself in the usual maze of dissipation and libertinism, he set his whole fortune upon a cast, and found himself penniless. His unentailed estates were sold; hence the change of masters to the Archdale property.

We rose to depart, but not before we had yielded to the unanimous request, that we should return for the nuptials, should our plans enable us so to do. A tear glistened in the

dark eyes of Alice as we took our leave. We had lingered from "morn to dewy eve," amongst the enchanting natural beauties of this peaceful village. The sun was sinking in the far west, as we mounted our horses; and as the landscape faded gradually from our sight, we paused to cast one "lingering look behind." Never shall I forget the rural festival, or the Rose of Addenbrook.

A SPANISH ANECDOTE.

BY R. M. MILNES, ESQ. M.P.

It was a holy usage to record,
Upon each refectory's side or end,
The last mysterious Supper of our Lord,
That meanest appetites might upward tend.

Within the convent-palace of old Spain,
Rich with the gifts and monuments of Kings,
Hung such a picture, said by some to reign
The sov'reign glory of those wond'rous things.

A Painter of far fame, in deep delight,
Dwelt on each beauty he so well discern'd,
While, in low tones, a grey Geronomite
This answer to his extasy returned:—

“Stranger ! I have received my daily meal
In this good company, now threescore years,
And thou, whoe’er thou art, canst hardly feel
How time these lifeless images endears.

“Lifeless—ah ! no : both faith and art have given
That passing hour a life of endless rest,
And every soul who loves the food of Heaven,
May to that table come a welcome guest :

“Lifeless—ah ! no : while in mine heart are stored
Sad memories of my brethren changed or gone,
Familiar places vacant round *our* board,
And still that silent supper lasting on ;—

“While I review my youth,—what I was then,—
What I am now, and ye ! beloved ones all !
It seems as if these were the living men,
And *we* the coloured shadows on the wall.”

LADY VIOLA;

OR,

THREE SCENES IN A LIFE.

BY MISS CAMILLA TOULMIN.

It were all one,
That I should love a bright particular star,
And think to wed it.

SHAKSPEARE.

SELMER ABBEY is an old pile of building; so old that its chronology remains unfixed to this day, and has been a point of dispute among the curious for ages past. The owner, however, traces back his right noble descent to a certain Sir Robert Shafton, who flourished in the time of the lion-hearted Plantagenet, and the first record of the abbey is, as his baronial residence. Whether he bought or built it, received it from a munificent monarch, or won it by the strength of his good right arm, none can know. The last is as likely as any, for there is a rudely sculptured figure of the knight over his tomb in the chapel, and verily it seems the resemblance of a fearless and giant warrior.

Then came a long train of Sir Roberts, Sir Ralphs, and Sir Williams; the last of whom was created Earl of Selmer, by our fifth Henry on the field of Agincourt. On—on like a noble stream—pure, unblemished, flowed the lordly line. But the trouble of the Stuarts broke its princely fortunes. Several prudent earls had partly retrieved their losses: then came a thoughtless, extravagant one, whose only son succeeded in

the year 18— to the title and family residence, with an income scarcely sufficient to maintain an establishment half as extensive as that of his forefathers.

What was to be done? Alas! no remedy but to curtail expences, occupy one wing of the modernised part of the building, and live with his fair young bride in seclusion.

It was once whispered to him, "Why not sell some of your magnificent jewels? they would find a fair market." But, with a curled lip, he proudly answered—"Never!"

After all, family pride *is* respectable. This diamond had been presented by Margaret of Anjou—that carcanet was the gift of the politic Tudor to a lovely countess in return for a secret service rendered by her lord—this ring from Elizabeth. There was a legend to every bauble.

But eighteen years had passed, and the gentle countess had long been mouldering by the side of her predecessors. There was a fair boy in his father's halls, springing fast into manhood; and his sister, the Lady Viola, who was by one year his senior, was now daily expected home, having just completed her education under the same care which had been bestowed on some young and near relations in a distant county.

"Clifford," said the youth, "even you, critical as you are, and difficult to please, will acknowledge that my sister is beautiful."

It was his tutor he addressed.

* * * * *

Four months had elapsed;—for it was early in April when Lady Viola Shafton returned home, and now

the Queen of Spring

Her sceptre had passed to the Summer King.

The gaudy flowers which come forth, when the violet has departed, and the last leaves of the moss-rose have withered and fallen, now raised their proud heads, as if in mockery of their earlier and fairer sisters.

It was late in the day. Through a stained glass window, the softened rays of the declining sun rested on a lady simply dressed in white, and reclining in a fauteuil of blue damask. In her hand was a book, open at the first page,—and her eyes were fixed abstractedly on the only words it contained,—“*Ernest Clifford.*” Just on the threshold of womanhood, her very loveliness seemed that of promise rather than of present perfection. And yet there was something in the expression of her bright but soft eyes, and the statue-like chiseling of the mouth, which told of firmness and decision of character; and irresistibly impressed on the beholder a conviction that her mind had far outstripped the scanty limit of her years.

The door which was behind her opened noiselessly, and Clifford entered with the air of one in search of something. He was evidently at first unconscious of her presence, and started when he beheld her reflection in a pier-glass opposite.

“Your pardon, Lady Viola, for this intrusion,” said he in a hurried manner, “I knew not you were here; I understood you would accompany Lord Selmer in his drive.”

“No, Shafton is with him instead; I did not feel well enough——inclined to go.”

“I have been packing my books, and came for a volume of Sophocles which I left here. Not expecting to find it in a lady’s hand,” added Clifford in a tone of forced gaiety.

The book dropped from her grasp, and for a moment Lady Viola became deathly pale; a deep blush succeeded, and tears started to her eyes. She rose to leave the room, but Clifford involuntarily strove to detain her.

“You will be better, Lady Viola,—let me open the window,—the cool breath of Heaven will restore you,—*dear* Lady Viola, be seated.”

There was a pause, at length she spoke.

“You leave Selmer to-morrow, I understand—is it not so?”

“It is my destiny,” he replied in a tone of bitterness.

"Nay, your *will* has shaped it then."

"Say, rather honor and despair."

Lady Viola murmured some reply, but her words were scarcely articulated.

"Tell me, Lady Viola," said Ernest after a short silence, "have you never thought me mad?"

"Mad!"

"Yes;—is there no madman but the raving lunatic? What think you is the dream of ambition, fierce hatred, envy, *any* human passion that masters the reason—if not madness?"

"Are you the prey to one of these? Never,—I believe it not."

"I thank you, from my soul I thank you, for those words. Not one of these, and yet as strong a master. Let me trust, however, that a life henceforth dedicated to the fulfilment of my sacred duties, may expiate the guilt, if there be guilt, of the wildest dream a madman ever cherished."

He covered his face with his hands, and a large bead-like tear trickled through his fingers.

They talk of *women's* tears! I know not certainly what effect they may produce on *men*, but I think, after all, they are the most false or shallow tests of feeling. But one tear down a manly cheek, and that tear shed for her, oh! to a woman's heart, earth has no sight so touching or so thrilling.

Again were they silent for a few minutes. Clifford rose—"Farewell, Lady Viola!" said he, "farewell!" and taking her hand he raised it respectfully to his lips.

And were they thus to part? Not so;—like the legend of the spring—which was to rush forth a mighty torrent, when the stone that covered it should be removed, and the sun's rays fall upon it—was the heart of Viola. The light of love *had* fallen there; and she threw herself on the breast of Ernest, and sobbed aloud.

"Gracious Heavens! I knew not this," exclaimed Ernest,

but he pressed her in his arms, and wild passionate words escaped his lips. He half supported her to a sofa, and she buried her face in its pillows.

"Lady Viola," said Clifford after a pause, his voice thrilling with deep emotion, "*now* you must hear me. I have been guilty, but I have been my own tempter. In my pride of heart I thought it possible to say, 'Thus far shalt thou go, and no farther.' I dreamed that I could listen to a voice that had become the music of my being, and gaze on a form whose presence was the poetry of my life; then awake from the sweet vision as from a nightly slumber, to tread the path that duty points to me, at least contentedly. I should have fled from you long ago,—the first week that I saw you. This is no hour for affected modesty,—I have sometimes thought it possible, that the beautiful, the high-born girl, drawn by the mysterious link of sympathy which has bound us from the first, might regard too well even Ernest Clifford. And when this thought has come to me as the shadow, the phantom of hope, a father's malediction has rung in my ears, and I have seemed to myself a fiend and destroyer. And then I tried to pray you might never love me. But the black drop is in my heart again, I cannot say so now——Viola." And his arm wound round her waist, and her head rested on his shoulder.

"Let us talk calmly," said Viola after a pause, "I can think and act now, for I am far happier than I was an hour ago."

"Happier!"

"Yes, much happier. Can you not imagine the hideous guise, by which suspense and doubt made still more dreadful, that most humbling thought—the thought of affection as unreturned as it had been unsought. But it is a glorious thing to be loved by you—by such an one as you; and it is the pride of this which gives me strength now. We part, Ernest Clifford, perhaps for ever,—or to meet as nothing to each other."

"I ask you to forgive, not to remember me."

There was a tremulous motion about the features of Lady Viola that seemed to mock the calmness of her speech, but she continued.

"I am no modern Tullia, to trample on the hopes or even the prejudices of my dear father,—I cannot pass such barriers though the goal were happiness."

"And you will marry——"

"Marry! no, but I at least may be the haughty, the cold, the passionless Lady Viola Shafton, whom none dare approach. Do you know, Ernest, I have thought of this weeks ago. I shall hear of your prosperity,—you see *I* am not *crushed*, and you, in a few months, will be contented—happy—blessed. Shafton will miss you sadly, but you will write to him."

"I shall gradually break off any correspondence with Lord Shafton."

"Hark!" exclaimed Lady Viola, "I hear the carriage. Ernest, dear Ernest, farewell—for ever! Do not think of me, do not pity me, but believe if there be either of us to blame, it is I."

Again his arm glided round her, and that dear form was pressed to his heart. One glossy ringlet became entangled in his dress, but the length suffered her to draw herself away without extricating it. Their eyes for a moment met,—and she broke the curl hurriedly off. The volume, which had fallen from her grasp, remained open on the floor;—one leaf she tore hastily out;—*his* name—*his* handwriting were upon it;—and at different doors each left the room.

Is there any sympathy or admiration for them? Alas! what praise and sympathy are given for the possession of keen feelings and sensibility;—and how little, how much too little, for the power of mastering them!

PART II.

He could see
Not that which was, nor that which should have been,
But the old mansion, and the accustomed hall,
And the remembered chambers, and the place,
The day, the hour, the sunshine and the shade ;
All things pertaining to that place and hour,
And her who was his destiny, came back,
And thrust themselves between him and the light,
What business had they there at such a time ?

BYRON.

FROM LORD LANDBURY TO THE REV. ERNEST CLIFFORD.

“Nonsense, my dear Clifford, about ‘etiquette,’ and the ‘rector of the parish,’ I am quite determined *you* shall marry us ; and you must not be the person to teach me so unpleasant a lesson as contradiction. Surely you remember Lady Viola Shafton ? I thought at first she must have been a child when you left Selmer, but she astonished me yesterday by saying she was three-and-twenty ; I fancied her about nineteen. You then knew her at seventeen—was she very lovely ? I should think not so handsome as at present. My dear Ernest, I believe she is perfect—in mind and person. Nature must have created her just to show what she could do, in her most bountiful mood—and I am the happiest man in England. But yet—alas !

“*But yet* is as a jailor to bring forth
Some monstrous malefactor.”

Clifford, I will tell you all. In the first place, notwithstanding the seclusion in which she has lived, Lady Viola has refused, during the last four years, several excellent offers ; suitable even to her birth and beauty ; and I must confess it, six

months ago she declined the honor of my alliance. Though repulsed, I had the boldness, after a little while, again to renew my addresses. I implored her to give me hope, that in the course of months, of years, even she could love me. She heard me patiently.

“‘I will marry you, my lord,’ she replied, ‘provided, after what I am going to mention, you still desire it. I have loved another.’

“‘I started. ‘Listen,’ she continued, ‘I love one whom, in all human probability I shall never again see. One, whom were I by accident to meet, would renew no vows to me. The hour our love was acknowledged, we resolved that we would strive to conquer it; how successful his endeavour may have been, I know not—I wish not to know. Enough, that love was offered as a sacrifice at the shrine of duty. Since then, I have passed for a cold and heartless being—and you, my lord, are the first for whom I could even strive to feel that love, for I respect and admire you; and it is my father’s earnest entreaty, that I should marry. This is the first time the secret has passed my lips;—shall I tell you who——’

“‘I interrupted her, for I felt inexpressibly touched by her manner. ‘No, dearest girl!’ I exclaimed, ‘let me, at least, show some generosity. I will not ask his name, nor shall the subject again be mentioned between us. A life of devotion shall be mine;—and you will—you must love me, I will be so utterly your slave!’”

“‘Is not this romantic? though not quite the sort of romance I like. Perhaps it is strange that I make such a confession to you; but the concealment of this secret would be the first I have kept from you since our happy Oxford days. I sometimes feel curious to learn whom she has loved so well; but it is better for her feelings that I should not; and I regret not that I refused to listen. Sometimes I think I have won her

heart back to her own possession; and then I am vain enough to believe that is half way to mine. I tremble and hope. And now my dear Clifford, I have a piece of intelligence for you. I received a letter this morning from Lord ——, telling me the long promised living in his gift is at last vacant, and only awaits your acceptance. We shall do better for you by and bye, but this, as a little rise, is worth your notice. I understand the Rectory House is situated in the most picturesque spot imaginable. Make the most of a rural life; for I hope your next move will be to the metropolis.

“But to resume the chief purport of my letter. I enclose an invitation from Lord Selmer, to pass a few days at the Abbey; next Thursday fortnight is fixed for our marriage, and though I am *very angry* at your foolish excuses, I once more ask you, as a personal favor, to perform the ceremony. You will not again refuse your attached friend,

LANDSBURY.”

A few days after the date of the above letter, Lord Selmer and his son were sitting together in the library; Lady Viola had been indisposed, and confined for two or three days to her room. The medical attendant had just quitted the house, saying, if she fell into a slumber, she must not on any account be awakened.

A servant entered the room with a letter, addressed to Lady Viola.

“My lord, the man waits,” said he, “and her ladyship must not be disturbed; he will not, however, leave the letter unless he can take an answer.”

“From whom does he come?”

“He does not say, my lord.”

“Oh! it must be about the setting of those emeralds.—I will open it, for I know what she intends to have done.”

Lord Selmer took the letter—read it through twice, and the second time with knit brows.

“Say there is no answer,” he replied, in a voice of unusual sternness.

“Shafton,” said Lord Selmer, “you will not mention this letter to your sister.”

“My dear father——”

“I command you.—But stay, I will justify myself to you;—read it.”

“I am requested by my patron to be present at his marriage; but there is one whose slightest wish would weigh against his command. Lady Viola, one word will be sufficient if you desire it otherwise; *or*, your silence, the most fitting answer to my presumption in addressing you.

“That the shadow my unhappy love cast, for a brief space in your path, may be for ever lost in the brilliant fate that awaits you, is the prayer of

ERNEST CLIFFORD.”

“How surprising! from my soul I pity him;” exclaimed the youth,—(the young have generally a ready sympathy). “Dear father, do not be angry. Even from this we may judge that he has acted honorably.”

“And I—wisely. Each will believe the other indifferent; which must be equally desirable, whether it be the truth or not. But how much, that has appeared mysterious, does this explain! I wonder I never thought of such a thing.—And yet the idea is most preposterous.”

Clifford did not arrive at Selmer until late in the evening preceding the day fixed for the wedding. Lady Viola had retired to her chamber. It was a chilly autumnal evening, and dismissing her attendant, she drew her chair near the

fire, and sat for many minutes, apparently in a dreamy unconscious mood. There was the sound of a carriage,—it stopped;—and she started from her seat. “He comes,” murmured she half aloud, “he comes to give me to another.” Again she remained silent and motionless. By and bye she distinguished the sound of footsteps in the corridor. Nearer—they pass her door—she buries her face in her hands,—it is no time for tears, but she presses convulsively her eyelids, as if thus to shut out sight, and sound, and memory! And then, with unequal steps, she paced her chamber. “I will conquer this weakness;” she exclaimed, “I will be mistress of my thoughts.” Then opening a cabinet, she took from it several letters; and seating herself, drew the lamp near her, and deliberately read them every one through. They were letters which Lord Landsbury had addressed to her during a temporary absence since their engagement, and then she murmured;—“If there be strength in my own heart, I will love him. Let me PRAY for power to make him happy.

The marriage was to be solemnized by special license, in one of a suite of rooms arranged for the purpose. Clifford saw not the bride until a few moments before the ceremony commenced. In their casual greeting, her gloved hand met his, yet he could perceive it was icy cold. The contact must have been almost startling, for his own burnt, as with fever.

And she “spoke the fitting vows,” perchance she “heard not her own words.” Memory that will not be controlled, even at that solemn hour, brought back to her view, as in a mirror, days long gone bye.—And just at the end of the ceremony, called up it might be, by a tone of the voice, the scene of their parting rushed over her mind. It was the same room,—each trifling article it contained seemed endowed with power to torture. The vision was too painfully vivid;—the bride fainted!

PART III.

Faith, that were e'en its light removed,
Could, like the dial fixed remain,
And wait till it shone out again.

T. MOORE.

Very briefly shall I pass over the four or five years following the marriage of Lady Viola Shafton. She discovered what millions had learned before,—that the heart which has known love finds friendship but a dull substitute. Oh! the mystery of that master passion! which has overthrown empires, and the more glorious structure,—the human mind. Which can make the haughty, gentle,—and the dull, eloquent.

It is not what is called *first love* that is always so enduring. The heart is often like a plant, which casts its tendrils forth, clinging to some near object; perchance, an unsuitable, or unworthy one. If so, it recoils back upon itself, and thus the heart whose

“Young affections run to waste,
Or water but the desert.”

Had this been the case with Viola—had she mistaken gratified vanity, or any other shadow for the substance, she would assuredly *now* have loved her husband. As it was, the brightest drop in life's chalice had been dashed from her. Still her mind was far too well regulated, to suffer her to indulge in regrets; though there were moments when she repented having been induced, by her father's entreaties, to marry. Now, there was guilt, in “watching the embers,” of her early

love. She suffered not herself to recal a look, or a tone of his voice—yet the hardest trial was to meet Ernest Clifford as she was sometimes compelled to do. She knew that he shunned her,—but she knew also that she was still beloved. Not unmarked by her the changing cheek, averted eye, and faltering voice. But she was a mother;—and there was a new channel for her affections, pure as it was deep. Conscious also of her husband's tried affection, and almost despising herself, because her feelings would not obey the dictates of her reason, she strove to repay his love, by an utter devotion to his will. A very keen observer of human nature might have believed, that theirs was the most perfect happiness the world can offer.

Meanwhile, Clifford distinguished by his talents, and aided it might be by the influence of Lord Landsbury, became possessed of a living in the metropolis, worth three thousand a-year. Moreover, it was one which had ever been considered as the stepping-stone to a bishoprick. Mingling with, and sought for, by the noblest in the land, many there were who now remembered that his grandfather was the younger son of a patrician family.

Thus were they situated when Clifford was sent for to attend the death-bed of Lord Landsbury. His illness had been but of a few days' duration, and caused by a cold caught when returning one rainy night from the House of Lords. Interested in the question which was then discussing, he persisted, regardless of his health, night after night, in attending, until alarming symptoms came on, and medical aid was unavailing. It was a great shock to Clifford, for he had not even heard of his friend's indisposition; but throwing himself into the carriage which waited for him, in a quarter of an hour he arrived at the mansion in Portman Square.

He was shown into Lord Landsbury's study. In moments

of great excitement, how oppressive does the dull routine of every day life appear to us!—and at such seasons how strange are the feelings which are awakened! There was the hat, with a bundle of papers beside it, as they had been cast down three evenings before. There were the daily newspapers on the table, and a pile beside them, equally unopened—those of the preceding days. The click of the time piece seemed monotonous and slow, for he contrasted it with the beating of his own heart. How different was the aspect of the room to the *disorderly* air of comfort to which he had been accustomed! Clifford felt that he would willingly have sacrificed his own life to save that of one who was his dearest friend, and the husband—the beloved husband, he believed, of the only woman he himself had ever loved.

But the human heart is of strange structure;—often, among the least faulty, like the tangled meshes of a many coloured web. A pet. spaniel, neglected amid the general consternation, had ensconced himself in the large easy chair, and was whining over and tearing a lady's glove. Why did Clifford release it—gaze, as if thereon some mystic characters were written,—and as the handle of the door was turned to summon him, thrust it into his bosom?

“Are we alone?” said Lord Landsbury, when Clifford stood by the bedside of his friend. “Ernest,” he continued in a faltering voice, and speaking only at intervals, “I have much to say to you, and I fear but little time. First, then, give me a note-case you will find in that writing-desk. Yes, this is it. Ernest will you take upon yourself the guardianship of my child—will you be to him as a father?”

It was in a voice almost stifled by emotion, that Clifford solemnly promised to guide, and watch over, the being thus confided to his care, but never was a sincerer vow registered above.

"I am satisfied," said the sufferer. "In case of my death, I had determined on making this request, previously to the decease of the Earl of Selmer—previously, therefore, to the possession of a paper which fell into my hands six months ago. A paper which I found in a box of his among leases and title-deeds. I repeat, the knowledge I have thus acquired makes no change in my wishes. My will was already made, and I have not added or altered one word. Clifford, do you recognise this?"

As he spoke, his trembling fingers took from the note-case which he held, the letter that Clifford had addressed to Lady Viola a few days before her marriage. The very brow of Ernest crimsoned, as he met the eyes of his friend fixed intently on him.

"Nay, there needs not this emotion. I am passing from the world, and would not die the creature of selfish passion. But answer me faithfully one question;—do you still love her? Speak,—tell me, have you ceased to regard her as the first, the dearest object?"

"I dare not say so," murmured Clifford.

The dying man for a moment concealed his face among the pillows;—and then, with a firmer voice, continued—

"Be it so! And, in future years, remember it is *I* who tell you she also has, in mind and heart, been faithful to her early love. Vain fool! I once thought otherwise. Yet the veil soon dropped. Oh! Clifford, doubt what you will in this lower world, but never think that the heart overflowing with deep and passionate love, can long rest satisfied with aught but its own fervour in return. She has been affectionate, thoughtful, gentle,—but it is the affection of a favorite sister to a dear brother. I know it by a thousand signs, themselves too frail for language to describe. Now reach me that portfolio and ink."

Utterly unconscious of his intention, Clifford placed the pen in his fingers, which had but just strength enough to trace the following lines.

“ TO LORD ———.

“ ‘ *I have done the state some service, and they know it.*’ I ask in return for my exertions, that you will forward, even to the highest preferment, the Rev. Ernest Clifford. As a dying man, I would not present an unworthy object. But his integrity and talents are too well known to need any praise from me. Under *all* possible circumstances, advance him.

“ Yours,

“ LANDSBURY.”

“ Clifford, this had better be sent by another hand, although I give it into yours.”

Ernest was almost mastered by his feelings, as the hot tears fell fast and thick upon the hand he held. “ Oh! you will live,” he exclaimed; “ surely this cannot be death!”

A smile played for an instant on his wan features. “ Send for my wife and my son,” he replied.

In a few minutes they entered. Viola had been weeping bitterly. She passed her arm round her husband’s neck, and his head was pillowed on her bosom. It was no season to feel any tremor at the presence of Ernest.

“ Dearest,” said Lord Landsbury, “ *he* will be your friend. He will have much to tell you by and bye.” And for a moment he placed her hand in that of Clifford. “ My boy,—our sweet child, he will guide and watch over.” And as he spoke, he kissed the healthy cheek of the little innocent, who had nestled so closely beside him, that its auburn ringlets almost mingled with his own dark hair.

He was evidently exhausted from the excitement he had

undergone. Ernest, meanwhile, had fallen on his knees, and was breathing a fervid prayer.

"You are right," murmured the sufferer, "Clifford, those were the last thoughts *but one*. Viola, join with him."

With closed eyes he sank back for some minutes, and then in a low voice uttered the responses to the beautiful service our church has provided. The whispered accents became still lower—the voice faltered—was silent;—Viola felt the hand relax its grasp—and dust was all that remained of the high-souled Landsbury!

* * * * *

Towards the close of the following year Viola again became a wife. And are they happy? Like the buried cities which lay for centuries at the foot of Vesuvius, so, may the glow of early feeling, and the truth of early love, be disentombed from the ashes, which circumstance or suffering has for a few years cast over them!

A FRAGMENT.

BY MRS. FAIRLIE.

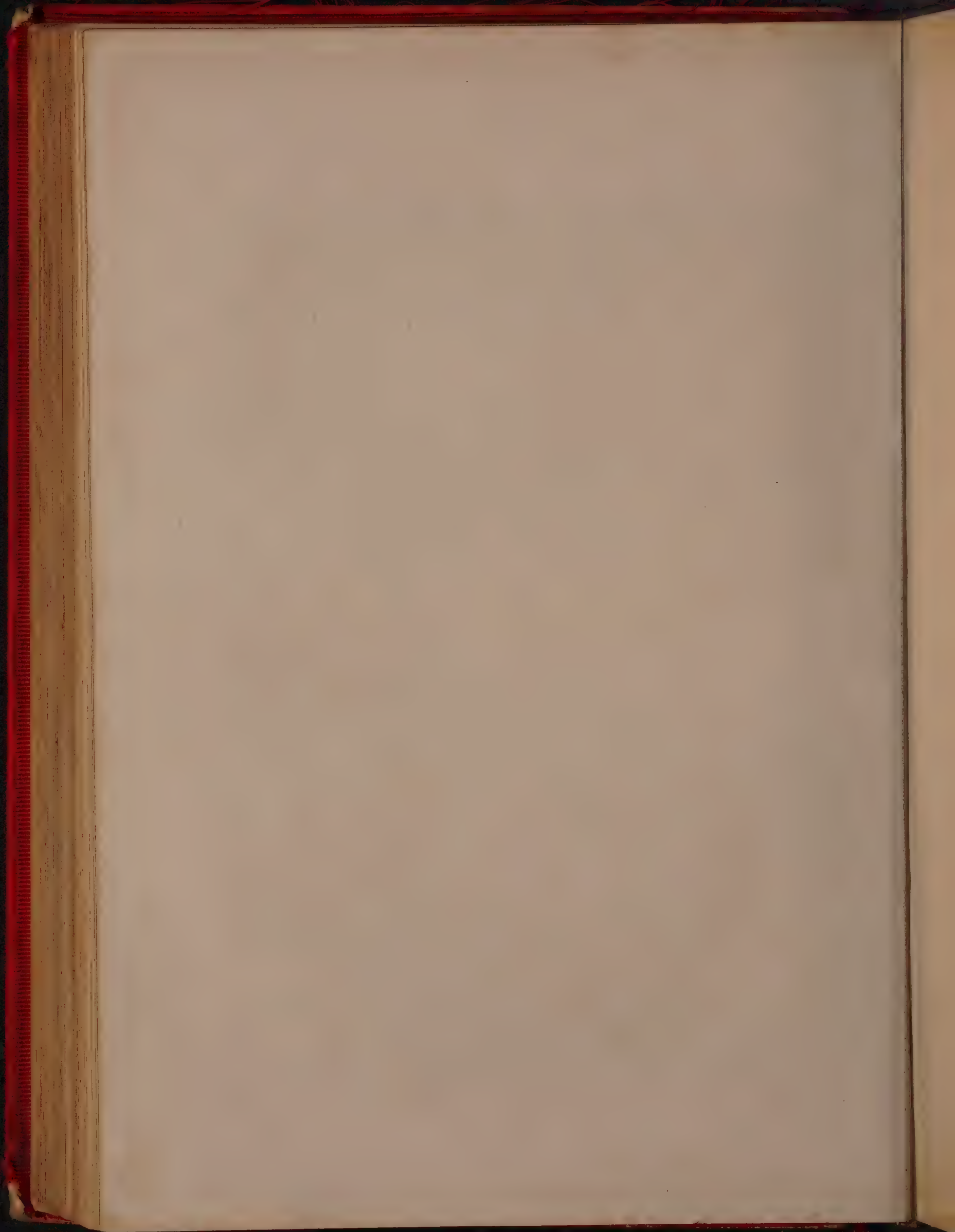
SHE loved as those love who have only one
 In this wide world to cherish. 'Tis they alone
 Who feel, in its truest and deepest degree,
 The affection approaching idolatry,—
 Which yet is so pure it must surely win
 Pardon—although it resemble sin.

In infancy torn from a parent's care,
 Now the smile of affection first gladden'd her soul;
 For the slave even gentle words were rare,

But the hearts of e'en slaves are beyond control,
 And she gave all her deep, all her fond devotion,
 To one, whose wild home was the trackless ocean.

There is in this world of trial and woe,
 A word, which can cause bitter tear-drops to flow;
 It is but *one word*—yet it strikes like a knell
 On the ear of the loving—that word is farewell!
 'Tis whisper'd—and yet it is loud to the heart,
 And though 'twere expected, will occasion a start;
 And the blood which flow'd warmly runs coldly and chill,
 And indefinite feelings of sorrow and ill
 Seem to crowd o'er the lover who utters that word,
 And her who its terrible sound has heard.





The sea, the foaming and boundless sea,
 Will flow between him whom thou lov'st and thee.
 Ye must part!—Hark, they call!—He was hurried away,
 And *she* never smiled from that dreadful day.
 And she wander'd each eve to the trysting spot,
 On the island's rocky strand,
 But the sailor the Indian maid forgot
 When he reached his native land.

* * * * *

SONNET.

BY THE LADY E. STUART WORTLEY.

It was a fair spot by that Fountain's side,
 Where rose the light kiosk by Mahmoud placed
 To speak of his good travel there—it graced
 The scene and offered shade to horse and guide,
 Traveller and Tartar—while, in verdant pride,
 Fair trees stood round, and tenderly effaced
 The sultry sunblaze there—while we retraced
 In talk our route, that interest keen supplied!
 Sweet draughts of fresh-drawn milk formed our repast,
 And ripe rich grapes, that cooled the heat-parched throat;
 We bless'd the shadows o'er our rest thus cast,
 And listened, pleased, to many a wild bird's note!—
 'Tis thus, we taste delight in our mid-haste,
 Not while we onwards press, but the hour to peace devote.

RUTSHUK.

RUSSIAN PALACES.

BY THE MARCHIONESS OF LONDONDERRY.

AMONG the Russian palaces the first that claims notice, is that great pile of buildings composed of the HERMITAGE and WINTER palaces united.

The first has a long and dirty staircase; a great gallery painted, communicates with the salons, which are filled with magnificent pictures, and *chef-d'œuvres* of many of the greatest masters. I did not observe any Coreggios, nor do I remember any Rembrandts, but I saw splendid productions from the pencils of Murillo, Carlo Dolce, Guido Reni, Rubens, Julio Romano, Canaletti, Albano, and Andrea del Sarto, &c.

There are some magnificent Paul Potters, especially one of a rough dog, starting as it were, from the canvass. One room contained only landscapes, another was hung with most beautiful Wouverman's, and a third was filled with Teniers.

In short, there is a surprising collection of pictures, obtained by the different sovereigns, and now enriched by the greatest part of the Malmaison Collection. One salon is lined with cabinets, filled with gems and curiosities, of singular beauty, and immense value. Snuff-boxes of every age and country, imperial toys, jewelled babioles, infant toilettes of precious materials, costly caskets, ancient clocks; watches studded with diamonds, books cased in gold and precious stones. There was a singular ornament in the middle of the room, said to be of English manufacture, a large tree of gold, with a peacock, and other birds that moved and sung.

In another apartment is an extraordinary organ clock, that played beautifully; it cost the maker years of labor, and at

last, as no one would buy it, a lottery was made, and it was won by the wife of a poor pastor. The Court gave her forty thousand roubles and a premium for it. The windows of this palace command a fine view of the Neva, its granite quays, and magnificent buildings. The Hermitage was built by the Empress Elizabeth. One salon opens into an orangerie, which leads into a gallery. The riches, gems, treasures of this palace realize the descriptions in the Arabian Nights, and the magnificence of the vases, jars, tables, consoles of porphyry, jasper and malachite, is perfectly astounding. I observed some superb china vases of immense size, and was told they were made at St. Petersburg. The gilding equalled, and the painting surpassed the modern sevres. From the Hermitage we passed into the Winter Palace, and here it is impossible for memory to retrace the succession of large halls, opening one into the other. The first was coloured scagliola, gilt. The second, entirely white, called La Salle Blanche, from being devoid of colours and gilding. Four immense stoves are disguised under trophies and banners. All the salons, of which the following are the dimensions, have great hanging galleries around them, supported by columns.

DIMENSIONS OF THE LARGEST ROOMS IN THE WINTER PALACE.

	English Feet.	
	Length.	Breadth.
Grande Salle de Marbre	196	63
Salle Blanche	133	49
Salle St. George	133	49
Salle des Maréchaux	112	55

The Salle du Concert is a room of large size, though not, like the others, of a gallery shape. It struck me very much. It is lighted with the most magnificent lustres I ever saw. There, I am told, the weekly balls are given during the winter. There is also a fine suite, with a beautiful stair-

case, fitted up for the Empress Mother, who died soon after they were furnished, and did not inhabit all of them. The throne-room is very magnificent, red velvet worked with gold eagles, and there are splendid silver tables, lights, and sconces. This suite is a palace by itself; the beauty of the parquets, the bright Italian painted ceilings, and the white scagliola walls, give an air of great cheerfulness. Then again, the surprising succession of vases, tables and pedestals of jasper, porphyry and malachite, call forth unbounded admiration.

The Empress's salon for reception is beautiful,—the same bright arabesque painting on white scagliola; the walls, columns, and fire-places of the finest jasper. The furniture ponceau velvet and gold, with malachite tables and candelabres, and lapis lazuli vases. The chapel is like all the Greek churches, with a fine screen, and richly painted and gilt. The gallery with Dawe's paintings was under repair, and most of the pictures were taken down. These are portraits, *en buste*, of three hundred generals, and at the top of the room is a fine picture of the Emperor Alexander on horseback. There are full lengths also of the Kings of Prussia, the Grand Duke Constantine; also the Duke of Wellington, Prince Schwartzberg, Barclay de Tolly, and the heroes of 1813 and 1814. —I was told that Dawe had made a million of roubles here. The Emperor paying him one thousand roubles for each bust portrait, and most of them were painted twice. He left nearly all his money to the Lancastrian schools, and little to his relations.

In the Salle des Maréchaux are large pannelled compartments, with all the great Russian generals, painted as large as life, Potemkin, Suvarow, Kutusow, Diebitch, and others.

We next inspected the crown jewels, which are very fine. They are kept in a small room, under the charge of an old *valet-de-chambre* of the late Empress Mother. The crown is

of large diamonds and pearls, and has an immense ruby, of which a very long story is told by the exhibitor, of its having been stolen, and carried away in butter. In the sceptre is a famous diamond, which really looks like glass. The Empress's crown is very small; the remainder of the jewels are in glass cases round the room. A large diamond necklace with drops, some fine emeralds, a parure in pearls, and a quantity of old jewelled fans struck me very much.

One great peculiarity in the Russian palaces is the large panes or sheets of glass, which give an unbroken view. They have also excellent contrivances for flowers during their long and dreary winter, large stands for filling up corridors and fire-place and recesses, and a very pretty method of portioning off corners, and parts of rooms by railings of treillages, on which creepers are trained, having their roots in boxes at the bottom, containing tins.

We quitted this wonderful palace amazed with its colossal size and magnificence, and with but one regret, that its exterior was not of stone, instead of crumbling white-washed brick, and a wish that some of the interior scagliola decorations had been solid marble.

TZARSKOELOE is about two hours' drive from Petersburg. The great palace was formerly inhabited by the Empress Catherine, and in later days, by the Emperor Alexander. The room I occupied opened with a massive iron door into the chapel, where, during one of my visits, I heard the service performed. The decorations are in black and gold. A uniform of the late Czar is preserved here, and near it hangs the key of Adrianople; from this we proceeded through a magnificent *enfilade* of room in the Louis XIV. style, richly gilt, and with beautiful parquets. In one, the walls were of the finest amber, and pictures of *pietra dura* were let in the panels; in another, the floor was inlaid with mother-of-pearl, and I

almost fancied myself in Aladdin's palace, but astonishment and admiration were forgotten in the deep and absorbing interest with which we contemplated the simple apartments of the Emperor Alexander. They are religiously preserved in the state in which he left them; his boots, his hat, his pocket handkerchief, the worn pencil, the little tortoise-shell eyeglass, the emptied bottle of perfume, the books he was reading, the miniature of his favourite sister, the Duchess of Oldenburg, (afterwards Queen of Wirtemberg), the plate with broken bits of toasted bread, such as he was in the habit of eating daily, the many trifles in constant use, all, all remained untouched. It was sad and painful to go through these rooms surrounded by memorials and remembrances of one who was no longer an inhabitant of this lower world. There is something startling and even awful when this is remembered, and contrasted with the sort of living reality of the apartments which seem prepared for their accustomed tenant, unconscious and careless of the fearful blank and change.

The palace where the Imperial family resides, is at a little distance from the great one where visitors are lodged, and carriages are sent to fetch them. It is small, and was built by the Empress Catherine, for the Emperor Alexander's marriage; but having afterwards become the residence of the present Emperor and Empress in earlier life, is endeared to them by habit, and pleasing associations of past happiness, in a less elevated position. The only remarkable room is a large hall of one hundred and forty-nine feet by forty-nine, of which the bow-windowed centre is partitioned off on each side by open columns, orange trees and plants; here I have seen great dinners of one hundred people, and the sides were used for reception or dancing. I did not see the English dairy in the gardens and pleasure grounds attached to the palace.

The arsenal was built by the Emperor Alexander, and is very interesting. On the first floor, is a fine collection of armour, greatly added to by presents from the Sultan, after the treaty of Adrianople. The housings and complete furniture of a horse, embroidered with large brilliants, the sword and pistols, all likewise of enamel and diamonds; and the rich caparisons which were worn and belonged to Mahmond himself.

The palace of PABLOWSKY is between three or four wersts from Tzarskoeloe, and belongs to the Grand Duke Michel. It was left him by the Empress Mother, and as he is unwilling to alter or disturb the apartments she occupied, the *corps-de-logis* of this palace is uninhabited, and they live in a corner of it.

The PALAIS TAVRIDE is in the suburbs of Petersburg, or more properly speaking, of the city. It is an enormous building, and remarkable for a hall, built by Potemkin, for the purpose of giving fine fêtes to the Empress Catherine. This colossal room is supported by columns, and has a garden literally in it. The height, the size, the turf, the flower-beds, orangerie, all combined, have an unique effect, and for a fête, this great hall and winter garden, with its walks, its shrubbery, all under one roof, must be perfect. The space is vast, the dimensions being of the *grande salle*, two hundred and thirty-eight feet by eighty-nine, and of the part laid out in garden, one hundred and seventy-five feet by one hundred and sixty-eight. The rest of the palace is not remarkable, and requires repair and furniture. It is never made use of except to lodge a stranger prince, who may visit Petersburg, and not be at the palace. Prince Oscar, of Sweden, was here, and the Prince of Persia, and one grand fête has been given during the present reign, and one by Alexander, to the beautiful Queen of Prussia.

The PALACE OF PETERHOF is a curious old place, gilt and

ornamented in the Louis XIV. style. The rooms are not large, and it is uninhabited; and overlooks a garden laid out in the French style, with waterworks and gilt statues. On the first of July (old style), a great fête is given here for the Empress's birth-day. The gardens are magnificently illuminated, the waterworks, which are said to surpass those at Versailles, play, and dinner and supper served for five thousand persons. I regretted extremely that we arrived too late to witness this magnificent entertainment, of which I heard great accounts. At the foot of the hill where this palace ostentatiously spreads its gorgeous and glittering display of gilded domes, spires, and statues, stands the humble little cabin where Peter the Great dwelt. There is nothing remarkable in it beyond the interest his name gives to the habitation, and the contrast of its simplicity with the magnificence of the grand chateau. There is also in the park a pretty Swiss cottage, built by the present Emperor as a gallant surprise for the Empress; and here we fortunately met with the *Conseiller de la Régence*, for whom we had an introductory letter, and we were conducted by a beautiful road, coasting the Gulf of Finland, to the cottage, where the Emperor and Empress pass great part of the summer. Here they live with their children in retirement. The cottage consists of three stories: the Emperor and the family occupy the second, which is plainly fitted up in beautiful yellow wood. The Empress's rooms are on the *rez-de-chaussée*, and are quite charming. The taste and extreme elegance of all the decorations, the beauty of the sheets of glass in the bow-windowed salon, giving the lovely prospect unbroken, struck me very much. The views from this beautiful little retreat are delicious. The Gulf of Finland lays before the windows, with the beautiful buildings of St. Petersburg on one side, and the magnificent granite fortifications of the Cronstadt on the other.

The CATHEDRAL OF NOTRE DAME DE CAZAN is a fine

edifice, though there are faults in the architecture, the cupola being small, and the aisles narrow; the inside is magnificent, and a perfect forest of red granite columns. It was begun by the Emperor Paul, and finished by the Emperor Alexander. The banners, standards, and colors taken at different times by the Russians, are placed here. Here is the tomb of Marshal Koutousoff, and one great square column is covered with the keys of the different French towns taken; Rheims, Nancy, &c.; and brass plates with the names and dates. Davoust's *baton-de-marechal*, and the keys of Paris, hang here; and I was not surprised to hear that the French ambassador did not like to enter this church when the great Easter ceremonies took place. There are three screens, of which the middle one is the most magnificent; the doors, the frames of the images, and the balustrades of the railing, are solid silver, and estimated at 8,000*l*. This is lately done, and is a striking trait of the good taste and feeling of the Cossacks. When Napoleon pillaged Moscow, the French stripped the churches of their gold and silver, and melted it down. During their retreat, the Cossacks retook the plunder, but scorning, poor as they were, to enrich themselves with the spoils of their country and their church, they made an offering of the whole to this cathedral. This story does them infinite credit, and is quite true, and very touching. There is an image of the Virgin here, richly decorated with jewels, and a crown of diamonds; four beautiful columns of polished Siberian jasper support this screen. Candles were burning at the different shrines, and many poor petitioners prostrate before them.

THE LAMENT OF THE IRISH EMIGRANT.

BY THE HON. MRS. PRICE BLACKWOOD.

I'm sittin' on the stile, Mary,
 Where we sat side by side,
 On a bright May mornin' long ago,
 When first you were my bride :
 The corn was springin' fresh and green,
 And the lark sang loud and high—
 And the red was on your lip, Mary,
 And the love-light in your eye.

The *place* is little changed, Mary,
 The day is bright as then,
 The lark's loud song is in my ear,
 And the corn is green again ;
 But I miss the soft clasp of your hand,
 And your breath, warm on my cheek,
 And I still keep list'nin' for the words
 You never more may speak.

'Tis but a step down yonder lane,
 And the little church stands near,
 The church where we were wed, Mary,
 I see the spire from here ;
 But the grave-yard lies between, Mary,
 And my step might break your rest—
 For I've laid you, darling ! down to sleep
 With your baby on your breast.

I'm very lonely now, Mary,
For the poor make no new friends,
But, oh! they love the better still,
The few our Father sends!
And you were all *I* had, Mary,
My blessin' and my pride;
There's nothin' left to care for now,
Since my poor Mary died.

Your's was the good brave heart, Mary,
That still kept hoping on,
When the trust in God had left my soul,
And my arms' young strength was gone;
There was comfort ever on *your* lip,
And the kind look on your brow—
I bless you, Mary, for that same,
Though you cannot hear me now.

I thank you for the patient smile
When your heart was fit to break,
When the hunger-pain was gnawin' there,
And you hid it, for *my* sake!
I bless you for the pleasant word,
When your heart was sad and sore—
Oh! I'm thankful you are gone, Mary,
Where grief can't reach you more!

I'm biddin' you a long farewell,
My Mary—kind and true!
But I'll not forget *you*, darling!
In the land I'm goin' to;—

They say there's bread and work for all,
And the sun shines always there,—
But I'll not forget old Ireland,
Were it fifty times as fair!

And often in those grand old woods
I'll sit, and shut my eyes,
And my heart will travel back again
To the place where Mary lies,—
And I'll think I see the little stile
Where we sat side by side,
And the springin' corn, and the bright May morn,
When first you were my bride!

THE MOSQUE OF ST. SOPHIA.

BY THE LADY E. STUART WORTLEY.

SOPHIA's day-bright domes have proudly gleamed
Upon my startled sight—a temple fair!—
Religion, like the sun-struck Persian there,
Seems as a lover of the light!—ne'er streamed
A richer ray than that which then full beamed
O'er the great Mosque's brave roofs—one golden glare!
They seemed a pomp of regal state to wear.
Part of that very sun himself they seemed!—
Yet when those glittering splendours shrank from sight
In evening's shadows—and the Muezzin's call
Rose from her minarets, with mysterious might,
At once my spirit owned a heavenlier thrall,
Till my sense shuddered, picturing her *more* bright!—
More than the Sun—the Soul, can bless and brighten all!

CONSTANTINOPLE.

THE EFFECT OF A FATHER'S MALEDICTION.

TRANSLATED FROM AN ORIGINAL ITALIAN MANUSCRIPT,

BY THE HONORABLE MISS P.

IN the days of Pope Clement VIII., the house of M—— was conspicuous amongst the noblest families of Rome. Its head, the Marchese di Prende, was born of a lady of the house of Colonna, and had married one of the Savelli, who dying early, left him a widower with five sons. The personal beauty of these youths being equal to their genius and accomplishments, they surpassed all others in the esteem in which they were held. In manly exercises they were superior to all; and so much did their stature exceed that of other men, that they seemed a race of giants. Thus were they adorned by nature with all good gifts; but fortune was against them, and prepared their downfall after the following manner.

Don Marc Antonio Colonna, while Viceroy of Sicily, had become desperately in love with a most beautiful lady of that island, who was supposed to have responded to his affection. When Don Marc Antonio returned to Rome, he carried this unhappy person with him; for he would not leave her in the power of her relations, who, to avenge the disgrace she had brought on their house, would have murdered her. He established her in an apartment of the Colonna palace, where she was treated as a guest of the house of Colonna, and daily visited by the Marchese M—— as a relation of the family. Her charms were such, that even the old Marchese could

not resist them; and, as the flame burns most fiercely in the best seasoned wood, so inflamed did this unfortunate man at length become, that, blind to the stain which her evil courses brought upon her name, he determined to take her to wife. The father's resolution reached the ears of his high-spirited sons, and highly did they resent it; but being unable to prevent it, they took counsel together to avenge this dishonor.

The marriage was celebrated, the bride was brought to her husband's palace, and, curious to see those sons of whom she had heard so much, she said—"Where are the young lords, your sons? to whom I would willingly present my humble service, having heard so much of their fair behaviour." To this request the father bridegroom replied by saying to a servant—"Go bid my sons come to the marriage-feast, and pay their duty to my lady the bride."

The sons however returned for answer, that they would not disturb the rejoicings of that evening; but that next morning they would attend, and do what was fitting and due by their father's bride. The happy pair were content with this message, not understanding its hidden meaning.

In the morning, the Marchese went as was his wont to the palace, he being the Pope's *Cameriere d' onore*; and then his sons, watching the time of his departure, sent to tell the lady that they desired the honor of paying their respects to her. The unhappy bride ran to meet them, and beginning to speak some words of kindness and courtesy, she was saluted by a pistol ball, which they fired into her bosom. She fell. The unfortunate victim, a sacrifice to honor, thus paid the penalty of her former misdeeds. The murderers fled, and experienced no difficulty in concealing themselves in the palaces of their numerous partisans. Shortly afterwards, the enamoured Marchese returning home to embrace his wife, found that awful spectacle to greet him. He remained without sense or motion

for some time, when, revived by rage and indignation, he seized a crucifix, and cursing his four sons, invoked divine vengeance upon them for so great a crime. Then embracing his fifth child, Pompeo, who being a boy had nought to do with this murder, he blessed him; praying Heaven that the succession of his house might continue through him, and that his other guilty sons might die by the same death that they had inflicted on his innocent consort. Thereupon sending for a notary, he made a will, depriving them of all he had in his power, which was not much, as the chief portion of his property was entailed, consequently he could not leave Pompeo his heir. In process of time he became almost palsied, by reason of his continual weeping; and so ere long he died.

Afterwards, by means of the power of the Colonnas, who put forward in their justification that they had acted in this matter solely from a sense of honor, the outlawed brothers were permitted to return. The terrestrial sentence of death passed upon them was repealed by the sovereign; not so, however, that doom which Divine Justice and their father's curse had prepared for them. Hardly had they re-appeared triumphant in the city, when the devil sowed dissension and envy amongst them. The second Marc Antonio, envious of his eldest brother Luca's greatness, and ambitious to be head of the house, tempered a searching poison; and having first tried it on a servant, administered it to his brother, who fell sick thereupon and died, not without suspicion of the real cause. None ventured to speak openly, but many whispering their suspicions, the government began to examine the matter; and the report at length reaching the ears of Cardinal Ascanio Colonna, he sent for his nephew into a private room, and spake thus—"Marc Antonio, it is rumored about Rome that thou hast poisoned thy brother. Bethink thee therefore well, that we live under a severe Pontiff, most merciless to the crimes of

the Roman nobility. Consequently, if thy innocence is not certain, depart while there is yet time to escape."

"I am innocent," he replied, "and incapable of such an action."

To which the Cardinal said—"If thou art innocent, fear nothing, I will protect thee."

Shortly afterwards, while playing at tennis in the court of Don Virginio Orsini, at Monte Giordano, the suspected and doomed man perceived amongst those who were looking on at the game, the chief of the police; whereupon becoming troubled in his mind, he fixed his eyes on him, and being no longer able to attend to the game, he gave evident signs of terror. Then turning again to his play, he again caught a sight of the said chief of the police; and, with an altered countenance, demanded what he wanted with him. "Nothing," said the man, "I was admiring your skill; if my presence is displeasing to you, I will withdraw." He then immediately departed: but went to the Governor of Rome, and related what he had seen of the strange demeanor of M——. The Governor considering of this, bade him surround the palace, and seize M—— as he came out; which was done, and the Marchese carried to Tor di Nona. After a day spent in collecting evidence, the Governor ordered him into his presence, and said—"My Lord Marquess, you are a gentleman of so much understanding, that you cannot be ignorant of the strength of the suspicions against you, and do you not esteem it wise to avoid the torture, by confessing the truth?" To which he boldly answered—"That a man like himself could not be capable of such a crime." To this the Judge replied—"My Lord, the evidence is so strong, that it will be necessary to disprove it by enduring the torture," and with his finger he pointed to the instrument ready prepared, which happened to be behind the Marquess. Turning to look at it, he remained

as it were thunderstruck, and confessed the crime, with all its circumstances. Oh! the impenetrable judgment of God! This man, who was possessed of such self-command, that he had often made his own servants give him the strappado in sport, to shew how great was the strength of his nerves, and his power of bearing pain,—this very man, to the destruction of both his life and honor, becomes confounded at the mere sight of what he had previously endured with an utter regardlessness. The examination, together with his confession, were written down and shewn to the Pope, who declared that justice required he should die. His execution was then ordered to take place on the 16th June, 1599. It was not cowardice which forced his confession from him—he was impelled to it by an impulse from Heaven, as he manifested how great courage he possessed, even in the manner of his death.

The brothers of the Fraternity of Mercy arrived at midnight to conduct him to the scaffold. On the appearance of the death procession, he knelt down before the crucifix, and then having entered the chapel, assisted at the pious exercises with the brothers, as calmly as if he was seated at a banquet with them. He then said, "I have not confessed my crime of my own free will, nor with my own consent—but my mouth was opened, and my tongue pronounced the words—by the express will of Heaven. I am guilty—I deserve this punishment, and even worse; mercy enough has God shewn in giving me time to save my soul,—which I hope for only through the merits of the most sacred blood and passion of Jesus Christ our Saviour." After many other acts of great devotion, he added, "I must also fulfil all my duties to the world." Then calling for wherewithal to write, he indited three long letters, one to Cardinal Colonna, and the others to his brothers,—so tender and so well written, that they touched to the heart all those who read them, and seemed more like the writing of an angel

than a man. He then dressed himself with care, washing his hands and face and arranging his hair, as though he were going to a festival. As he descended the stairs, he saluted those he knew, and when arrived at the gateway of the prison, he raised his eyes and saw many ladies at the windows of the residence of the Lady Ursula di Magestris; whose sister he had once asked in marriage, and had been refused solely because of his father's curse. He bowed profoundly to them, and bid one standing by him to carry his respects to those ladies, mentioning them by name, (the Lady Lavinia Gottofredi di Tassi, the Lady Virginia Muti, &c.), and to entreat them to say a *de profundis* for his soul: then, hurried on by the Confratelli, he walked towards the bridge. By reason of the great press of people, many fell under the blows of the sbirri, in order to make way for him, and he was heard to say with a sigh—"This is then the last appearance I shall make in this world."

When he arrived at the chapel of St. Giovanni Decollato, kneeling before the crucifix, he prayed with great devotion, and shed many tears. He then walked firmly to the scaffold, when the executioner attempted to take of his ruff; but he said sternly, "Come not nigh unto me." His fetters preventing him from removing it himself, he begged the confessor to help him; which being done, he placed himself on the *banchetto*, and having asked the said executioner if he was in the proper position, he exclaimed, "*In manus tuas, domine commendo spiritum meum.*" As he uttered these words, his head was struck off. When the blow fell, such a shriek burst from the spectators, as if each had felt it himself.

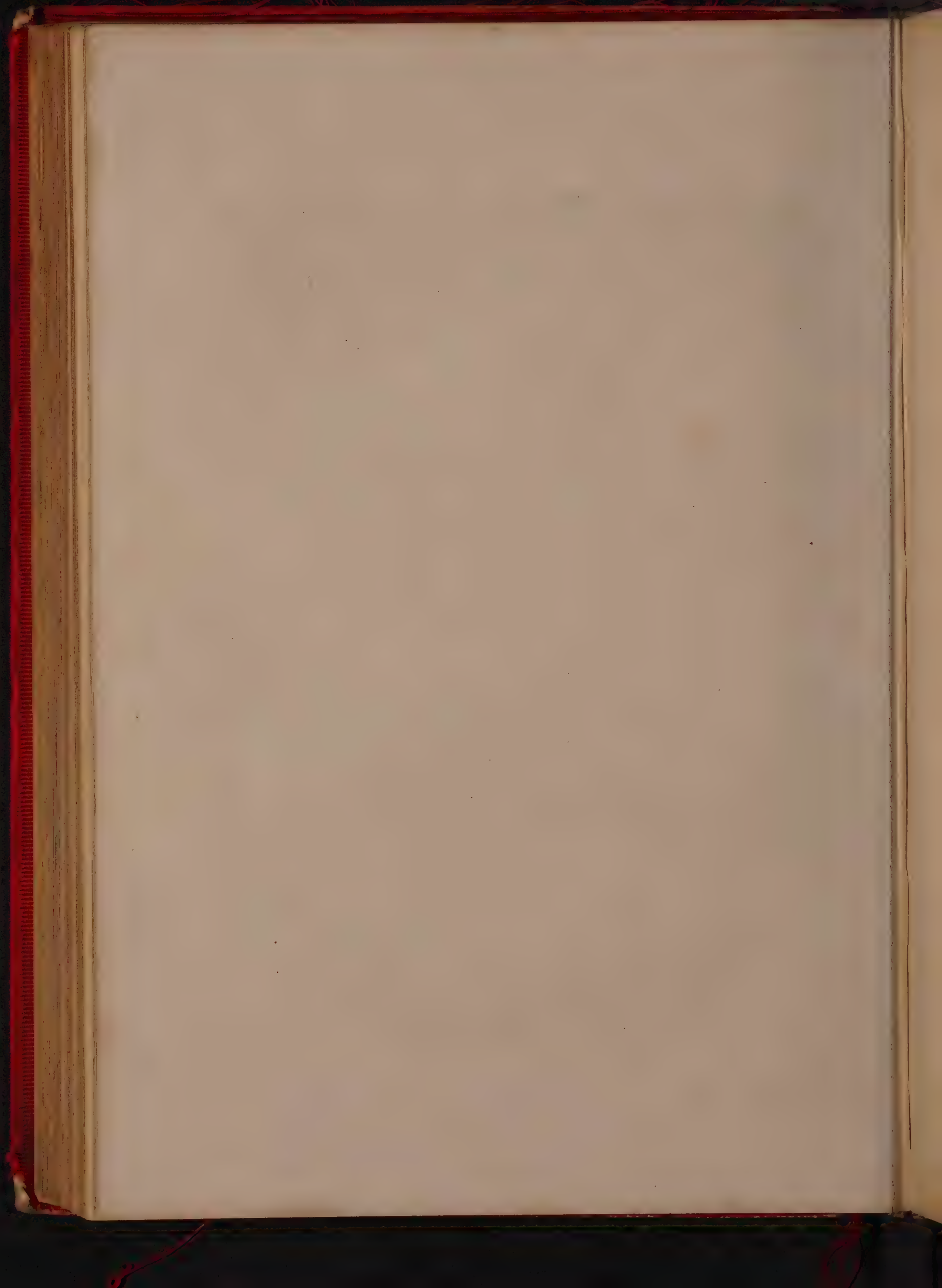
Thus ended the miserable tragedy of this unfortunate gentleman.

Divine justice left not unpunished the two other guilty brothers. One of them entered the Order of Malta, that he



J. T. Walmsley

THE GREAT CHURCH OF ST. MARTIN, LONDON



might pass his life fighting for his religion; and upon his first engagement with the Turks, was killed by a cannon ball. Far more miserably did the other criminal perish: he being ensnared by the charms of a lady of high estate, and was invited by her to pass the summer in one of her castles. He saw the evident peril: and said to her—"Lady, this is too great rashness."

She replied—"Then for my sake thou wouldst not risk thy life."

"How, lady?" said he, "had I a thousand lives I would risk them for thy sake."

These words were prophetic of the unhappy consequences; for as he rode by the side of her litter, he was stretched dead by a discharge of musketry. The unfortunate woman who was the cause of the catastrophe, fled to save her life; but finding that the assassins also had taken flight, she returned to mourn, though in vain, over her murdered lover.

Pompeo, the fifth son, thus became sole heir of the family, according to his father's prayer: he took to wife Bridget de Magistris, the lady whom his brother had formerly demanded in marriage. Besides the five sons whose history we have just told, the old Marchese M——— had a daughter, Victoria, married to Francesco Gaetane.

This account is translated from a manuscript in the possession of that family.

AN DIE FRAUEN.

BY PRINCE RODOLPH LIECHTENSTEIN.

Mächtig seyd ihr, ihr seyd's durch den gegenwart rühigem
zauber.

Was die stille nicht wirkt, wirket die raüschende nicht.

Kraft erwart ich vom manne des gesetzes würde behauptet es.

Aber durch anmüth allein herrschte, herrsche das weib.

Manche grosen haben geherrscht durch des geistes macht und
den thaten.

Aber dann haben sie sich hochste den kronen entbehrt.

Woher königin ist nür des weibes weibliche schönheit.

Wo sie sich zeige si herrscht, herrschet blos weil sie sich zeigt.

TO WOMAN.

FROM THE ABOVE.

BY THE LADY E. STUART WORTLEY.

Power is your own—and still it is your own
Through the sweet presence of a peaceful charm,
If silence fail and stillness be o'erthrown,
Nor strife nor noise can destiny disarm.

From man shall conquering power expected be,
The sovereignty of will and of command,
All the attributes of proud authority,
Since thus the steadfast laws of Nature stand.

But by the graces, and their charm'd gifts,
Still hath the Woman reign'd, and still *shall* reign;
Her fair and gracious forehead she uplifts,
And with one smile doth *her* dominion gain.

Many and many are the mighty great,
Who, by their souls' strength and the strength of deeds,
Have swayed, have monarchized o'er earth and fate,
And gained the conqueror's fame and glory's meeds.

But these, too, these have nobly shone without
The vain factitious glitter of the Crown,
Circled by splendours far more bright about—
The splendours of their own sublime renown!

Thus woman needeth not the Crown's poor pride,
She reigns—she reigns where'er her smile is seen;
Where'er she moves she rules o'er empires wide,
It is her BEAUTY that is crowned the Queen!

So where she is beheld is she obeyed,
And but obeyed because in love beheld;
So hath the angel in her aspect swayed
Throughout all time, and power and pride hath quelled.

Yes!—where she is beheld is she obeyed!—
Who looks must love, and all must serve who see,
All serve her thus—attracted, not afraid!
Still the most fettered, though they be the free!

THE INVALID.

A SKETCH.

BY THE HONORABLE MRS. NORTON.

ONE sweet air after another, song after song, melody after melody,—and all in the same low, yet rich and eager voice: one of those voices which even the blind might guess belonged to a young untried heart; one of those voices whose tones vibrate through our very soul, and linger with us through the wakeful night with a sweet and welcome power. And then there was silence: the light symphony wandered for a moment on the strings of the guitar, and died away on the still evening air, and the little page who had been listening with his whole soul beaming in his eyes, withdrew to the further terrace, and remained gazing over the land of beauty which spread before him, as wistfully as though he yearned for wings to bear him across the space which intervened. The invalid's sister was the first to speak.

“ Oh! Mariana, what would I give to see one of your old bright smiles again! Will nothing cheer you? not even the airs we sang together long ago, before either of us knew what sadness was?”

Mariana turned and smiled: the smile of a broken heart. She had sate silent, dreaming, and motionless, while the music floated round her—her eyes fixed on vacancy—her whole expression one of languor and despair. To the experienced observer of human sorrow, it would have been evident that

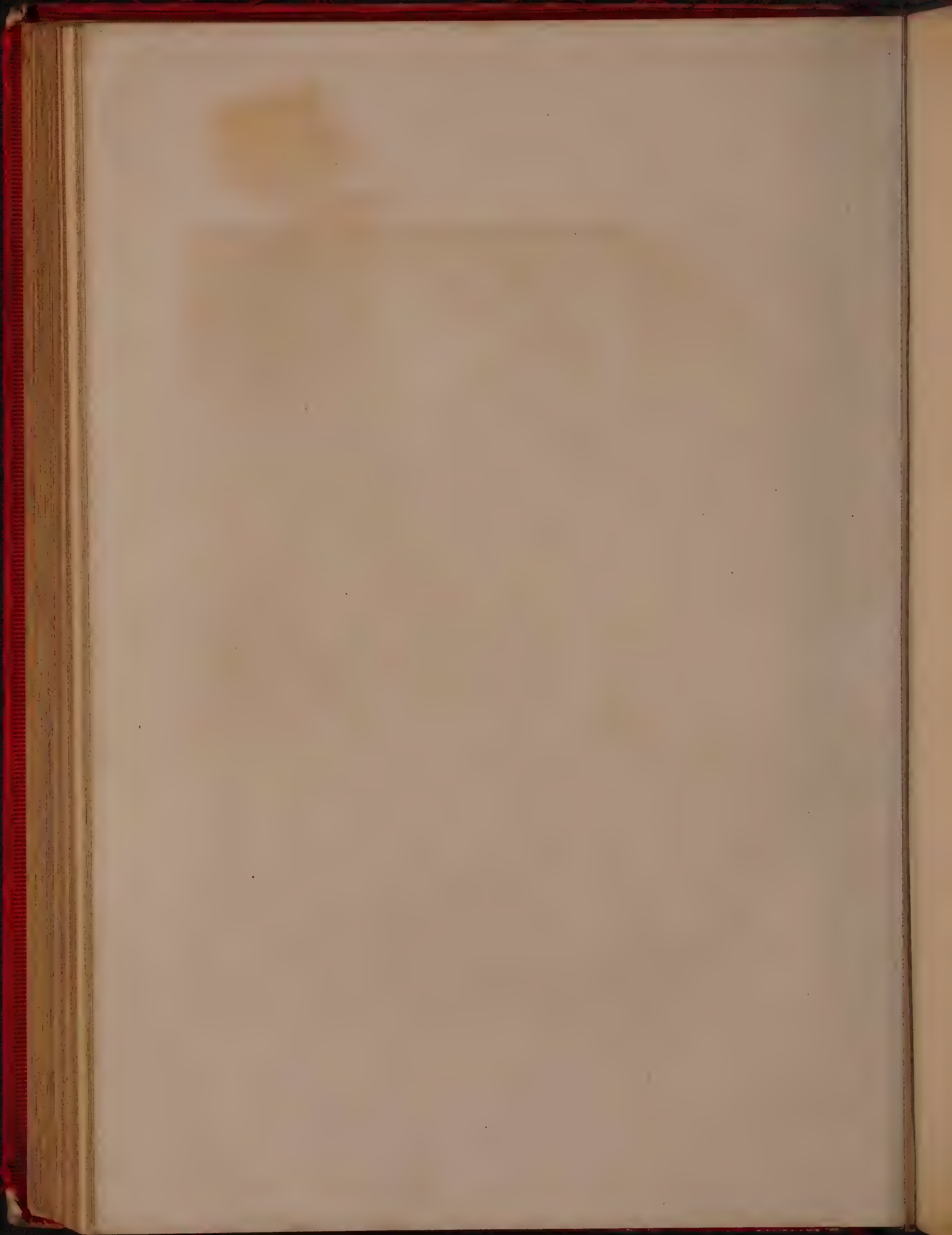


H. Montague.

L. Storks.

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the time of tears and the time of comfort was gone by;—Death had set his leaden seal on her fair brow and weary eyes, and nothing remained of this world's feelings but the memory of suffering, and the hope of release.

“No, Teresa—no, you cannot comfort me! No,”—said she passionately, “unless you could make a new sky and a new earth, unless you could destroy the very light which shines round me, and root out all remembrance of the past, you cannot comfort me. Every thing brings it back to me—the very music by which you seek to sooth me adds to my pain—every chord which chases the other sends some floating and mournful image crowding through my brain; I know it is weakness; I know it is folly; I know it is worse than folly; but my life was in it; the death-wound is in my heart, and I can only pull the arrow out and die.”

Teresa was young; she had only just quitted the convent where her education had been completed. She had still youth's deep relying faith in the power affection has to comfort and to cure. With the fondness and the simplicity of a child, she flung her arms round her faded sister, and murmured in her ear, “Tell me all—it may be that peace will enter your heart when you have confessed what its heavy burden has been; tell me all.”

A wild terror shot into Mariana's eyes as she turned them on her companion: then, after a pause, she said as if to herself—“Why should I fear it? why should I conceal from her the knowledge of what my fate has been, and hers may be? Not for myself, but for *her* it should be told. We are orphans thrown on a bad world, full of shining and glorious temptations,—why should I leave her to glean for herself that bitter experience which the knowledge of my story may convey? It is for her sake—hers,”—and Teresa whispered as she kissed the thin white hand she held—“For my sake and yours; for

both our sakes, Mariana," and sitting down at the invalid's feet, she raised her large innocent eyes like a child who waits a promised history; while the golden light of the Italian sun fell round them and about them with a soft splendor, mocking the tale of cold sorrow, and the words from those dying lips, with its unspeakable glory of life.

"I was young, very young, Teresa, when we parted; and I came to be the spoiled plaything of my doting old uncle in his lonely palazzo, at Milan; the resource of hours stolen from study (for he was one of the most learned and celebrated men of Italy), and the consoler of those sufferings which the infirmities of very old age must bring, even to the strongest. After I came, or rather after he had become accustomed to companionship with me, he read less, he spent fewer hours alone, he talked more, and enjoyed more the visits which strangers and foreigners delighted to pay him. He often said jestingly, that he had read books enough, that now he would read human nature, and that my mind was the only volume of which he had never wearied. I loved him, Teresa—Oh! how I loved him! so deeply, so fervently, that I then thought no love could ever equal that which I felt for him. I would to Heaven I had died in that dream! I studied for hours before sunrise, that I might understand and answer him on subjects new and strange and difficult to me, but which were to him familiar topics of conversation. I do not think he ever knew this: all knowledge had so long been in subjection to him, that he had forgotten the efforts necessary to attain it; and perhaps, also, from never having lived with women or young persons in his lonely home, he knew not what a gulf lay between our minds. The struggle was lost upon him, by which I laid, stone by stone, a bridge across that gulf: he never praised me; he never thanked me; he never advised me; but, oh! the triumph which bounded in my heart, as I felt

that, day by day, the distance between us lessened; that though he was, and ever must be, immeasurably beyond me in all acquirements, and the power of turning those acquirements to account, still I comprehended him, I followed him, I was able to amuse him, and to see where my ignorance still placed a bar to our companionship. I have told you I loved him better than I then imagined I could ever love again;—I am very sure he loved me better than he had ever loved human being, and that, as I have said, without perceiving the constant delight I took in efforts to please him. Once I longed to speak of them; once, when he said that he could not have believed *women* were such agreeable companions, that he had spent a long life believing in their frivolity and folly, I longed to say it was for love of him, and in order to be worthy of his constant society, that I had tried to be less frivolous in mind and in occupations;—but I checked myself, not from a consciousness of vanity, but because it seemed to throw a coldness and formality into our intercourse; to own that it was a struggle to *me*, that sweet and pleasant companionship, was like owning to weariness when walking with those we love. I felt an instinctive fear of the very indulgence he might show me for the future; of his doubtful pauses to see if I understood; of his choice of subjects which might be more within my comprehension; of that change which would, and must, take place, when, instead of my secretly trying to raise my mind to his level, he would seek to descend to mine. I only smiled, and said I thought men underrated the capabilities of women, for that I felt I was far beneath many of my own sex in natural gifts, and that I knew I was very ignorant. And our calm life glided on.

“I have told you that my uncle was much sought by distinguished men of all countries. I think this of itself contributed to educate me. I heard so many views and opinions

expressed, modified by so many different circumstances of individuality or national prejudice; such an endless variety of topics were introduced to my notice and forced upon my reflection, eagerly discussed and debated by such opposite intellects, that it was impossible *not* to learn. The acquirement of information ceased to be an effort with me, it became a habit, and I comprehended that the best of all educations is that which results from a free intercourse with superior and cultivated companions. I had also the advantage of being, as it were, obliged to take a part in these conversations. Not only did these foreigners and friends, from courtesy to my uncle (who so evidently doted on me), address me from time to time, but my uncle himself, from habit, appealed to me, indifferently, as to any other person: to have remained silent and passive would have been to throw a damp on his pleasure: nor was I reminded by the manner of persons such as sought him, of my youth and beauty, or the conventional rules which exile so young a woman from difficult conversations; they were generally too busy and too eager with the subjects under discussion, to trouble themselves with these minor reflections,—and as our female society was very limited, and consisted principally of women who were connected with these distinguished men, I had no opportunity of testing my superiority, (if it existed), to the generality of persons of my age. Sometimes a formal compliment would escape some stranger; but it was invariably addressed to my uncle, generally alluded to the pains he must have taken with me,—and appeared to me to be merely a method of conciliating and pleasing *him*: and indeed his triumph was very visible on many occasions, and he would say laughingly, ‘My little Mariana is a match for all your philosophers and sages—she would make a better orator than any of us.’

“One day,—I had left my uncle alone in the library,—and

went to seek some book which appeared to have been mislaid, I returned unsuccessful, and resumed my search in the library, passing my fingers along the row of volumes where the missing one should have been: 'Is there no other book I could take uncle, instead of Fontenelle's *Pluralité des Mondes*? that old professor who had it has certainly stolen it?' I was answered by a voice singularly sweet and distinct, though with something in its tone which savoured of mockery. 'I should think there are a great many books which would suit you as well or better, though I doubt your finding them in this apartment.' I turned hastily, and can only describe the sudden and startling impression made on me by the stranger who occupied my uncle's chair, by saying that it seemed to me that I had *heard* all my life, and had never *seen* before. It was not from any romantic admiration of his appearance, for I merely remarked at that time that he was tall, pale, and grave, with something peculiarly wild, clever, and cold in his deep-set eyes,—but it was a look which fell on my heart like a weight; a look which even now is as distinct to my memory as if it were an hour ago that I met it. I remained silent; I that was so ready of reply, so accustomed to receive strangers; I felt that I blushed, and then I am sure I turned pale, for the stranger rose hastily, and making an apology for having startled me, placed a chair near the spot where I was standing. My uncle came in as I mechanically bowed, and said, 'I have been looking for you, Mariana, this is Count Arnstein, whose father you have often heard spoken of by me, and by many besides me.' Count Arnstein bowed and smiled, and others coming in, the conversation became general.

"In that conversation the new comer bore his part with eloquence and animation, though with a somewhat haughty and collected manner, considering that he appeared so much younger than any of those who composed my uncle's society.

From time to time he glanced towards me, as if he wondered at my remaining, and, for the first time, I felt nervous and conscious; I was afraid to mingle, as usual, in the discussion which took place, till my uncle, after speaking rapidly for some minutes, turned eagerly to me and said, 'I know Mariana thinks so; we were speaking of this very subject yesterday.' I answered; I also grew eager; I forgot the stranger, till, as I turned to reply to some one who had disagreed with my uncle, I met Count Arnstein's eye fixed on me with an expression I never shall forget. Its utter harshness, its combination of scorn and disgust, its thorough disapproval and condemnation struck to my heart; I cannot explain my feelings; a judge passing sentence on one convicted of a cruel and fearful crime, could not have worn a more stern and unpitying look; and as I met it, I, who had never wept since the tears of childhood were shed for a neglected task, or a dead bird, I, who had not known this man an hour, shivered and burst into tears.

"I kept my room that day; I was more ashamed of those tears than many are of great faults; than I have since been of that which should have crushed me to the dust. Doubtless there was vanity in my emotion, but there was also, I am convinced, that mysterious bowing of the soul to another, which happens but once in our lives, and which makes the proudest woman who ever reigned over human hearts, a slave, an abject slave, to *one*.

"Count Arnstein remained with us nearly two months: the friendship which had formerly existed between his father and my uncle, made him very welcome to the latter, and he himself seemed to desire no change. Two months is a short period, but it is a long time to live under the same roof with a person, to see him day by day, to enjoy a constant intercourse broken by no interruptions or farewells, to meet each morning with

a slight 'good morrow,' and part with a gentle 'good night.' The visitor of an hour must still be in some measure a stranger; his entrance is the signal for a cessation of whatever may be the occupation of the moment; his departure, the signal for its being resumed; but with a visitor who dwells under our roof, the case is different; there is no bond to the feeling of intimacy like that which permits persons present in the same society to pursue their several employments without interfering with each other. Alas! Teresa, it seems to me even now, while I speak to you, that I still sit in the gloomy light of that cool and shaded library, and hear, in its utter silence, some slight movement, or the rustling sound of a page hastily turned over, which alone broke on those long hours whose tranquillity never wearied into monotony!

"The disapprobation which I felt, rather than understood, Count Arnstein to entertain towards me, vanished after a few days. He jested with me, he smiled on me, he called me his fairy wonder, he appealed to me for my opinion, he explained his own, he described with playful and yet somewhat bitter satire, the sort of female talent he had supposed me to possess, and which he had seen in others. He alluded often to the first day we had met. 'I thought you,' said he, 'a perfect monster; the more beautiful and graceful I admitted you to be, the more odious and absurd your supposed affectation of learning appeared. I gave you, in addition, the talent of extreme hypocrisy; of acting alike the eager enjoyment of intellectual exercise, and the child-like simplicity of manner which is habitual to you; in short, it is impossible to conceive a more hateful being than my fancy painted you. Then, when in addition, I considered that all this acting was to deceive and obtain influence over poor old Count Stralizzi,—' 'My uncle!—to deceive him! Certainly, it is probable I should not have thought of these pursuits if I had not lived

with him; if he had not been so kind to me; if I had not loved him so well; but there was no *acting* in it.'

"Count Arnstein bent his eyes on me with something of their old expression of displeasure, and said, 'Occasionally you puzzle me, even now.' I was silent. I did not comprehend him. I took up the guitar, and struck a few chords mechanically. I had often sung to him; I tried to recollect an old German air I had learnt with you in the convent,—I could not; and after playing the first few bars, I paused. Count Arnstein took up the melody where I left off, and sang it to the end, in a low tone, as if merely to guide me in the music. Again I should fail, were I to attempt to describe the effect on my feelings of this slight incident. The impressions of love are such miracles in their actual operation on our hearts, such nothings when we attempt to record them! But that murmured song will return to me even in the hour of my death. No chord of music can ever be sounded that will not be more or less a memory of *him*; and those by which you sought to soothe me, Teresa, only carried me far from you, and from the lonely peace which now surrounds me, to the troubles and struggles of a former day; to the rich strange melody of his voice; to the wild, yet soft expression of his eyes in those days, when, though yet unconfessed by him, I *felt* that he loved me.

"Why should I dwell on those days? They began in joy to end in despair; they rose in light only to teach me the depth of darkness which could follow. We read together, we sang together, we wandered together; and if I looked forward to any termination of this happy existence, it was only to the hour when he should ask my uncle's consent to our union. I feel that my words are feeble; that my strength, even for words, is failing; that to you, who have never loved, it must seem strange that in so short a time my whole heart should have

been so wrapped in the dream of affection for a stranger. May you never understand better the bitterness of the poison by which I die! May you never so value the smile of another, that its light shall seem to give the glow of Paradise to earth's commonest objects, that its loss shall bring down a withering and a darkness on all the visible world!

"The day at length arrived when he owned his love for me; when he besought my love in return. If any one had prophesied to me that the hour of that confession should be one of disappointment, of misery, of madness—that I should recoil from that love with all the wild energy of hate,—I should have laughed them to scorn! In the blind confidence of human judgment, I looked forward to it as the bright spot in my destiny; the bar of light, before which all was dull shadow; beyond which, all was green and sunshiny repose. It came, but oh, how different!

"I was alone in that cool library, where the heavy noon-day hours passed away unfelt, though the heat was terrible to those who ventured into the open air. Count Arnstein entered hurriedly, and advanced abruptly towards me; he was very pale, in his hand were some open letters, and their tremulous quiver betrayed the emotion which unnerved him. For a few seconds he stood gazing at me without speaking, as if endeavouring to collect himself. A strange terror seized me, and I faltered out, 'You are going to leave us!' 'I am compelled to do so;—Mariana, I love you: you love me: it were vain to deny it in this bitter hour of parting;—it would be a mournful mockery of the few moments left us to spend together. I need not tell you that I have struggled against this fatal passion;—you must have had too much experience in the human heart, young as you are, not to have perceived it; for you must have inspired love before, if you did not return it. In spite of the circumstances under which

I find you, I love you, I pity you, I respect you; I think you cannot charge me with a word which would have annoyed or offended you, from the first dawn of my affection for you till the present moment. I have choked back thoughts, hopes, feelings, and fears, which have made my life lately a slow fever; because I would not press you, or tempt you to make any rash change in your destiny, or withdraw you from that protection, which circumstances, or some strange infatuation induced you at first to accept; but the hour of parting has wrenched away the barriers that stood between us. I cannot live without your voice; I cannot live without your smile; I cannot live without those sweet startled eyes shining upon me. You must come to Rome. I shall set out to-morrow. I have done my best to persuade Count Stralizzi to leave this favorite retreat and pay us a visit; if he will not, you must have courage, Mariana; you must have faith in my attachment; you must break through the mockery which unites you to him and follow me, *alone*.'

"He had spoken so rapidly, the substance of his words was to me so bewildering, so unintelligible, that I had not yet even attempted to interrupt him; but as he paused as if to judge the effect of his last sentence, I said hastily,—'What some of your allusions mean, I cannot understand,—but if you doubt either my willingness to follow you to the world's end, whatever dangers or difficulties may surround you, or my uncle's perfect and unselfish love, which would lead him to make any sacrifice which might conduce to my happiness, you know little of the two hearts which have welcomed you here.' 'Be it so, Mariana,' returned he sadly, 'yet I am selfish enough to wish that you had freed yourself from an every day deception which I wonder your generous nature can submit to. Count Stralizzi believes you devoted to him, and to him only; he trusts you; trust once awakened from its resting-place in

the heart, is a fierce avenger. He will think he has a right to upbraid you with your love for me, and there will be hours and days when I cannot be with you, to comfort you.'

" 'The mystery of your speech will make me wild, Arnstein!' said I passionately, 'what do you imagine, what do you believe, what do you expect will be the obstacle my uncle would choose to throw in the way of our union? Why should he upbraid me?—why distrust me?—what is the deception you suppose me to practice?'

" 'That which all Milan believes with myself! That which, though I comprehend your motive for wishing me to doubt, is as clear to me as to others—the acting of a romantic love for this old man whom you call your uncle. Before I ever saw your lovely face, I heard the history from Rumour's hundred tongues,—when I came here, I judged for myself; I considered the utter want of female society of your own age, or indeed of any age, except those few whose connection with persons of science made the formality of a visit to Count Stralizzi of little moment; and who, when they *were* here, scarcely noticed you, in spite of pretended acquiescence in your assumed relationship;—I considered this, I say, a great proof against you. There is another, of which you seem not to have thought. If you were, indeed, the Count Stralizzi's niece, is it natural he should not seek to establish you in life? Is it likely that four or five years would pass over the head of one so beautiful, so attractive, so fascinating as yourself, and that your hand should never have been sought in marriage, nor the Count once known to express the remotest intention so to dispose of you? Have you lived the life of a young person whose destiny is still to come? Have you not, on the contrary, been contentedly immured here, as if here ended all your views for life? Oh! Mariana, why close your heart to me in this one instance? Why vainly seek to keep up a disguise with me, who better than any one, can tear it off in

a moment? My father knew Count Stralizzi from boyhood—knew all his family—lived with him in the closest and strictest intimacy. Mariana, I know from my father, that Count Stralizzi had no brother—no sister—no living relation. You cannot be his niece—what the tie is between you, you best know.'

"There was a harshness in his tone, which mechanically reminded me of the first days of our acquaintance, and recalled those impressions of being scorned, which had been then so keenly felt, though so imperfectly understood. But now all that was as nothing. I felt as if my heart were changed to marble. The door slowly opened as I strove for words, and my uncle came in, smiling kindly at us both. I rose as he entered, and in a voice unnaturally calm, I said:—'Count Arnstein has told me that I am the subject of much discussion in Milan, and elsewhere—and that it is asserted that I am no relation of yours? Is it true, my uncle?'

"To my terror and astonishment his countenance visibly and painfully altered, but seating himself, and looking with some sternness at Count Arnstein, he said proudly, 'I know not by what right, that which *I* have not thought fit to make a topic of conversation or explanation in my own family, should be introduced by a stranger; but since it is so, I will satisfy your curiosity. You are *not* my niece: both you and your sister Teresa are the children of one whom I loved in early youth; one who preferred to me a wretch who treated her afterwards with a neglect and brutality which drove her to madness and to death; one who besought me with her last breath to show kindness to her children. I have obeyed her behest: for *her* sake I have lived a lonely and a childless man, that no ties but those her grief bequeathed me, might share my heart; for her sake I have sought neither friend nor companion beyond my books and those old recollections which have wandered too often between me and the open page

where I vainly endeavoured to fix my eyes; and at my advanced age, the grave already closing on me, I should have thought I might have sheltered the orphan daughter of my poor lost Estella, without exciting the comments or curiosity of any one, especially the son of my oldest friend.' He left the room in some emotion, and Count Arnstein knelt at my feet: 'Forgive me, Mariana—oh! forgive me,' murmured he; but his voice had lost its power over my soul. I felt no sorrow, no sympathy; no, not even for my uncle: my heart lay still in my bosom, like frozen water: and the only sensation of which I was conscious, was a wild curiosity—a thirst to know all that Arnstein had thought of me; all that stood between us.

" 'You see,' said I with cold bitterness, 'that the tie which binds me to Count Stralizzi is at least one of gratitude. I can scarcely forsake him, or shake off my dependence on his bounty, to follow you,'—and then the bitterness of my tone giving way to desperation, I exclaimed—'Why are you going? what has suddenly called you? what is the watchword which has brought down this ruin upon me, which has shown me at length what your opinion was of the wretch who fancied you loved her?'

" 'My wife has been taken seriously ill with a fever, which has endangered her life, and her mother has written to me.'

" 'Your WIFE—Count Arnstein?'

" 'Oh! Mariana, do not take that tone with me! do not drive me mad! At least, if I mistook *your* situation, you cannot have been ignorant of *mine*. Countess Arnstein was no choice of my making,—I never loved,—I never knew what love meant till I saw you; if the day ever comes which leaves me free to choose again,—I swear to you that *you*, Mariana, you only—you for ever'—He took my hand—my hand, which hung cold as ice beside me:—it was *then* that I felt;—it was then that the electric fire, which afterwards crept to my

brain and brought madness there, struck its first spark into my frame. I flung him from me with a smothered shriek. 'Murderer!' said I wildly, 'will you—while she lies perhaps dying to whom you first swore fidelity—will you mock me with another vow sworn on the chance of her grave? Begone! To you, to *you*, who could believe all these monstrous things which have bewildered my soul even in the hearing, why should I defend myself in words? And yet this once,—the last time I shall ever voluntarily stand in your presence,—I tell you it is all false—all—all—that others have said,—or you have believed. It is false that any love but that which a child might give a father has ever been felt or *acted* by me to that noblest and kindest of friends, whom, even in that tie, you would have betrayed! It is false that while—(my heart shudders to think of those hours)—while I hung on your words and believed in your affection, I knew you to be the wedded husband of another. Go! we have neither of us lost more than an illusion! I loved the proud, honorable, high-minded man with whom I was honestly to live, and faithfully to die,—I lose not *him*: but something base, desperate, and impure, which took a glorious form to tempt me into sin. *You* loved the supposed mistress of your friend, a bold, abandoned sorceress, who with a double treachery was to deceive her kind protector, and steal you from your lawful ties;—you lose not this—you leave behind you no such wretch, when you journey towards Rome—but a broken-hearted girl, who, madly trusting to specious appearances, looked forward to being your pure and honored wife!'

"More was said; but what, I cannot now remember; it began in agony, it grew into raving; all I recollect is the ceaseless anxiety I felt to conceal from my poor old uncle any trace of the cause of the delirium which followed; and I believe I succeeded. He sent for you, Teresa, to nurse his poor weak Mariana back to life and health: but do not deceive yourself,

my bright young sister: I am journeying away from you, and your hand will seek in vain to detain me. It is not that I have loved in vain; oh! no; had I loved and been forsaken, I could have borne it: pride would have held me up against man's inconstancy. It is that I have seen at one dreadful glance the shattering of earth's best illusions. I have seen those who called themselves our *friends* conspire as bitter slanderers, to turn the pure and noble charity of a romantic heart, towards two lonely orphans, into a tale of crime and ridicule;—I have seen the basest and most selfish passion clothe itself in the radiant disguise of the spirit of Love, and I have seen what that passion would lead to of misery and sin, stripped of its false pretence and hollow seeming: I have been degraded in the thoughts of others, while pure in my own conscience: I have wasted the fervent enthusiasm, the holy faith, the complete trust of a young heart, on the most unworthy of objects: I have leaned on the reed, and it has pierced me; on the pillar of sand, and it has crumbled under my touch. What should I live for? I have done with this world, I have drunk its cup to the dregs. My heart is broken, Teresa, my heart is broken. I die forgotten,—or regretted by a love I never should either have inspired or returned; I die slandered, and 'all Milan,' as Arnstein said, will discuss the truth or falsehood of the reports about me, and strive to give the falsehood weight enough to lie uncontradicted on my silent dust. But you, my Teresa, go from it all. Go back to the convent of our young days, where the echo of our girlish songs, and the holy hymns of evening, still float round the walls, and hide yourself as in a place of refuge from the storms of this world. My uncle will soon die, and I shall die, and you will be alone. Oh! sister, young sister, remember our evening in this glowing light, and pray for me at sunset, in the little room which was *ours* long, long ago!"

"Mariana! Mariana!"

Is it slumber which weighs down that weary head? No, it is death. The name so faintly and so fondly called shall never rouse that cold heart again. She is gone.

And in the convent of Santa Maria there is a young fair nun; and in the choir a rich sad voice, whose tones are like those which even the blind might once have guessed belonged to an untried heart: when, in the soft light of the Italian sun, the Invalid listened for the last time to the airs of her native land.

SONNET.

BY THE LADY E. STUART WORTLEY.

WRITTEN IN THE STEAMER, ON LEAVING CONSTANTINOPLE.

PROUD Stamboul's gay and gilded domes recede,
 Making the horizon precious as they part!—
 Farewell!—it is with a reluctant heart
 I bid farewell to thee!—true home, indeed,
 Of beauty and delight! With envious speed
 The fire-barque* on its foamy way doth dart,
 Leaving thy shores, all loveliest that thou art,
 Swift as the arrowy, air-hurled, light jereed!
 Queen of the East!—complexioned with the sun!—
 How doth thy beauty chain the soul to thee!—
 On earth thy mighty pomp is matched by none,
 Enchantress of the land and of the sea!—
 Thou that wert formed, thou first and fairest one,
 The Circe of two Worlds—two Elements to be!

* The Turks at first called steam-boats *Ateche-gemin*, "fire-ships."

THE CHILDLESS.

BY MRS. ABDY.

WHEN I think upon the Childless, how I sorrow for the gloom
That pervades the silent chambers of their still and joyless home,
They do not hear the gleesome sound of infant voices sweet,
The gush of fairy laughter, or the tread of tiny feet.

Their hand the little shining head can never fondly press,
They never on the coral lip imprint a warm caress;
They never hear a lisping tongue pronounce their name in
prayer,
Or watch beside the cradle of a slumberer calm and fair.

Their age is dull and lonely—in the solemn hour of death
No fond and weeping offspring receive their parting breath;
And they feel the hollow nothingness of honours, lands, and
name,
Knowing that those who love them not the heritage must claim.

Thus I sorrowed for the Childless, but ere long in happier mood,
I thought how Providence o'er-rules each earthly thing for good;
With the pleasures of the parent, their lot I had compared,
But dwelt not on the trials and the troubles they were spared.

They knew not what it is to stand an infant sufferer by,
To mark the crimson fevered cheek, the bright and restless eye;
And feel that in that feeble pulse, that form of fragile make,
Their happiness is garnered up, their earthly hopes at stake.

They know not as the mind unfolds, how hard it is to win
The little heart to cling to good, and shun the ways of sin;
They reckon not of the awful charge amid a world of strife,
To train a tenant for the skies, an heir of endless life.

They see not the small coffin laid beneath the heavy sod,
Striving to school their bursting hearts to bear the stroke of God,
Then turning to the dreary home once gay with childish mirth,
To view the silent nursery—the sad deserted hearth.

Yet is it not a blessed thought that we have One above,
Who deals to us our varied gifts with such impartial love?
Let not another's favoured lot our anxious minds molest,
God knows alike his need and ours, and judges for the best.

He wisely with some shadowy cloud o'erspreads our brightest day,
He kindly cheers our deepest gloom with some benignant ray;
And we may safely rest on Him, whose loving mercy lies,
Not only in the good he sends, but that which he denies.

AN ADVENTURE IN SPAIN.

A LETTER FROM LORD ——— TO THE EARL OF ———

Spain, January 16th, 1838.

WHEN I last wrote to you, I was on the point of setting out from Madrid for this place. You will probably have seen some notice of my adventure in the newspapers, and will be glad to learn from me what actually occurred.

I left Madrid on the 2nd, in the Zaragoza diligence, and stopped, as usual, the first night to sleep at Guadalaxara. The next day, the diligence would naturally have gone as far as Ariza; but when we arrived at Alcolea, where we dined, we were alarmed to find that nothing whatever was known there of the diligence from Zaragoza, which ought to have arrived at Alcolea an hour or two before us. At dinner, we debated the question, whether it was safe to go any further; the passengers being of opinion that the delay must have been occasioned by some body of Carlists having occupied a part of the road. But the mazoral (the conductor of the diligence) declared that it must be owing to some other cause, some trifling accident or breakage, since there were no Carlists in that neighbourhood. We accordingly continued our journey; but when we had proceeded about three leagues we were met by a postillion, who had been sent from Lodaes to desire us, on no account to go on, as it was reported that the Carlists were at Ariza, the place where we were to pass the night; we therefore halted at a single house called the Venta de San Francisco, about half a league from Lodaes, and a mile from Medina Celi. Here we held

a council of war, to determine whether we should remain stationary, or retrace our steps; but as we were in possession of very little information, we had much difficulty in deciding what was best to be done. The mazoral recommended that we should ask the advice of the commandant of the garrison of Medina Celi; and as I happened to have in my pocket an order for an escort, I thought it possible that he might be disposed, from that circumstance, to render us any assistance in his power. I therefore went to ask him for information. He could, however, tell me nothing further than that there were some Carlists at Ariza, but as to their numbers, the general who commanded them—whether they came from the north of the Ebro or belonged to the army of Cabrera, or the direction in which they were moving, he knew absolutely nothing; and he positively declined to give me any advice as to what we should do. The only opinion which he ventured to express was, that the Carlists would not come to Medina Celi; an opinion in which the event proved him to be perfectly correct. It would indeed be difficult to conceive any motive which could induce them to make an attempt against that town, which, although defended only by a very feeble garrison, and therefore not likely to make much if any resistance, would have been of little value to them as a military position, and contained within it nothing worth taking, either in money, provisions, or military stores.

Finding that the commandant could give me no assistance by information or advice, I wrote a few lines to the British minister at Madrid, stating the situation in which we were placed, and asked the commandant if he could forward my letter. This he readily undertook to do; but my letter never reached its destination.

Upon my return to the Venta de San Francisco, I communicated to my fellow-travellers the unsatisfactory result of

my visit to Medina Celi, and we determined to send out a man on horseback to endeavour to obtain information. We also stopped and questioned all the peasants who passed on foot or on horseback, but we could ascertain nothing positive. Under these circumstances, I represented to my fellow-travellers that we had better make up our minds to go either forwards or backwards. If we were of opinion that there was no danger, we should go on; but if we thought there was, we should turn back at least to Alcolea, where there was a garrison. At all events, we ought not to remain in a single house, without any protection, where we might be surprised at any moment by a small party, and where, if we continued any time, the Carlists would be sure to receive information of our being detained. The passengers agreed with me, but the mazoral positively refused to stir a step either forwards or backwards, and we accordingly remained at the Venta de San Francisco that night and the following day.

At about half past seven on Thursday evening (the 4th) we were all sitting up stairs after dinner, when we heard some one calling loudly at the door. I ran down to see what it was, and arrived at the gate of the inn at the moment when the mozo (the waiter) was opening it, and in rode a lancer with his sword drawn. The mozo, understanding more than I did of the proceedings of these people, instantly vanished as soon as he had opened the door; but I remained in the gateway, and asked the lancer what he wanted. He replied by a cut on the head with his sword, which did not hurt me; but the experiment was one which I did not feel anxious to repeat; and having no arms nor means of defence, I thought it prudent to make good my retreat up stairs, where I imagined the lancer would find it difficult to follow me. We were all, however, immediately ordered to go below, and drawn up in line before the party of Carlists, which consisted only of a sergeant and three men.

They then announced to us that we were to accompany them instantly, but whither they would not say; and that those who preferred riding to walking would be accommodated with a mule. They then said that they would burn the diligence; but as none of the passengers had arms, they contented themselves with taking the mules and the muskets belonging to the escopeteros (the escort of two men who always accompany the diligence to protect it from robbers).

Among the passengers were three ladies, one of whom becoming much alarmed, took out her purse, which she said contained the whole of her worldly goods, and offered it to the sergeant with loud lamentations, protesting that he was heartily welcome to it, provided he would only spare her life.

She afterwards told me that her purse contained nothing but a little silver, just so much as she required to use on the road, and that her gold was concealed about her person.

The sergeant, assuming an air of offended dignity, inquired whether it was possible that such an offer could be addressed to him; observing that he was not a highway robber, but a soldier executing the orders of his king, and that every thing he took at that inn would be paid for.

The lady, upon hearing this speech, appeared much dejected, and was about to return her prize into her pocket, when the sergeant added, in rather a lower tone, that possibly some one of his followers might like to have the means of purchasing a glass of brandy. The lady, thereupon, lost not a moment in making a pressing offer of her purse to the lancer who had first entered the gateway, and who now, with great affected indifference, held out his hand to weigh it, and ascertain whether it was worth his acceptance; after which he exclaimed "*venga!*" and put it in his pocket.

The ladies were then told that they might remain at the Venta; and a similar permission was granted to two men, one

of whom was very ill, and the other old and infirm, and who both gave up what money they had about them.

The rest of the passengers, consisting of myself and my English sèrvant, two French merchants, and a Spaniard who was going to be married at Zaragoza, immediately set out on our march. The sergeant having given the strictest orders to his men to shoot instantly any one of the prisoners who should make any attempt to escape.

It would have been easy for us to resist had we been aware, before the gate was opened, of the smallness of the party who made us prisoners. They were only four in number. They had already ridden that day fourteen leagues (about fifty-six miles) along the high road, for the express purpose of capturing us, and were encumbered with several prisoners, as well as with above a dozen mules that they had carried off on their way. We had with us in the Venta the escort of the diligence, consisting of two men, with muskets and ammunition; and if we had kept the gate shut, and fired at them from the windows, might easily have driven them off. The firing would also, of course, have been heard at Medina Celi, which stands at the top of the hill at the base of which the Venta de San Francisco is situated. But it would have been very unwise to reckon upon receiving any assistance from that garrison, which would certainly not have ventured out of the walls at night, unless they had been quite certain that no enemy was in the neighbourhood. We could, however, have easily kept the Carlists at a distance without any help, and they would probably have been unwilling to remain many hours so close to the walls of a garrisoned town. But as it was quite dark, we had no means of ascertaining their numbers, and did not know that there was not a whole regiment at the gate. We should, therefore, in all probability, have determined to make no resistance, had the question been proposed to us for deliberation; but we had, in

fact, no time to consider it, as the mozo opened the gate without saying a word to us upon the subject: and after having once admitted them, it would have been idle to attempt resistance.

After we had gone about half a mile from the Venta, on foot, the party halted; and we were told that we might, if we pleased, mount the mules belonging to the diligence, which they had carried off with them. This we were glad to do, though the mules had neither bridles nor saddles, for we were told we had a long way to go, over mountain tracks, where there was room for only one abreast, and the ground was so soaked with the rain that the fatigue of walking would have been insupportable. I soon found, however, that it was almost impossible to sit upon the bare back of the mule, in the steep ascents and descents which we had to pass every moment; and though the rain fell heavily, I was compelled to use my cloak as a saddle.

When we had got fairly under weigh, I endeavoured to engage the sergeant in conversation, and to ascertain from him whither he was conducting us. But *that*, he said, was a very delicate question, which we had better not ask. He told us, however, that the general to whom he should take us, had received information early that morning, of our being detained at the Venta de San Francisco, and had immediately dispatched him, a distance of fourteen leagues, to capture us, and bring us to his head quarters the next morning—and that we should have to march all night, as we had a long way to go. I asked if he would give us nothing to eat, to which he answered that he had eaten nothing himself for twenty-four hours. He then inquired whether there were any military men among the passengers. I told him that I did not know the passengers, never having seen any of them till the day when we left Madrid together in the diligence; but that I believed none of them

were military men. He asked whether I was not an officer myself, and upon being told that I was not, but an Englishman going to France, he asked me no more questions. But observed that it was well for us that we had not made any resistance, because, if we had fired a single shot, he would have cut the throats of every one in the venta.

During our march, the Spaniard, who spoke a little French, urged me in that language to endeavour to escape, as that was the only chance we had of saving our lives. But I begged him not to make any such attempt, as he would be instantly shot if he did; whereas, by waiting till we got to the head quarters of the general, we should in all probability be set at liberty. We passed through one or two small villages, and knocked at the doors of some of the cottages, which appeared to be very miserable dwellings. Some of the inhabitants came and spoke to the sergeant, others would not open their doors, though he threatened to set fire to them. After about three hours' march, we came to a larger village, and were allowed to dismount, and enter a kitchen, where we could warm ourselves, and then we were given some bread and meat and wine. The sergeant and one of his men retired to a separate room, where they seemed to be engaged in obtaining some information from the village authorities, and other business. The two other men remained with us in the kitchen to guard us, and get some supper. Here we met another prisoner—a Spanish courier, the conductor of the mail, who had been captured a short time before us. This man appeared to be in great alarm, and not without reason, for he certainly ran a great risk of being shot if he arrived at the general's head quarters, for having conveyed the correspondence of the Queen's government. We remained about two hours in this kitchen, and the two lancers, after they had done their supper, went to sleep. The Spaniard who was travelling in the diligence, and the courier, then pro-

posed to me to take the opportunity of seizing their arms, putting them to death, and making our escape. They represented that this could easily be done, and that as soon as the two who were guarding us were killed, the others would be sure to run away. I told them, that if I thought that our best chance, I would readily adopt it. But that I was sure we should run no risk of our lives if we got safely to the general's head quarters. That I was satisfied he would immediately release us—and that our only danger consisted in the chance of these four men taking it into their heads to put us to death, which I was convinced they would not do if we avoided giving them any cause of irritation. That it would, no doubt be easy for us to kill the two men who were asleep; but that when we had accomplished that, it was more than doubtful whether we should be able to make good our escape, for we knew nothing about the country, nor the direction which we ought to take; and as the Carlists appeared to have some confederates in the village, we should certainly be pursued. But that we were by no means certain of being able even to get out of the house, for we should have to pass through the outer room, which was full of persons, who would be more likely to be enemies than friends. The success of the attempt appeared to me, therefore, very uncertain, and if it was not complete, instant death would be the inevitable consequence; and I thought we had a much better chance of saving our lives by waiting patiently till we could speak to the general, than by any other course which could be adopted. In consequence of what I said, they gave up their scheme. But the Courier addressed himself to the woman of the house, who hid him in a cupboard; and when shortly afterwards we were called to horse, his absence was not remarked.

About one o'clock in the morning we resumed our march, and in about three hours came to another village, where the

sergeant called for the Alcalde, and beat him severely with his sword for keeping him waiting. Some of the mules, of which they had taken above twenty, began to stray, and a good deal of confusion was created in catching them again, as the night was extremely dark. This irritated the soldiers very much, who beat my servant for not being sufficiently active in running after the mules, and perceiving, at the same time, that one of the prisoners was missing, asked us angrily what had become of him. We of course answered that we knew nothing of him, and that each of us could only answer for himself. They replied that that might be very well, but as soon as it was daylight, they would count the prisoners, and if they found that there was one missing, would cut the throats of all the others. After passing nearly an hour in this village, where we did not however dismount, we continued our march without intermission till about nine o'clock in the morning, when we arrived at a village, called Iruecha, just at the moment when the general, Don Basilio Garcia, was marching out at the head of his column. He desired us to follow him to the village of Maranchon, to which he was marching, and which was three leagues off. As soon as we arrived there, he received us very politely, asked us a few questions, who we were, from whence we came, and whither we were going, and then demanded our passports. As soon as he had looked at them, he said he had the strictest orders from the King, his master, not to meddle with foreigners, and that he would immediately countersign our passports, and allow us to continue our journey. The Spaniard, however, he said, must remain a prisoner until he could "give security for his good conduct."

The general inquired particularly whether his soldiers had taken from us any of our money or goods, or otherwise maltreated us; and being answered in the negative, expressed much satisfaction, saying that he had issued the strictest orders

to prevent robbery amongst his troops; and subjecting to the penalty of death any soldier who should steal the smallest thing, and that those orders he was determined to enforce. He dismissed us with a little speech, the object of which was to impress upon our minds the magnanimity which he had displayed in refraining from ordering us to be shot for the atrocious crime of travelling in the diligence, and which he ended by exclaiming—"Such is the conduct observed by the authorities of the King, my master!"

As we approached Iruecha, our captors had become much more mild in their treatment of us, and had entered more freely into conversation with us; in short, before we got to the head-quarters of the general, I and the lancer who had given me a cut with his sword, had become very good friends. On my way from Iruecha to Maranchon, which I had to perform on foot, my mule being quite knocked up, he offered to carry my cloak for me. I accepted his offer, though as he was on horseback, I suspected he would ride away with it, and that I should never see it again. But although he rode at a great distance from me, as soon as I got to Maranchon, he brought it back to me; and observing that I must be tired, asked if I should not like a glass of brandy. I replied, by all means; and he conducted me to a shop, where we drank each a glass together. I was going to pay for it, when he stopped me, saying that he had invited me, and that it was for him to pay. I was obliged to let him have his way in this, for I wished not to affront him. But I could not help being struck with the singular mixture of savageness and good-nature which characterizes the Spanish people.

Our passports having been returned to us, we prepared to depart; and had every reason to be pleased with the fortunate issue of our adventure. We had suffered nothing but a little fatigue, had witnessed many curious scenes, and had an oppor-

tunity of seeing some of the Carlist troops, which appeared to me to be very well equipped and disciplined. But one subject was yet a source of great uneasiness to us. The poor Spaniard who was detained, was very much alarmed: he declared that the meaning of calling upon him to give security for his good conduct, was merely to compel him to take arms in the division of Don Basilio, and that they would threaten to shoot him if he refused to do so; but that nothing should induce him to take part in such a warfare, and that sooner than suffer himself to be butchered by these fellows, he would put an end to his own life. I endeavoured to calm him by representing to him how many opportunities he might have, if he only acted cautiously, of making his escape, and how much better it would be to wait for an opportunity of placing himself in safety, than at once to throw away his life uselessly. I succeeded with difficulty in making him promise, at all events, not to attempt his own life. But he said that no power could induce him to take service with the Carlists. I asked him in what way I could serve him, and he charged me with a message to the lady at Zaragoza to whom he was about to be married. Finding that I could render him no other service, I took leave of him, exhorting him to keep up his spirits. In truth, however, I felt considerable apprehension for him. I did not fail to deliver his message at Zaragoza; and it was with no small joy that I learned afterwards that he had succeeded in making his escape, and that his marriage had taken place.

We left Maranchon on foot at two o'clock in the afternoon of the 5th, and at nine in the evening got back to the Venta de San Francisco, having returned by a shorter road than that which we had taken the night before. We had great difficulty in persuading the people of the Venta to open the door, as they thought we were another detachment of Carlists or robbers; and when we had succeeded in getting in, we found that the diligence had gone back to Guadalaxara, and carried away all

our clothes and money. We were exhausted with fatigue, and stiff with damp and cold, and we could go no further that night, so I rubbed myself with brandy, and laid down to sleep for a few hours.

The next morning (the 6th) I set out to rejoin the diligence, leaving my servant at the Venta. By good luck, I was overtaken by an English courier going to Madrid, who took me up and carried me till we caught the diligence, in the middle of the night, within a few miles of Guadalaxara. I used every possible argument to persuade them to continue their journey, telling them that the road was now quite free—that I had just travelled upon it without the slightest impediment—and that I had left the Carlists the evening before at Maranchon, and that they were moving in a direction away from the Zaragoza road,—so that there could be no sort of danger. But it was all to no purpose; they insisted on returning to Guadalaxara, and I was forced to go there with them, to get my baggage.

On the morning of the 7th, finding that the diligence would not yet venture to go on, I determined to continue my journey *en poste*; and two of the ladies, passengers in the diligence, had the courage to accompany me. We arrived at Zaragoza at 10 A.M. on the 9th, without any further misfortune than that of losing my trunk, containing all my clothes, of which I was robbed near Torremocha.

From Zaragoza to the frontier of France, I proceeded in safety, having taken an escort as far as Azerbe, which stands at the foot of the Pyrenees. This precaution was by no means useless, though the authorities at Zaragoza endeavoured to persuade me not to take one, assuring me that the road was quite safe. I told them, however, that I had already met with two accidents on this journey; having been carried off one day by the Carlists, and having been robbed of my trunk another, and that I had no mind to be robbed again;—that I happened to *know* that the road was by no means safe, as couriers were

frequently robbed there, and one of those belonging to the French embassy had been robbed there about ten days before, and that I must therefore insist upon being furnished with the escort for which I had an order. . . It was well that I did so, for when I arrived at Guerrea, I found a French courier, who had left Zaragoza half an hour before me, waiting till I came up in order to ask me to lend him some money, as he had just been robbed of every farthing he had with him, about a mile from that town.

ON THE ASIATIC VALLEY OF THE SWEET WATERS,
AT CONSTANTINOPLE.

BY THE LADY E. STUART WORTLEY.

BRIGHT Vale of Enchantments!—thy waters and trees
Together seem trembling in joy to the breeze,
Which just ruffles them lightly enough but to bring
Forth their sweetness and brightness—so smile they and sing.

Green Vale of Delights!—I could wander in peace
Thro' thy windings for long, but such wanderings must cease;
In thy bosom of beauty encradled *too* dear
Should this world and its idle illusions appear.

Bright Vale of Sweet Waters!—from thee then I fly,
I must look on life's truth with a fixed fearless eye,
And behold that dark rock of the soul—this cold world,
In no folds of a dreamy deliciousness furled!

Fair Vale of Sweet Waters! farewell!—then farewell!
Happier spirits than mine mid your green shades should dwell;
For *pain* weakens the soul, and when *pleasure* there wakes,
To its centre and core that worn spirit she shakes.

ADA'S LAMENT.

BY THE LADY CHARLOTTE ST. MAUR.

THE moon shines clear o'er land and sea,
The winds are hush'd, the wave is still;
But thou art parted far from me,
I share not now thy good or ill.
Yon pallid moon, this silent hour,
May yet assert their gentle sway—
Recall thy Ada's lonely bow'r,
Where oft she chides thy long delay;
And mem'ry now may claim a tear,
For her to whom thou still art dear,
Tho' far away!

When o'er the pathless waters borne,
Far from thy lov'd, thy native shore,
When foams the sea by tempests torn,
And loud the angry breakers roar;
And gazing on the darken'd sky,
And billows wreath'd in sparkling foam,
The seaman droops his dauntless eye,
And breathes a fond farewell to home,—
Oh! mid these scenes so dark and drear,
Say, wilt thou give a sigh, a tear,
To her away?

When landed on a foreign strand,
Where pleasure wings the rosy hours,
And bids her light and sportive band
Invite thee to her blooming bow'rs;—
Where all is mirth and all is joy,
And mazy dance, or festal song,
And fairest forms their wiles employ,
To lure thy captive heart along,—
Ah! mid these scenes so new and gay,
Still wilt thou give to her away
A sigh, a tear?

When loud the pealing clarion rings,
To bid the work of death prepare,
And to his steed each warrior springs,
And gleams each glitt'ring falchion bare;
And ranks on ranks are hotly press'd,
And carnage strews the crimson ground,
And many a true and valiant breast
Is gor'd with deep and ghastly wound—
Oh! mid these scenes with horror fraught,
Say, wilt thou give a passing thought
To her away?

When stretch'd upon the tented field,
All worn and weary with the fight,
And pillow'd on a broken shield,
By the red watch-fire's glowing light;
While on thy brow the damp, chill, dew
All coldly falls, and on thine ear,

Some feeble moan, or faint adieu,
Murmur'd by one that's dying near—
Oh! mid these scenes of woe and pain,
Say, wilt thou still a thought retain
For her away?

And oh! should angry Heav'n decree
That I shall never meet thee more,—
That thou should'st sink 'neath stormy sea,
Or perish on a hostile shore!—
Of hope bereft, forlorn, deprest,
And doom'd to endless grief a prey,
To soothe my lone and aching breast,
In fancy's ear a voice will say—
Thy last adieu, and parting sigh,
And fondest pray'r were breath'd on high,
For her away!

And there, within those cloister'd walls,
Where ev'ry earthly hope is dead,
Where nought to joy or life recalls,
Shall Ada hide her drooping head;
At matin's call, or vesper bell,
Bidding each care and grief remove,
Awhile she leaves her lonely cell,
To meet thee in the realms above!
The solemn chant, the murmur'd pray'r,
Shall turn the darkness of despair
To light and love!

BEATRICE.

BY THE MARCHIONESS OF * * * *

VENICE! dear, dear Venice, shall I ever see thee again? Alas! I fear I have breathed thy balmy air, glided over thy noiseless waters, listened to thy mournful cry of *Acqua*, and to the *A....i* of thy gondolieri for the last time. It makes me sad to think so, for I love thee dearly, and seldom have my hours passed so happily as during the short time I dwelt in thy luxurious atmosphere. There is not a spot in Venice that is not replete with interest, and to which some romantic tale is not attached. One day, as I was landing at the Chiaja, I was detained by a gondola, whose appearance was different from those one generally sees; not only was *it* perfectly black, but the gondolieri were clothed as they used to be in former years; the elder of the two, with a short black mantle and bare head covered with a profusion of white locks, and the younger, in black velvet with slashed sleeves and doublet. The occupants of the gondola were two ladies, both of whom were habited in the deepest mourning. The elder appeared hardly able to support her feeble form, and it was with the greatest difficulty that, even with the assistance of the younger female and the oldest of her retainers, she could reach the church of San Marco. Her appearance interested me particularly, and on inquiring of our cicerone the particulars of her history, I gathered from him the following brief but melancholy tale:—

“Beatrice Manzoni, was the only daughter of one of the noblest, and formerly the wealthiest, families in Venice, but

time and misfortunes had reduced them to the extreme of poverty, and it was, consequently, with feelings of joy and exultation, that her mother, who with her daughter was the last of her race, received an intimation, that the beauty and fascinations of Beatrice had made so great an impression on Ludovico Battista, the heir of a family who was then high in favour, and possessed immense power, that he was anxious to take her as his bride, portionless as she was. But the heart of Beatrice misgave her sadly, when she reflected that the die was cast, and that her life was to be spent with one whom she feared would never repay her devotion, with what she felt she needed to enable her to continue to bestow it. Reflection, however, was useless; and all that was left for her was, to endeavour to reconcile as much as possible inclination with duty. Her fears, alas! were doomed to be sadly prophetic of her future fate. Ludovico was a selfish sensualist, without heart or head, whose sole happiness consisted in the gratification of his passions;—he loved Beatrice, simply because she conduced to his comfort, and was useful to him. And she, with her heart overflowing with affection, which she felt repulsed and chilled every moment, with her ardent imagination and keen susceptibilities, how could she exist with such an animal, in every sense of the word, as Ludovico? She did exist, and that was all, for existence is not *living* in its moral sense, though it may be in its bodily. All her efforts to call forth any corresponding sensations or emotions in Ludovico's breast were vain. He lived for himself, and himself only; her joys and her occupations were nought to him.

“ They had one child, a girl, and on her, every remnant of feeling that survived in Beatrice's chilled bosom was lavished. She fondly hoped this child might be every thing to her, and replace him who had cast away affection, which if repulsed in one quarter, must rebound on another; that she would be her sole interest in life, and that henceforth her heart would know

no more yearnings. She hoped it, she intended it, and she prayed that it might be so, and that she might be mercifully supported and strengthened, for she felt that for herself she could not answer. For long she struggled, and successfully; for long she lived as in a dream, unconscious of the state of her feelings, till accident revealed to her, how deeply her heart's affections were engaged.

"The evenings were spent by her, and Bianca her child, in their gondola, often alone, for it was seldom she could tempt Ludovico out with her, but oftener with one, whom she had known formerly, and who was the brother of the friend she loved best in the world. Talented, agreeable, warm-hearted, but *too* much so, Francesco Carneggio could not fail to lament the cruel position in which Beatrice was placed. He pitied her, and alas! how soon love follows pity. He felt he loved her, but his affection was too sincere, too unselfish, for him to show it wilfully. And Beatrice! she felt how necessary he was to her happiness, that she was never happy but when near him—but what of that? Her *love* was all centred in one object, her child, and though she might *like*, she felt sure she never could *love* again. Besides, though sometimes she had misgivings, yet she believed that she was indifferent to him, that he did not care for her, and though sometimes in her loneliness she almost wished he did, yet she was satisfied it was not so.

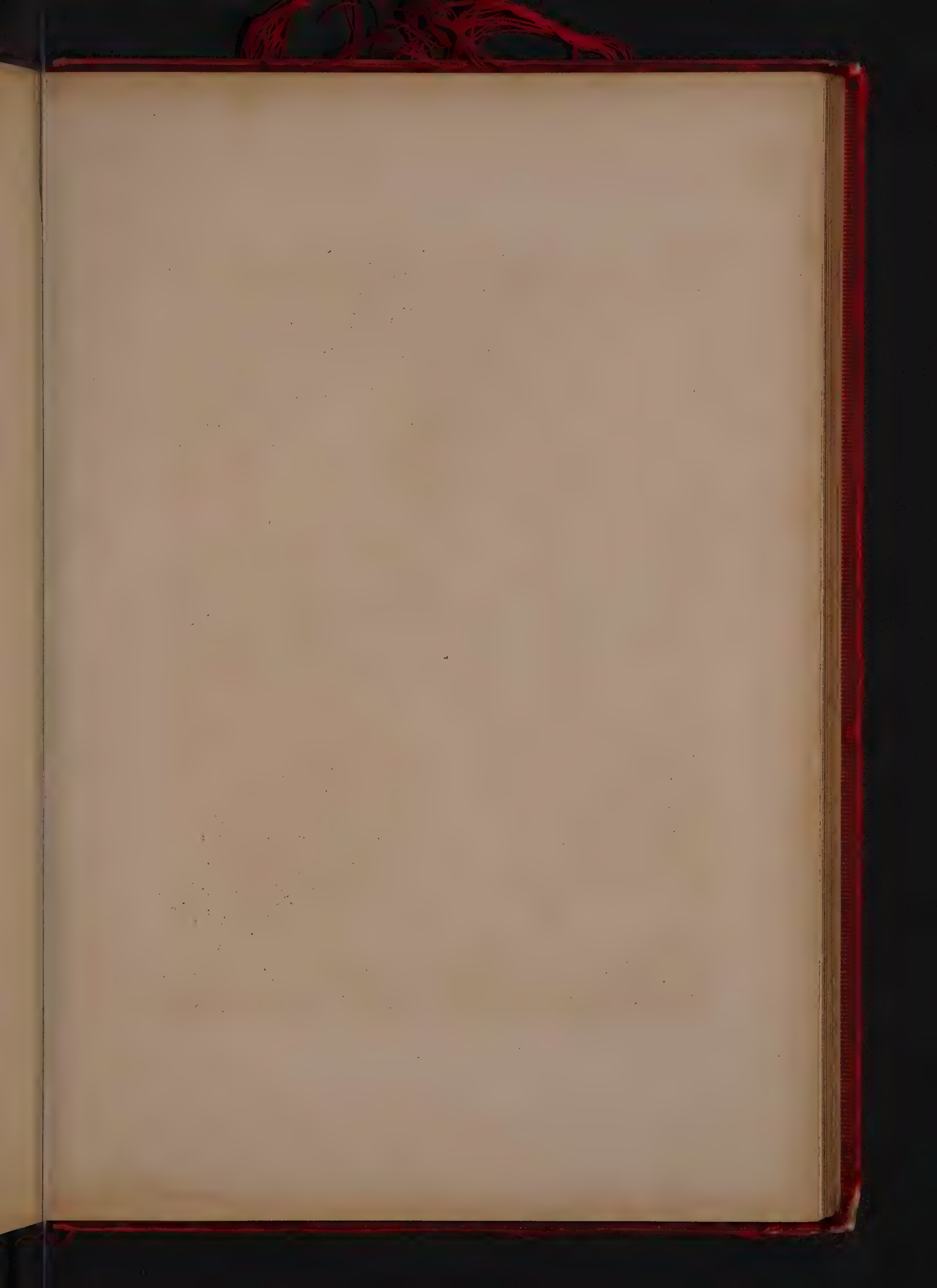
"And where all this time was Beatrice's mother? She had felt so deeply her child's wretchedness, that she preferred leaving her to witnessing it, and long before the period to which the present part of my story refers, she had left Venice, left her native city, and gone far away to reside with a distant connection.

"One evening, Beatrice, Bianca, and Francesco were in their gondola;—they had glided on and on, till they had, without knowing it, got as far as Lido. They landed on the

beach, and sat down together to contemplate the soft Italian sky;—they sat speechless, each, wrapped in melancholy contemplation, and if their thoughts had been revealed, how much of the future ill might have been averted. At last the moon became slightly overcast, and a cold breeze came on. Beatrice, who was not prepared for this, complained of cold; Francesco wrapped her in his mantle, and in doing so, slightly (as he put it over her) pressed her shoulders. On that simple action hung her fate. She almost screamed, so startingly did the conviction instantly occur to her, that he loved her, and that it gave her pleasure to feel convinced of it. Nothing was said during their progress home to her palazzo, but when she laid her head down on her pillow that night (alas! for weak and sinful human nature), she was happier than she had been for years, in the conviction that there *was* one being who cared for her. There was a tie between them, for she could not treat him harshly, as she ought to have done, had her own heart not participated in his love; and, though it was long before any *words* of love were spoken, they knew that they felt *with* one another, and *for* one another.

“Whilst they were in this trying position, Beatrice’s mother, who thought from her daughter’s letters that some great change in her feelings had occurred, arrived unexpectedly;—she came, she saw all with one glance, and she implored her to pause and escape while there was yet time. But her poor, poor child, torn by contending passions, by love and remorse, hesitated, could not give up a feeling she hardly understood; and after passing an afternoon of misery and tears, Beatrice was preparing to join Francesco alone in her gondola, for Bianca was not well and unable to leave the house, when her mother met her, and with tears and entreaties begged of her not to go.

“ ‘Only this once more, *madre mia*, this last time, and I will give it up. Yet why should I? he has never told me he



loves me, and he knows all my hopes here are centred in my child, and that to her alone I look for happiness. He loves me not, mother, and why should I deny myself the only pleasure I have left, for fear of what *may* be?’

“ ‘My child, I know your heart, and I know you love him, and that your love is returned. I know too well that at the first word of love from his lips, your heart would melt, your love be confessed, and then—you would be lost! I entreat of you by a mother’s prayers, by the duty you owe your God, your husband, and your child, go not out to-night.’

“But remonstrances were useless, she rushed down the steps, tore away from her mother’s detaining hand, sank into her gondola, where Francesco awaited her, and burst out into a violent flood of tears. Francesco, overcome with surprise, sorrow and emotion, gave vent to his love and his pity in one passionate torrent of feeling. Alas! for Beatrice; she heard, she listened, and then came the outpourings of her love which had been unacknowledged, repressed for years, and which now burst forth with redoubled ardour. She had never allowed herself to think it possible she *could* love again, and she was unconscious that she did, till the confession of Francesco’s devotion kindled into active existence, feelings, that had lain smouldering for years. They lingered long, for she told him all, she told him that this must be their *last* interview, she implored of him to leave her to her misery, to her fate; she entreated him not to expose her further to temptation: and, he with his devotion to her, what could he do? Could he make such a sacrifice? He did,—he left her, went she knew not where, and her mother, satisfied that no future ill could *now* happen, and feeling that her grief at witnessing her child’s misery incapacitated her from being of any use to her, returned whence she came. Beatrice was left alone, alas! how utterly alone! And Ludovico, where was he? Could he look on unmoved? He had no power of observa-

tion left, for by a gross indulgence of his own evil passions, he had become a wreck in body and mind, a mere automaton who breathed, ate, and drank, but whose powers of discrimination and reflection were utterly gone.

"Months passed on, Francesco was still absent, Beatrice the same in *heart*, wretched and lonely; but, alas! her health beginning to fail. Sorrow had done her worst upon her, and she looked forward to a release from this weary world with heartfelt joy and confidence.

"But her severest trial was to come,—she had a friend, (Francesco's sister), the being, who, after Francesco and her child, she loved best upon earth; she was far away from her, and it was long, very long, since they had met. Beatrice was one evening sitting with her child, when she was startled by the sound of strange footsteps approaching. She had been worse for some days, and was languidly reclining on cushions near the balcony, gazing on the water, and thinking of one whom she felt she should never meet again, when the door opened, and Lucrezia Carneggio entered. Great as was her joy at seeing her, and deep as was her affection for her, she felt that her sudden arrival portended some ill, and her first exclamation was, 'Tell me all, I can bear any thing now!' Her friend gently soothed her, and broke to her the intelligence, that Francesco had taken leave of them, and was gone no one knew whither. He had told Lucrezia every thing, and the distressing account she gave of his state of mind, and his frantic violence, half distracted poor Beatrice.

From that day she was an altered being; her health sank, and she drooped gradually, till at last her life hung by a thread, as it were. She used to be placed on a couch on the balcony, where she would lay for hours, not speaking, and hardly breathing.

"One evening as she was lying there, she felt some one lightly touch her hand, and on looking round, she saw a figure

enveloped in a cloak, standing gazing at her. She looked, breathless with fear and surprise, and before the stranger could utter the half formed word "Beatri—ce!" she had screamed, rather than spoken, "Francesco!" and fainted away. On recovering, she found him hanging over, telling her how he had left his home, his friends—how he found that existence was a blank, society grown hateful to him, and how he had secluded himself in some wild spot where he could spend his days and nights in undisturbed thoughts of past hours, and where he might, in memory, at least, still be with her. She heard him calling her *his own*, imploring her to leave all and follow him to his mountain home.

"He knew not of her illness, and thought that her apparent weakness was owing to agitation at his sudden and unexpected appearance;—she was endeavouring to tell him, that there was little of life left in her, and imploring him not to disturb her last moments with the struggles of passion, when steps were heard approaching—she faintly pronounced the word Addio! he pressed her madly to his breast, rushed to the edge of the balcony, and before he had reached his gondola, her head had dropped on her bosom, and she was no more.

"Ludovico could not be made to comprehend his loss. He saw her laid on her bier, robed in white, with a crown of white roses round her head, not more beautifully and spotlessly pure than her own heart and form; he saw the smile of inexpressible sweetness which still lingered on her lips, looking as though she had never known sorrow;—her marble chiselled features, if possible, more lovely in death than they had been in life; he saw all this, and he laughed with the silly laugh of a child, pleased with it knows not what.

The day after her remains had been laid in the lone, cold, tomb, her mother and child on going to pray and weep over her grave, found the tomb broken open, and no vestige left

of her they loved so well. No intelligence was ever gained on this subject, and the remains of Beatrice were lost to her family, and to Venice for ever. Ludovico died soon after, Francesco disappeared, and Bianca and her grandmother were the only survivors of this family, and the two persons whose appearance had so strongly excited my interest as I saw them land from their gondola on the Chiaja.

We left Venice, and when we were travelling some weeks after over some of the wild mountain passes, we passed by one of those little crosses dedicated to the Virgin, or some saint, which are so common in every part of the Continent; near this was a building, which consisted of nothing but the stones of the country, unhewn, roughly placed together, and which bore the appearance of being half a cave and half a dwelling; for in one part of it were windows, a door, and a chimney, whilst the other was like a rude chapel. On asking for some account of all this, we were told, that some years ago a troop of banditti, who had been in the fastnesses for some months, scoured the country round, and kept every one in terror and dismay for some days, that then they disappeared suddenly, and that this building had been in the interim erected. When we enquired who inhabited it, we heard that its tenant was rarely seen, but when purchasing provisions at the adjacent villages, that no one had ever entered the dwelling, that its occupant appeared to be young but half a maniac, and that all the mountaineers had a superstitious fear of him.

It was not till some years after, on my revisiting this spot, that I heard the conclusion of this sad story. For several months after I had seen it, the cottage and its inhabitant appeared to remain in the same state, till suddenly the recluse ceased to appear at the neighbouring hamlets, and the peasantry, apprehending something wrong, forced open the door, and found him a corpse. They then discovered that the inside of the dwelling which excited so much curiosity, con-

sisted of bare walls, a bench, and some dried leaves, on which lay the body of the long lost Francesco; and that there was, separated from this part by a partition, a shrine and tomb of exquisite workmanship, strewn with flowers hardly withered, and on which no record was placed but the word

BEATRICE!

B. H.

SONG.

BY THE LADY E. STUART WORTLEY.

AWAKE to the sound of my sighing,
Breeze, gentle breeze of the night!
Like an echo awake thou, replying
To my grief's bitter wailing aright.

Let me think it is Nature thus mourning,
Deep Nature and sorrowful Night;
For my soul and my heart I am scorning,
Thus bowed beneath Sorrow's cold blight.

Wake then to the sound of my sighing—
Breeze! quiet breeze of the night!
In the tones of thy sinking and dying,
Perchance thou may'st chime it aright.

And oh! not alone with my sighing,
Be burthened, sweet breeze of the night;
This soul—to which none are replying,
Bear *that* too with thee on thy flight!

EISGRUB.

ON THE DEATH OF A LITTLE GIRL
'TWO YEARS' OLD.

BY MISS CAMILLA TOULMIN.

DEAR ONE! I cannot grieve that thou art dead,—
Yet is my heart not cold nor harden'd grown;
Most beautiful! for thee no tears I shed,
Though tears,—I, for a lighter sense, have known.
Frail was the "silver cord" which held thee here,
Nought but the breath of chill mortality;
Thy *spirit* was not bound to this low sphere,
By the false hopes which make it hard to die;—
Sweet child! thou art but from a strange land riven,
And bid to take thy homeward flight to Heaven!

Not thus at other ages is it found,
For life has weeds, whose gaudy heads uprear,
And binding us with earthly tendrils round,
Only grows ranker with each added year.
By thy young mother to the mirror raised,
Who, at thy beauty, all forgot her own,
And with pet words thy features fondly praised,
And music found in each imperfect tone;—
When she, to gaze, threw back thy sunny hair,
Thou hadst no thought of the round earthworm's fare!

And she doth mourn thee now with bitter tears!—

Her lot has been of all that love can know,
She doth not ponder over coming years,

Or doth forget that *woman's* weal or woe
Rests on a single chance.—Or had she learn'd

For thee, a prize in love's strange lottery?
Could she secure thee from love unreturn'd,
Or cold, unloved, unloving destiny?
Victims to such have deemed the grave could bless,
And the sleek earthworm's kiss—a dear caress!

And pain did reach thee, in her warm embrace;—

With childhood's woof is woven sorrow's thread;
But safe, the turfy couch—thy resting-place,
And holier, sweet one, than thy cradle bed.

Would she recal thee,—were there fabled spell?

No,—let her think (and she will kiss the rod)
That now thy spirit, purified, shall dwell

E'en in the presence of thy Saviour God!
Therefore, sweet child, for thee no tears I shed,
Therefore I cannot grieve that thou art dead!

EVA; OR, THE SLAVE GIRL.

BY THE HON. CHARLES B. PHIPPS.

THE sea breeze was blowing freshly, as a large vessel entered the beautiful basin of Montego Bay, in the Island of Jamaica. A boat was speedily lowered, and as the oars sparkled and glittered in the sun-lit waves, Alfred Seldon had time to gaze with eager admiration upon the novel and brilliant scene that was expanded before him. The neat little town of Montego Bay, with its dazzling white walls, shaded by the cool green verandahs, and interspersed with gardens, was reflected in the clear blue waves of the Caribbean sea. Around the town lay a rich valley of productive ground, in the highest state of cultivation. The bright green of the young sugar cane was blended with the varying verdure of the maize and Guinea-grass, while here and there the tall cocoa-nut tree and the bushy mango, marked the clustering humble habitations of the negroes; whilst the distant mountains, clothed with vegetation to the very summit, formed as it were a frame to this beautiful picture. Alfred found himself at once in a new world. The vessel in which he had left England, upon hearing that a small property in Jamaica had devolved upon him, by the death of his uncle, had touched at no port upon its outward passage, and he had therefore seen no land, from the time when the "white cliffs of Albion" were obscured in their native fog, until the high and richly clad hills of "the Isle of Streams," glanced in the brightness of a tropical sun.

"Welcome, Massa Buckra!"*—"How do, Massa Buckra?"

* *Buckra*, in Negro language, a white man.

—"How Massa do, sar?"—"Heigh! him handsome Buckra, for true!"

Such were the sounds, repeated in a hundred different modulations of stunning negro vociferation, which hailed the landing of the "new Buckra" upon West Indian soil. The property of which Seldon had become proprietor was situated in the mountains, but a few miles distant from Montego Bay, and the vessel happening to arrive at her destination upon a Saturday, the slaves' market-day, they, with their usual indefatigable curiosity, had soon discovered that "new massa for them" (as they called him) had arrived, and hastened in their warm-hearted though rude manner to welcome the arrival of the master of their persons, and the arbitrator of their destinies.

Old Mr. Seldon, Alfred's uncle, had been a very extensive proprietor of West India estates, and in the palmy days of occidental prosperity, had realized a large fortune, living upon his plantations, and himself superintending their cultivation. However, the improvidence too often characteristic of the creole* race, for he was a native of Jamaica, had gradually, as worse days supervened, wasted the wealth which his previous industry and care had accumulated. Still, as he was unmarried, his nearest English relatives looked to him as the mine of their future wealth, and Alfred, who was his only nephew, was looked upon as a young man of great expectations, was universally well received, was asked to dinner, when equally agreeable nephews with less opulent uncles were only invited to balls, and was sure of "a lift" home, while unexpected youths were allowed to change their last sovereign to pay their fare in "Hansom's Patent." Great, therefore, and overwhelming was the surprise, horror, and indignation, of all the

* *Creole*, a native, not as is often imagined, "a person of colour." The term is applied to beasts as well as man, and it is common to hear of a creole horse or creole cow.

ramifications of the Seldon family, when, about four or five years before the period at which our little history begins, "old Seldon," as he had always been called by his unseen relatives, arrived in England, accompanied by a wife, whom he had married but the year before, and two daughters, of the unfortunate tell-tale age for the character of Mrs. Seldon, of fourteen and thirteen. The poor old creole, who had up to this time borne the character of "a dear old man," and had usually been designated as "good old Seldon," became at once a brute, and a wretch of the worst description—the joint essence of Bluebeard and Don Juan appeared at once to have commingled in his nature; and when it was discovered that he intended to give his daughters the best possible education, and to raise them to a sphere far indeed exalted above that in which their poor degraded *slave* mother had passed many years of her life, the fury of the whole body of relatives and connections knew no bounds.

Alfred alone of the discontented faction had visited his uncle at his home; and, if he was startled at the peculiarities of his aunt, more, far more, was he astonished to find his two cousins most superior in every thing that distinguishes well-educated and ladylike girls. That they should be beautiful did not surprise him, for he had often heard of the charms of the descendants in the second or third generation from the mulatto race; but that they should be possessed of manners, and accomplishments, and even sound knowledge and information, which placed them in immeasurable superiority to the herd of giggling girls, that tittered and tossed their heads whenever their names were mentioned, was an unexpected addition to the pleasure that he felt in soothing the wounded feelings of the kind old uncle. He did not, however, long enjoy this pleasing occupation; for Mr. Seldon having placed his daughters at one of the best schools that England boasted, and finding his spirit daily tortured by the indignities to which

he saw his unoffending wife subjected,—she who had loved, tended, and nursed him,—whilst those, who now in the pride of their untried virtue scorned her, had but speculated upon his death as the date of their aggrandisement, the poor old man, thus driven from the haven of rest, the land of promise to which his hopes had pointed during a life of toil and anxiety, re-embarked for the West Indies, accompanied only by the humbled partner of his griefs. The irritation and cares of his short and unhappy residence in England had, however, been too much for the weakly constitution of the feeble creole: shortly after he sailed, he became so ill as to be unable to quit his cabin, and before half the voyage was completed, his body was committed to the waves. And where could his spirit have found a more congenial resting-place? He had abandoned the land of his birth, to be rejected and scorned by that of his adoption. Happy for the poor old man was the termination of his cares, the quieting of his vexed heart.

But what was the sentence that had gone forth against the wretched partner of his early faults? She could not return to the society of the miserable degraded slaves, from amongst whom she had sprung—she dared not aspire to mingle amongst the virtuous. Her daughters, whom she had left in England, she never might hope to see again—her presence would destroy them—the very knowledge of their relationship would drive them from society. There was one bright spot still in the dark clouds that surrounded her destiny,—her little Eva, her darling, her favorite youngest child, whom she had left in Jamaica, in consequence of her being too delicate to accompany them in their voyage to England,—the cherub of such surpassing beauty, that even the haughty white creole ladies deigned to turn round as she passed to admire her—the angel of goodness, whose gentleness and warmth of heart was the endless theme of the extempore Christmas songs of the happy negroes upon her father's estate.

At the breaking out of the insurrection in St. Domingo, a French widow lady had fled from the horrors of that awful period, and landed in Jamaica, saved indeed from outrage and murder, but plunged into total ruin, and threatened with utter destitution. Her husband had been a correspondent of old Seldon, and the kind planter, upon accidentally discovering her in Kingston, where she had landed, had immediately offered her a residence at the mansion house, or "great house," as the West Indians call it, upon one of his estates, which adjoined that upon which he himself lived, and there, with the services of the negroes about the house, and the uncontrolled command of whatever the estate produced, the old lady had passed a happy, retired, and not useless life; for as her benefactor's daughters grew up, (though of course she could not associate with their unfortunate mother), she undertook the entire management of their education, and with such success, and such cleverness did she perform her self-assumed task, that not only were the happiest hours of the young girls lives passed in Madame Ribaud's school-room, but when she took leave of them, with a nearly broken heart, upon their departure for England, her chief consolation, next to being allowed to retain her little pet Eva, was the feeling that no young lady in aristocratic England, could be degraded by association with her *élèves*. To the care of this excellent lady had the beautiful Eva then been committed by her doating parents, and the heart of poor Mrs. Seldon felt a fresh glow—and her still handsome countenance shone with some of its former fire, as she counted the days, nay, numbered the hours in her mind, that must elapse before she should clasp this only remaining treasure to her breast. But even this was not to be, this gleam of delight was denied her. Shortly after the vessel in which Mrs. Seldon was a passenger, entered the dangerous region of hurricanes, all the usual prognostics foretold the approach of one of these scourges of the Western

Atlantic. The mercury in the barometer suddenly fell several inches, dark clouds covered the sky, a still and oppressive calm scarcely moved the light vane that hung upon the ship's side, whilst a heavy rolling swell caused the sails to flap violently against the mast. Every precaution was taken that prudence and long experience could suggest; nevertheless, when the fearful storm at last broke upon the vessel—after losing one of the masts, the captain declared that it was impossible to attempt to hold their course, and scudding before the blast, the vessel was carried to the coast of Cuba—where the passengers were landed, in order that the ship might undergo the necessary repairs. Hence, however, the poor quadroon widow was never fated to depart. She was seized with sickness in the wretched town of St. Jago de Cuba, and her enfeebled constitution soon gave way before the attacks of fever. She died, breathing a fervent prayer for her poor deserted orphans.

Having thus far retraced our steps to make our tale intelligible, we will now return to Alfred Seldon, whom we left upon the shore of Montego Bay, admiring the thousand wonders that in every direction presented themselves to his astonished eyes. He was surrounded by a crowd of half-dressed blacks, with shining skins, and brilliant teeth, laughing, jumping, shouting with delight at the arrival of their new massa. He saw about him heaps of unknown fruits and vegetables, and he heard a confusion of sounds, which, though they appeared to be meant for English, were totally unintelligible to his ears. Luckily for his senses of sight, hearing, and smelling, none of which were much gratified by the active enthusiasm of his new ebony admirers, he found a domestic negro awaiting his arrival with a gig, and a letter from the attorney of his late uncle's properties, who had now become his executor, inviting Alfred to pass at his house, the time

that must elapse before the dwelling, of which the young Englishman had become proprietor—should be rendered habitable. Speedily did our hero mount the vehicle, with as little delay were his portmanteaus strapped to the backs of active mules, and away they rattled,—Alfred flattering himself that he should at last be freed from the attentions of his persecuting friends; but little did he calculate upon the perseverance of an excited negro, and as the greater part of the road was on an ascent, that prevented speedy locomotion, he found himself still surrounded by a dense crowd of chattering, perspiring negroes, dimly seen through the clouds of dust raised by their shuffling splay feet.

Thoroughly exhausted by heat, noise, and the motion of the rough shanderidan, young Seldon had little opportunity of admiring the extraordinary beauties of nature, which presented themselves on every side, until he arrived at the “Great House,” of “Happy Valley Estate,”—which, with the usual local correctness of Jamaica nomenclature, was perched on the summit of a mountain of considerable height. At the door of this mansion he was received by Mr. Robert M’Allspice, the executor of his late uncle, and as it subsequently appeared, the proprietor of “Happy Valley,” which he had purchased when a large portion of the Seldon estates had been sold to satisfy creditors, and pay off legacies. M’Allspice was in appearance, manners, and character, a thorough planter.* With a broad red face, and open good-humoured countenance, he bore the appearance of occasional intem-

* In calling Mr. M’Allspice, as described here, a thorough planter, I mean of course to maintain the likeness, merely as far as this opening description extends, and the many phantoms of my quondam Jamaica friends, that now flit before my fancy, assure me of the correctness of the portraiture; but most sorry should I be to attempt to fix upon the character of planters generally, all the obloquy that may, before we have done with him, attach itself to Mr. M’Allspice.

perance and uncertain temper. Hospitable without limitation, and warm and hearty in his manner, there was a coarse vulgarity in some of his expressions, and a thoughtless violence in his sentiments, which made one tremble for those wholly subservient to his will, and subject to the vagaries of his wayward disposition.

A broad-brimmed Panama straw hat shaded his rubicund expanse of face. The open collar of his shirt displayed his brawny sun-burnt throat, whilst a linen short jacket and trowsers, enveloping the largest possible corporation, and the smallest possible legs, completed his costume.

"How dy'e do—how dy'e do, young sir? Welcome to the parish of St. James's. Come in and take a long drink* after your hot ride!" Such was the salutation that met Alfred as he descended from his vehicle.

Most lovely was the view that greeted the eyes of the new comer, as he reclined in a comfortable Spanish arm-chair, under the shade of the cool verandah—the fresh sea breeze, loaded with the perfume of a hundred orange trees, fanning him as he gazed around.

The house was placed upon an eminence of short green herbage, which sloped gracefully to a glade below, where were seen the close clustering negro huts, occasionally visible through the trees and plants which shaded, and almost concealed them; hence upon this holiday, came the hum of merry voices, and on the green were to be seen crowds of negro children, in every gradation of age and nudity; gambling and shouting with all the exuberance of unchecked African delight. The prospect extended over successive ridges of universally wooded hills, until they met the bright blue of

* "A long drink," as it is invariably termed in Jamaica, consists of a draught of porter cup, sangaree, or any other cool beverage, contained in a tumbler of Brobdignagian dimensions.

the glittering sea, fretted and lighted by the white breakers, which the fresh breeze hurried before it to the shore. Nearer to the house might be seen a rich grove of fruit trees, which served as a screen to conceal the garden. The bushy mango, with every variety of the perfumed citron, were fluttering in the wind, whilst the tall cocoa-nut, and cabbage palm bowed gracefully their lofty heads; the broad leaf of the plantain floated like a green banner, and the purple stem of the banana bent lowly in obedience to its power. Around skimmed a hundred bright and jewel-tinted humming birds, glancing in the sun, and thrusting their long bills into the gaudy flowers, scattered in profusion upon the sloping beds, whilst gigantic butterflies, dressed in all the hues of the rainbow, and twice the size of the tiny birds, fluttered from blossom to blossom, or hung in the air, revelling in the warmth and light of tropical day. Long, very long did Alfred sit enjoying the beauties thus presented to his view, until his host reminded him that it was time that he should prepare himself for second breakfast, as the mid-day meal is in Jamaica called.

Alfred had been for some time engaged in his room, and having completed his toilette, was coming into the hall to enquire for some part of his baggage, when, as he quietly opened the door, his sight and attention was attracted by a vision more attractive even than the glorious display of Nature's richest works that had been stretched before him in the prospect we have endeavoured to describe. Kneeling upon one knee, upon the low sofa before the window, with her lovely head resting upon a small white hand, leant a young girl of such exquisite beauty, that our hero stood mute with wonder and admiration. Her skin was of the purest white, untinged with the slightest red; but so fair, so clear was the complexion, that not a trace remained by which it could be suspected that she bore the most remote relationship to the proscribed African

race. Her glossy black hair escaped in long ringlets from the gracefully arranged handkerchief around her head, for she was dressed in the common attire of the domestic slave girls, but put on with so much taste, that it looked more like a costume adopted for a fancy ball, than the habitual dress of the wearer. The expression of her face was fraught with the deepest melancholy; and as Seldon watched her eyes, which seemed fixed upon the vessel in which he had arrived, and which now lay at anchor in the bay, he could trace the silent tears, as they coursed each other down "in piteous chace."

The voice of M'Allspice was heard in front of the house, and the girl hastened from the window without knowing that she had been observed by our hero, who, as soon as he was seated opposite to his host, inquired of him who the beautiful girl could have been who had so strongly excited his admiration.

"Oh! one of the brown girls about the house, I suppose," answered M'Allspice; "there are plenty of them handsome enough; but take care, young gentleman, do not you get entrapped by one of them; remember your uncle's unhappy fate. Besides, I will have no poaching here; when you get to Mount Prosperous you may do as you like, but I'll have no love-making with the mulattoes here."

"But the person I saw," said Alfred, "could not be a mulatto; she was fairer, and her skin purer than most Europeans."

"Oh! you will see plenty of them fair enough on the outside, for that matter. Why, I've known two mulatto sisters even, one with all the marks of the nigger, woolly hair and all, and the other as fair as an English beauty; aye! and with light ringlets; but when you get to the quadroons, the next generation, you can hardly tell them from Europeans; but they are all the same inside, the most ungrateful, vain, inso-

lent, proud race! Oh! damn 'em! a nigger's bad enough, but not to be named with a brown woman!"

Unsatisfactory as this summary of the mulatto character was to Seldon, he determined, as every one should upon arriving in the West Indies, to judge for himself, and to watch an opportunity of conversing with the beautiful slave girl. When he retired to his bed at night, as he tossed from side to side, feverish with the heat, the enforced hospitality of the jolly planter, and the unremitting persecutions of the mosquitoes, the pale melancholy face, bedewed with tears, still flitted before him; and the oftener it presented itself to his imagination, the more he became convinced that the countenance was not wholly unfamiliar to him; but this he attributed to that extraordinary and inexplicable working of the mind by which some event or speech, as it occurs, sometimes appears to us to have before taken place, either in a previous existence, or in an early but forgotten period of the present life; and as he pursued this idea, the brain of Alfred became confused with metaphysical problems, fatigue, and the fumes of sangaree, and he sunk into a deep sleep.

It was late in the morning when Alfred roused himself the next day, and particularly late for the habits of West Indian life. The negro who attended him, informed him that M'Allspice had early gone down to "the Bay upon business," Sunday being the usual day for these excursions, and would, most probably, not return until the evening, but had ordered a riding horse or a gig to be at his disposal, in case he should like to visit his own estate, which was within an easy riding distance from Happy Valley. Hastily dressing himself, and despatching his breakfast, Alfred sallied forth, delighted to be independent and alone, and intent upon exploring some of the scenes that he looked upon more distantly on his arrival. As he strolled over the velvet lawn in front of the house,

doubtful in which direction first to commence his ramble, the sound of a female voice singing with considerable taste, from under the shade of the grove of fruit trees, at once decided Alfred, as it naturally would all young men with a tinge of sentiment in their composition, and he hurried forward not without hopes that the concealed songstress might prove to be the fair mourner of the day before. As he approached unperceived amongst the thick foliage of the crowded trees, his astonishment at the style in which the song was executed, was very considerably increased by catching the words of a well-known plaintive French romance; nor was he destined to be disappointed in his hopes as to the identity of the performer, for, as he came in sight of the fair slave girl, who had been sitting, employed in needle work, under the shade of an orange tree, she sprang upon her feet, and, with a low curtesy, prepared to return to the house.

"Do not run away, my pretty girl," said Alfred, "I am a stranger here, and want some person to direct me to an easy and shady walk. Can you give me any information?"

"Oh! yes, indeed, sir, I can," she replied, "for I was born on the estate, and know every path and shady retreat in it."

"She is then only a slave girl, after all," thought Seldon, who had been conjuring up all sorts of poetic visions—"I am glad to find you in better spirits," recommenced he—"you seemed melancholy when I saw you yesterday. Had any thing happened to annoy you?"

"Did you see me yesterday?" she replied, with a blush which proved that she could look even more beautiful than with her unbroken whiteness—"I was in hopes that no one had witnessed my folly."

"Why folly? I think you would not weep without a cause."

"Were I to weep, sir, whenever I have a cause," she replied, mournfully, "I should pass a life of tears, for I am a slave!"

but it is sinful to weep over a destiny that cannot be altered. No, sir, it was not for that you saw me sad. I am becoming used to that—but there was a vessel riding in the Bay which arrived from England yesterday, and, as I looked upon it, my thoughts flew to that happy country, and I allowed visions to arise before me which I had better not permit my mind to dwell upon—but you would be shown a path, sir.”

“There is no hurry. Tell me what visions could the sight of an English vessel create for you? and why do you call England happy? Believe me, my poor girl, there are many there who have less hopes of happiness than you.”

“Less hopes of happiness! Oh! no, sir; no! I am not so ignorant, so wild in my words, as you may think. Less hopes of happiness! Oh! no, no; there are many I know, I have heard, I have read, starving, cold, and hungry, without habitation or food, who toil from the early morn until the dark night, and return to wife and children without enough to satisfy their craving appetites, or the means to check or alleviate the pangs of disease—but they are free. Oh! sir, what an immeasurable distance is marked by that little word, between physical and mental misery. Better times may come for the destitute and the starving—a faint gleam of hope penetrates the gloom perchance even of their dwelling of wretchedness and sickness, and they are free; but what hope can there be for the slave?—riches, plenty, luxury, I may enjoy, but I am still a slave—still I am the creature of another being, less erring, perchance, but not less prone to err than myself. Against his will I have no appeal—against his wrongs I have no redress.”

“I did not mean to wound your feelings,” replied Alfred, startled and alarmed at the burst of passion that he had unintentionally produced—for the unhappy slave was now pressing her hands to her face, and weeping bitterly—“little did I

think that any of you mourned your situation so strongly, so deeply! Habit, I had been taught to believe, generally robbed the name of slavery of its disgrace."

"Oh! and so it may, sir! To most, I believe it does; but I, sir, had better hopes for many years. I little thought that I should—but what have I been saying!" exclaimed she, suddenly starting with an alarmed expression;—"who are you, to whom I have thus been pouring out my secret thoughts? You are not, surely, the young Englishman that arrived yesterday?—you are, I see you are! Oh, young sir!" she continued, imploringly, as she dropped upon her knees, and turned her beautiful eyes, wet with tears, upon him. "You will not betray me—in pity—in honour, as a gentleman, do not betray me; you know not what misery you may entail upon me. Should my master but know that I had breathed a word to you—that you had seen a tear in my eyes—nay, that I had even allowed you to look upon me, God only knows what new misery, what new indignity, might be prepared for me. But you will not, I see you will not. Your countenance speaks nothing but goodness and compassion; you will keep poor Eva's secret."

"Indeed, Eva," answered Seldon, much moved, "I would not cause you a moment's additional pain for worlds; but there is some mystery in all this. Confide in me freely, and be assured, that whatever a friend can do to assist you I will attempt."

"Oh!" she replied, as a bright smile mingled with her tears, "if you knew how sweet that word friend sounds to my ears—for it is long since I have heard it guilelessly spoken. Thanks!—oh! the deep, unspeakable thanks of a seared heart are yours, for even those expressions of kindness. You shall know all, but not now; I am so strictly watched that I dare not speak to you more now. Another time—another time."

Indeed, indeed sir, there is mystery—much mystery and deep wrong in the tale I will tell you. But hark! I hear the sound of wheels; my master is returning. I dare not be seen with you above all persons. Again and again, may God bless you for your kindness to poor Eva!” and so saying, she glided amongst the trees and disappeared from his sight, leaving Alfred in a state of stunning astonishment that made him doubt whether the scene that he had witnessed was reality or the continuation of some fanciful dream.

Several days passed and Alfred saw nothing more of the young slave girl. He knew not whether to attribute this to her being elsewhere employed, or that she feared to be seen by M'Allspice, who was now constantly engaged in the neighbourhood of the house, superintending the cultivation of his coffee and pimento. Our hero in the meantime began to weary of the society of the coarse and vulgar planter, and felt that he had made no progress in the business which had brought him to Jamaica. Still some spell bound him to Happy Valley, he could not leave the pretty Eva to her fate without some further inquiry into the mystery which she had avowed to exist; nay more, he could not make up his mind to leave his present abode without seeing her, and listening to the music of her voice once more. Often he asked himself whether it was possible that the enthusiastic romance of his disposition could so far conquer his reason as to lead him to fall in love with a coloured slave girl, almost at first sight. Nay, he was not quite such a fool as that! By a strange perversity, however, the more he derided the idea the more strongly it recurred, until at last he worked himself into a state of irritation which he could endure no longer.

One day after dinner, M'Allspice had left him alone in the hall, having gone out to examine some part of the work, when, as old Alexander, the negro butler, was clearing away the

glasses and plates, the idea struck our hero of inquiring from him the cause of Eva's absence.

"Alexander!" said he, in consequence of this determination, "where has Eva gone these last few days?"

"Who, massa?—Missie Eba?" replied the negro with a glance of alarm—"Massa please no ask for him*—Massa Allspice no can bear for 'peak 'bout him to Massa Seldon."

"And why not, my fine fellow,—is there anything so extraordinary in my inquiring after so pretty a girl?"

"No, massa, no," said Alexander, pleased at being called a fine fellow. "No 'straordinary—no!—natural enough for true, for massa wish to savée about for him cousin."

"What on earth do you mean, Alexander?"

"Heigh! him no 'peak truth? Eba Seldon no cousin for massa? Heigh!"

"Good Heavens! can such a thing be possible!" exclaimed Alfred, a new light at once breaking in upon him—"Eva Seldon! it must be so. Tell me, my friend, tell me quickly—do you mean that Eva the slave girl, that I have seen here, is the youngest daughter of my uncle?"

"Heigh! massa, no savée dat?" said the negro, with a look of uncontrollable alarm—"Oh! massa, massa, me beg you quite hard, you no tell Massa Allspice poor nigger make you savée dat—Oh! massa, him make Alexander smell hell†—him too hard for nigger—him old man—him don't able for bear it."

With considerable difficulty did Alfred sooth the old man's alarm; but the negro's caution was now too much awakened

* *Him*—The negroes invariably use the masculine pronoun for the feminine.

† *Smell hell*—A metaphorical expression, used by most of the negroes for a flogging; and a pretty correct image too, when one considers the recumbent position, with their nose on the ground, in which they undergo the torture of the punishment.

for him to put himself more into the white man's power, and our hero could extract nothing further from him, except the repeated re-assertion that Eva was no other than the third daughter of old Mr. Seldon.

Into what a labyrinth of wonder and doubt did the knowledge of this fact plunge Alfred. When he remembered the position in society in which he had left her sisters in England, both having inherited considerable property at the death of their father,—when he recalled the terms of overflowing affection in which he had often heard his poor uncle speak of his favorite child, his delicate Eva,—how was it that she should now appear before him, lovely as she had been described, with more than the beauty of her sisters, and all their grace of manner, but in the lowly and abject situation of a domestic slave? “My poor, poor cousin,” said he to himself, “you must have been deeply, cruelly wronged; but if man can right you—never will I rest until it is effected.”

The sight of M^cAllspice now became hateful to him, for he felt that he must in some way be implicated in the atrocious injustice that had been done to poor Eva; for her sake, however, he dared not, until he had again spoken with her, question the planter upon the subject. The vision of the lovely girl, brought up as the petted child of rich and luxurious parents, subjected to all the wrongs and injuries of a slave, kept his mind in a tumult by day, and disturbed his slumbers with feverish dreams by night. In vain he extended his daily walks in every direction from the house, she never crossed his path, and at last, worn out by excited feelings, and jaded by the over-exertion of the body in that dangerous climate, our hero was prostrated by an attack of fever; and, he who had sworn to help another, lay powerless himself, with death hourly impending, his limbs without strength, his mind rioting in delirium. Often during the two or three days of his

utmost danger, when the violence of the paroxysms of his raving had caused him to sink back exhausted, could he feel a soft gentle hand bathing his throbbing temples, and a low sweet voice, which even then he recognized, praying him to swallow the sanative draught which her trembling fingers held to his lips, and he would open his dim eyes, and looking upon the angelic countenance that beamed with an expression of new-born hope upon him, he would remember that he had that yet to do for which he ought to wish to live: and he did recover—slowly and with difficulty, but yet surely and progressively did life and strength grow superior to the power of sickness. Eva never quitted his bed-side. He was *her* patient; the doctors had given him over, and left him; but she had never abandoned hope, and M'Allspice had willingly committed him, senseless and dying as he was reported to be, to her charge; and having left arrangements that his guest's funeral should take place immediately after his hourly expected decease, he set out upon a distant tour, to visit the different properties of which he had the management.

Delicious to Alfred—and happy, oh! too happy for poor Eva, were the fleeting days of his gradual recovery, which they spent together. He, still too weak to move, reclining on the couch, and she sitting at his feet, watched him as he slept, or endeavoured to beguile his waking hours by reading to him, or singing some plaintive song in her musical silvery tone of voice.

“My sad story is soon told,” she said, when Alfred one day questioned her as to the extraordinary events by which she had sunk to her present situation,—“and I fear, in this country, would be considered a very simple one. I was born on this estate, to which my poor mother formerly belonged as a humble slave. My father saw her, and loved her—for many—many years she lived with him, the partner of his joys, the solace of

his cares. True, no holy bond had hallowed their union, but judge her not too harshly: the invariable custom of this country—the ignorance of religious duties in which the slaves were in those days kept—her unshaken fidelity, and untiring attachment,—the blamelessness of her whole life, with this one exception, might have pleaded—aye!” she continued, lifting her eyes reverentially, “and I humbly, but confidently believe, have pleaded as some expiation of her sin. She bore my poor father four children, one son, alas! one worthless son, and three daughters, and as this family increased around him, my father began to look upon his poor ignorant quadroon mistress, more as the mother of his children, than as the creature of his will. He endeavoured to educate her mind, and opened to her the sacred truths of religion. It was too late in life for her to acquire much worldly information or accomplishment; but oh! how her thirsty soul gladdened to drink of the waters of eternal salvation!—how her heart swelled with noble pride to think, that humbled and degraded as her body might be, she had a spirit as free—aye! and as valuable in the sight of God, as that of the proudest white man! But with this knowledge, came fearful feelings of her own wickedness, and a hatred of her hideous sin. Like our first parents, her eyes were opened, and she was ashamed. She felt that she daily increased her guilt, and she was wretched. Long was the struggle in my father’s mind between the consciousness of his share in her constant self-condemnation, and the attacks of worldly pride. But, thank God! his kind heart followed its own dictates at last.”

“He married her!” interrupted Alfred.

“Yes! he married her, and once more she could lift her penitent prayers to Heaven; but blessed as this event was for my mother, it came too late for us—her children. Born of a slave mother, (for it was not until immediately before their

marriage, that she was made free), we were by law all slaves. True, my poor father never considered us as such, nor, I believe, did it ever enter into his mind that we could be so reckoned. Brought up in every luxury, attended by obsequious servants, educated by the kindest and tenderest of friends, it is not extraordinary that such an idea never suggested itself to us. When I was about eleven years old, now nearly five years' since, my father determined to cross the seas to England, to superintend the completion of my sister's education, and it was at first intended that I should have accompanied him, but happening to be attacked just at that time with sickness, I was left behind in the charge of Madame Ribaud.—Alas! fatal,—fatal illness!

“M'Allspice was at that time my father's attorney, and had the management of all his affairs. He used to visit this property where I lived frequently; remained sometimes for weeks; his open and careless manner took my childish fancy, and I became fond of him. He never arrived without bringing me some toys or sweetmeats, and it was always a holiday, and a joyous one, when the attorney called at Happy Valley. Once, and once only, did his manner startle me,—it was when he was checking me for some childish fault, that my blood rose with the supposed indignity, and I bid him remember his station, as my father's attorney. Often and often since has the fiendish look haunted me with which he muttered, ‘the time may come, young slave, when I may teach you a bitterer truth than that.’ This, however, made little impression upon me at the time. Years passed on, and as I grew up, the kindness and friendliness of M'Allspice (for so I had interpreted his manner), daily became less pleasing to me: I could not but observe, that those attentions which had been considered as goodnature towards a child, were altered to the tender assiduities of an admirer. When this idea became confirmed,

he grew hateful to me, and I avoided him most carefully,—but I must shorten a tedious narrative; the packet brought us the intelligence that my dear parents had left England on their return to Jamaica. Oh! how I counted the days until the vessel became due. Long, long before the swiftest gale could possibly have brought the wished for vessel, I was each morning on the summit of yonder high hill—sweeping the horizon with my glass—in the vain hope that I might be the first to descry the richly freighted bark. Week upon week, however, passed, and no tidings could we hear of those most dear to us. Many, many ships that had left England long after the one in which they took their passage, had arrived, and still no news of that precious one.

“One morning at last, as the sun rose—the long wished for sail appeared in sight—oh! what a flood of delight rushed into my young heart. There was some hesitation as to her identity amongst those conversant in shipping, for though she bore the expected signal, her masts and rigging appeared strange—but I would admit of no doubt. ‘To-day’ thought I, with tears of gladness in my eyes, ‘to-day I shall be pressed to the bosom of a father, a dear, dear mother.’ Oh! how I strained my sight to watch, as the vessel entered the bay, and the figures on board became distinct, for the waving handkerchief. A boat approached the shore. In a moment my hopes were crushed—you know it all—I was an orphan!” and Eva hid her face and wept.

“Poor, poor Eva!” whispered Alfred.

“It was indeed a heavy blow,” resumed she, after a pause, “I have suffered much, very much since then, but not all that I have undergone—no—nor all that I fear still awaits me, could ever equal the concentrated agony of that one day. Stunned by the excess of grief, it was some weeks before I could think of any thing but the irreparable loss that I had sustained. At

last I was rudely recalled to the cares and business of this life by Mr. M'Allspice, who insisted upon an interview—there was little of ceremony, less of delicacy in his manner of breaking to me the utter ruin that had overwhelmed me. It appeared by his account, that my father, neither in his will, nor in any other paper, had bestowed upon me my freedom. It was an oversight of his too affectionate heart. The idea of slavery had never in his mind combined itself with his darling child, and the proof that he had always considered me as a free person was, that in his will he bequeathed to me this estate, which he must have known to a slave, unable by law to possess landed property, would be a fruitless bequest; but the whole of his will had been carelessly drawn out. To my sisters, who both had become free by the magic touch of the soil of England, the home of liberty, he left estates, naming each by her name, and that of her husband, for they have both, thank God! married, but in mentioning me, he designated me as his “youngest daughter,” and thus, even had I been free, I was incapacitated as an illegitimate child from claiming the property, (for so the lawyers informed me), having no legal right to call myself his daughter. But these were minor causes of misery to me—what was wealth—what were possessions to me? I was A SLAVE! and who my master? The estates not specifically mentioned in the will, were by my poor father's direction, to be sold to pay off debts and legacies. This, as an unclaimed property, was disposed of—and M'Allspice, my father's attorney, my detested admirer, became the owner of the ground, and the wretched creatures that tilled it, that inhabited it. Amongst the rest—I—the favorite daughter of his late master—who had treated his presumption with merited scorn, became his creature—the powerless, the hopeless, the unprotected creature of his will.”

“Dreadful!” exclaimed Alfred, “this must never be!”

"It was—it is!" cried Eva, her eyes flashing fire, "I fear there is no power to protect me. Many days were not allowed to elapse before he made me feel the strength of his authority—the malevolence of his heart. His odious addresses were renewed, but with additions of insult and outrage, almost beyond human endurance,—he dinned into my ears my wretched lot—he bid me remember that I was his slave—he spoke to me of tyranny and hardship, he even hinted at the possibility of ignominious punishment;—he, the servant of my father, who had crept and cringed before him, dared to threaten me with the lash! Day after day, hour after hour did I submit to this persecution,—but I spurned him: thank Heaven, my heart never sank—my courage never quailed. I spurned him,—I made him shrink before words of more bitter contempt, than ever I could speak to one whom I knew to be my inferior. I soon found that his were no idle threats,—the hardest, the most degrading drudgery of the house was allotted to me. I was displayed before unfeeling and half drunken guests, as the proud and dainty slave,—insults were heaped upon me, but still, I thank my God! I could walk erect, for I had not sinned."

"Eva! poor wronged Eva!" cried Alfred, "how much, how cruelly have you been oppressed. As your nearest relation, it is my duty, and I here swear to see you righted."

"Beware—oh! beware, kind sir!" she answered, "lest in endeavouring to befriend me, you unknowingly cause me yet more cruel injury. Were my master to know that I had breathed a syllable of this sad, sad story to you, dreadful, I fear, would be his rage. I was forbidden, under pain of being driven to work in the field, to speak to you—even to let you see me; and it was not until your life was despaired of that I was allowed to attend your sick bed."

"And that life, which I owe to you, I will devote to your

cause. Trust me, my sweet cousin, trust to my prudence, I will be cautious;—but come what come may, at the hazard of my life I will protect you.”

A few days after this conversation, M^cAllspice returned from his tour, and though it was with difficulty that Alfred could sufficiently control his feelings to meet the hearty congratulations of the tyrannical planter upon his recovery, yet, for poor Eva’s sake, he restrained himself, and shortly led the conversation by a natural train to the subject of his uncle’s family.

“Oh!” said M^cAllspice at once, “so you have found out the little Eva. Yes! indeed it was a sad disappointment for her—she always expected that her father would have freed her.”

“Surely,—surely,” said Alfred, with difficulty speaking calmly, “it would be a simple act of justice, of gratitude, for you to do what her father so evidently intended.”

“Thank ye! thank ye! young gentleman,” answered the planter chuckling. “I must be as rich as old Seldon before I think of freeing a slave worth at least two hundred guineas, (which I should think Eva would fetch in any market); and then I do not see why I should do more for her than her own father.”

“Two hundred guineas!” exclaimed Alfred, “is it possible that the consideration of so paltry a sum can interfere to keep your late master’s child in slavery. Willingly, thankfully, will I pay that sum for her ransom.”

“Why, look you, Mr. Seldon; I should advise you to examine into your own affairs a little, and I suspect that you will find that the guineas in your agent’s hands are not so quickly counted in hundreds; and, as to keeping her father’s child in slavery, when you have been a little longer a resident in Jamaica, you will have some idea how many mulatto, qua-

droon, aye! and mestée slaves,* there are in the island, each of which must have had a white father. I do not see why one white man's child is not as good as another."

"We need not argue the matter," said Alfred, his passion rising, "I will be responsible for the money, whatever value you put upon Eva; or go to my estate, select such and so many slaves as you think equivalent, take them freely in exchange for this poor girl."

"Your humanity, Master Seldon, lies in a very limited compass, I think," answered M'Allspice. "So you would sacrifice any number of your own unoffending slaves, tear them from their homes, dear to them from long habit, to indulge in this pet bit of benevolence. But tut, tut, man!—do you think I am a fool, that I cannot see through it—the long hours of recovery are convenient times for love making—Eva is beautiful, and has caught your fancy; but I have a fancy as well as you. No doubt she prefers your home-bred white skin, to the hide-burnt rough old planter; but, luckily, she is mine, and not yours. She is lovely, I admire her, and am determined to possess her; she is proud and insolent, and I have sworn to humble her. There, now, you cannot say I have deceived you."

"Wretch!" cried Alfred, rising from his chair, "you have now indeed displayed your character in all its hideous and almost incredible deformity—but be sure I will thwart you—at the risk of my life will I defend the virtuous victim of your tyranny."

* The generations and gradations of mixed blood in Jamaica are named as follows:—

From White and Black parents . . .	Mulatto.
From White and Mulatto parents . .	Quadroon.
From White and Quadroon parents . .	Mestée.

The Sambo is retrograde in the scale, being between a Mulatto and a Black.

"Holla! holla! my young cock, do not crow so loud, if you please; upon my dunghill, at any rate. You are very free with that life which a fortnight since was not worth ten minutes' purchase. This, I suppose, is the return for all my hospitality; but I'll tell you what it is, my young Quixote, the evening is a fine one, your house at Bellevue is within a ride, and the sooner, for both our sakes, and Eva's too, that we part the better;—get to your own roost, manage your own people; and as for thwarting me, let me catch you interfering with my slaves, the law will be strong enough for you, and my own discipline strict enough to keep your ladye love in order. Here, boy, get a horse for Mr. Seldon, have his clothes packed up and sent this evening to Bellevue."

Difficult as it was to suppress his fury, Alfred had considered how powerless he in fact was, and how dreadful was the probability that all the anger of M'Allspice would be visited upon poor Eva. He, therefore, without again addressing the tyrant, mounted his horse, and sadly wended his way to his own lonely home.

A week passed, and our hero neither saw nor heard anything of the poor slave girl. He wandered, by day, as far as he dared towards Happy Valley, in hopes that by some accident she might cross his path; he dreamed of her by night, and wakened to listen to the rustling of the long broad plaitain leaves waved by the land breeze, and to fancy that he heard her light footstep. Was it pity alone that thus made her fill his waking thoughts and disturb his sleep? or was it not, that in this case, "Pity was," very, very near "akin to love?" The vision that flitted before him was lovely, lovelier far than any he had before looked upon; and it was clothed in purity so spotless, in patience so untiring, in virtue so humble yet so brilliant, that where, where in the wide world, could love find a more worthy object?

A week had elapsed when, in the middle of one night, as Alfred lay as usual awake, and mourning over the woes of his fair cousin, he started, as he thought he heard his name lightly breathed through the lattice of his window. Again!—he could not be deceived—it was Eva's voice; in a moment he had slipped on his clothes, and was at her side. "Eva, my poor Eva," said he, "you are exhausted, you are faint; come in and rest yourself, the distance hither has been too much for you."

"No, no," whispered she, "it is not that. Hush! speak low; life and death depend upon my not being discovered; this way, this way. I have awful things to tell you: below there is a thicket, where we cannot be overheard; but quick, quick, for I must have returned before daybreak."

"Never!" exclaimed Alfred.

"For Heaven's sake be cautious!" again whispered the trembling girl. "Now I can speak without fear;"—and she glanced timidly around—"but be silent, for I have much, and of most dreadful importance, to communicate."

"At any rate, sit down and rest your tired limbs," said Alfred, as he led her to the foot of a gigantic cotton tree.

"As soon as you left Happy Valley," commenced Eva, in a hurried tone, as they were seated, "all the smothered rage of M^r Allspice fell upon me. I was ordered to join the common gang of negroes in the field. In vain I pleaded my delicate constitution, the weakness of my limbs; threatened with the lash, I put my trust in my God to succour me, and went forth; and He did not desert me. The driver, though a negro, was a kinder hearted man than his white master, and favoured me. The negroes, who loved their late master, my poor father, exerted themselves, and completed my task in addition to their own. In return, I endeavoured to instruct them, and they were grateful. My master often came to visit

the plantation, and I managed in his presence to keep up a semblance of work of which, in truth, I was incapable."

"Villain!" said Alfred, "you shall pay for this."

"Oh! think not it was of this that I came to speak; not of myself, indeed, were my thoughts—but my time is short—by degrees I grew into the confidence of the negroes—they trusted me. You will remember my having mentioned to you that I had one brother: when quite a boy, alas! he became wild and unmanageable; he associated entirely with the negroes; and upon my poor father confining him to the house for some trifling boyish offence, he made his escape in the night, and was supposed to have joined some of the hordes of runaway slaves that dwell in the most inaccessible parts of the mountains. From that day we never saw him; his name was never mentioned in the family, and he was as though he had never been. My fellow-labourers, under strict oaths of secrecy, valueless in this case, last night informed me that he had become a general leader and adviser of the negroes throughout the island; that he had been long employed in perfecting a scheme by which, at one moment, the slaves in every different parish were to rise and seize upon their freedom by force. Furious at my degradation, of which he had heard, he had, through some of his agents, desired the conspiracy to be confided to me, hoping, that wronged as I have been, I should willingly join them. The plot is ripe, the match is fired. Oh, dear Mr. Seldon! the insurrection is to begin by a general slaughter of the whites, and the burning of all their houses. Oh! fly, sir, whilst yet there is time, whilst yet there is safety in flight; quit this cursed country, where you have witnessed nought but tyranny in the powerful, and treachery in the weak."

"My kind, my good Eva," answered Alfred, taking her hand, "nobody would hurt me; I have wronged none, I have injured none; there is no vengeance to be gratified by my death."

"Alas ! sir, trust not to that; when the violent passions of furious men are excited, when the war cry is shouted, and the hands are dipped in blood, think not the maddened multitude will stay to consider the character of their victims. Liberty is their object. Does not the mere fact of your being a possessor of slaves point you out as a barrier in their course that must be overthrown?"

"Were it even so," said our hero, "think you that I could abandon you to your fate—you, too lovely for your own safety, too refined, too delicate, to be able to herd with these savages? Could I, dearest Eva, think you, I could abandon you?"

"And whither, sir, should I go? should I fly to the nearest town, or to the more distant Kingston, to my dear friend Madame Ribaud, to be apprehended and punished as a deserter, and to entail upon her the penalties of encouraging and harbouring a runaway? should I remain here, to draw down upon you the fearful revenge of the revolted slaves, when they found, protected by you, her, the sister of their leader, who alone of all the faithful creatures to whom it had been confided, had betrayed to you their plot?"

As Eva spoke these words a slight rustling was heard in the leaves of the neighbouring thicket. They both started to their feet. The night was dark, and threatening clouds, in heavy masses, flew rapidly over the sky, the land breeze was nearly stilled, every thing betokened the coming storm.

In vain they closely examined the bushes from which the noise had proceeded, and they were at last satisfied that the sound had been caused by some snake or reptile gliding amongst the tall rank grass.

"Eva," said Alfred, as they resumed their seats, "listen to me: this is the second time that you have exerted yourself to save my life; once you succeeded, but nothing shall induce me this time to secure my own worthless safety at the price of deserting you. No, Eva, dearest Eva! let me carry you from

hence to lands where freedom, where happiness will await you, for your own sake, for my sake, dearest Eva, for the sake of one who fondly, passionately loves you."

"Oh! no, no, no!" exclaimed Eva, starting to her feet, and shuddering as she hid her face in her hands, "unsay it quickly, for mercy's sake! Alas! how have I feared this—how it has affrighted me whilst I have toiled for your friendship. Oh! think better of me, for pity's sake! True, I am a slave; true, the taint of African blood may still lurk in my veins; true, I am the offspring of sin and shame; but, oh! how fair a structure of hope I had built up, to be thus rudely crushed. You I thought, noble in your nature, kindly in your heart, unused to the hateful customs of this country, might have believed even the slave girl to be sincerely, though humbly virtuous; might have looked even upon poor Eva as unworthy of degradation and insult."

"My dear, my lovely cousin," answered Alfred tenderly, "for remember you *are* my cousin, do me more justice; believe me it was furthest from my mind to speak a word, to breathe a thought that the purest and proudest girl in England might not have listened to. As my wife, my own, my dearest Eva, as the wife of my bosom, would I go forth proudly with you;—aye! proudly; for where should I find loveliness or virtue more perfect? Fly with me, then," he continued, gently taking one of her hands that still covered her face;—"fly with me, my love, my wife, to some happier land." The head of Eva fell upon his shoulder as she wept long and violently.

"These are sweet tears," she at last said, raising her head mournfully, "these are tears of pride, of gratitude! but oh! how heavy a trial have you imposed upon me. I know this *must* not be. Your wife! oh—kind sir,—how nobly, yet how thoughtlessly was it said. No—alas! no! Your wife must be chosen from the gentle, and the good of your own country,

from those that you could see mingle with the highest and the first,—but *I*—I am sure you did not speak it in mockery, but think what I am; a slave, driven to the field to work, subject to the lash—aye! even now, perhaps, whilst I listen to these sweet, sweet words, and dream for a moment of a life of happiness, subjecting myself to a sentence of ignominy and torture!”

“Eva, I will never relinquish you. I have no friends proud and distinguished as you seem to think. Your father was the head of our family,—what disgrace then to wed with his daughter? Allspice has named the sum which will obtain your freedom. The disposal of this property will leave, after payment of that sum, sufficient for us to live contentedly in retirement in England. This surely is no fanciful plan. Could you love me, this surely were preferable to slavery.”

“Could I love you! Alfred,” she passionately exclaimed, “oh! how little you know me. If to die for you would be to be blest, if even slavery were happiness, were I to be *your* slave; to tend your wants by day, to sleep at your door by night; to have the privilege to look upon you, to hear you speak,—could I love you! but this must not be, I am weak again. Believe me, M^r Allspice would never accept the price of my freedom, least of all from you. Your property!—has not the intelligence I have given you proved it,—nay, even your precious life, worth less than a week’s purchase. Now, even now, whilst we speak, the knife is sharpened and the torch prepared, that will make your house a ruin, and from which the only safety is in flight.”

“And flight is now too late for traitors and tyrants,” cried a voice close to them; and, as at that moment, the bright lightning flashed, they sprang to their feet, as they saw a tall figure fully armed, a fowling-piece in his hand, a cutlass, and pistols in his belt, start from behind the broad trunk of the cotton tree, at the foot of which they had reclined.

"My brother!" shrieked Eva, as she shrunk towards Alfred for support.

The storm broke awfully above their heads,—the forked lightning glared and hissed around them. The rattling thunder was instantaneous with the flash, and the wind rushed furiously through the forest, the crashing of trees marking the progress of its power.

For awhile the three actors in this scene stood aghast—cowed by the majestic fury of Heaven, human passions, however strongly excited, were lulled into momentary quiet.

"Eva!" at last said her brother, for it was indeed he, who favored by the darkness, had watched her from M'Allspice's dwelling, and overheard in concealment, the greater part of the dialogue between her and Alfred,—*"flight cannot now be permitted to you, nor to your admirer there. You have broken your faith, you have betrayed the secret upon which depends the lives of thousands. I would have saved you—still I would save your life; you must join our retreat in the mountains."*

"Oh, no! I will not leave him," she cried, clinging to Alfred. "Brother, my dear, dear brother, you would not hurt him, he has been kind to me; he has soothed my wrongs—he loves me, dear brother, loves me as white man never before loved slave,—honorably, nobly. Edmund! you *could* not hurt him."

"This is no time for girlish love—he bears that about him, far, far more precious than one paltry life. He knows our secret, and for our safety he must die!"

"He is all honor, Edmund,—he will never betray you. I, dear brother, I, whom you have known from infancy, I pledge myself for his truth."

"You! weak girl—who but now have proved your shameless falsehood; but enough of this, ask me no more reasons. He is a white man, the master of slaves, for that I hate him, and for

that he dies!" he said fiercely—and in a momentary lull could be heard the sharp click of the fowling-piece, as he cocked both barrels.

"At least, not without a struggle," cried Alfred, as he sprung upon his assailant, and seized the pointed gun.

The conflict was desperate. Alfred was young, and more than commonly athletic, but he had hardly recovered his strength from his late illness; whilst Eva's brother, constantly accustomed to a life of anxious watchfulness and activity, had all the agile strength of a mountaineer. Alfred had presence of mind to discharge the fowling-piece harmlessly in the air. It was a fearful contest. The rebel chief felt that it was a fight for life and death. At one moment Alfred, naturally the strongest, had nearly thrown his antagonist to the ground, when the latter drawing with his left hand a pistol from his belt, put the muzzle to Alfred's breast—again a report was heard—a sad, shrill, piercing scream, and the young Englishman reeled, tottered, and fell to the ground.

The thunder again roared, the raging wind bent the tall trees even to the ground, as the bright lightning illumined the path for the rebel and murderer's flight to his mountain retreat. But poor Eva heard it not—a happy unconsciousness had mercifully obscured her senses, as she lay inanimate by the writhing body of her lover. Would that this insensibility could have lasted—Oh! had she then ceased to exist when the agony of death had passed! But soon, too soon she recovered, and the whole truth burst suddenly upon her.

"Alfred, my own beloved Alfred!" she cried, as she pillowed his head upon her lap, and endeavoured to staunch the gushing wound—"My love! my husband! look upon me—you will soon be well; the wound is not mortal—and we *will* fly together—and joy, joy unspeakable will be ours. Look up—in mercy look up!"

A smile crept over Alfred's pale lips, and his half-closed eyes beamed with an expression of fondest love upon her anxious countenance.

"Bless you! Eva,"—he feebly muttered—"you cannot go the journey that I am about to take. The wound, alas! is—— Lift me, Eva,—lift me under yonder tall tree—the chill rain falls upon me—it is torture—lift me!"

Endowed with unnatural strength, the weak girl drew her lover under the shelter of a cocoa-nut tree, whose broad leaves sheltered the dying man from the torrents of falling rain, for the storm raged with more fearful violence than ever.

"Grant me strength, O God! to bow before thy will," said poor Eva humbly, as she still supported the fainting man,— "but oh! 'twere bliss to be now made free with him."

"This is not rain," said Alfred tenderly— "I feel your warm tears upon my brow.—Bless you—bless you—my own Eva!— I feel—I know that you do love me."

"Compose yourself, my dearest Alfred," said Eva, a momentary hope arising at the less broken tones of his voice, "do not speak—all may yet be well—we may yet be happy—we may yet fly together, and——"

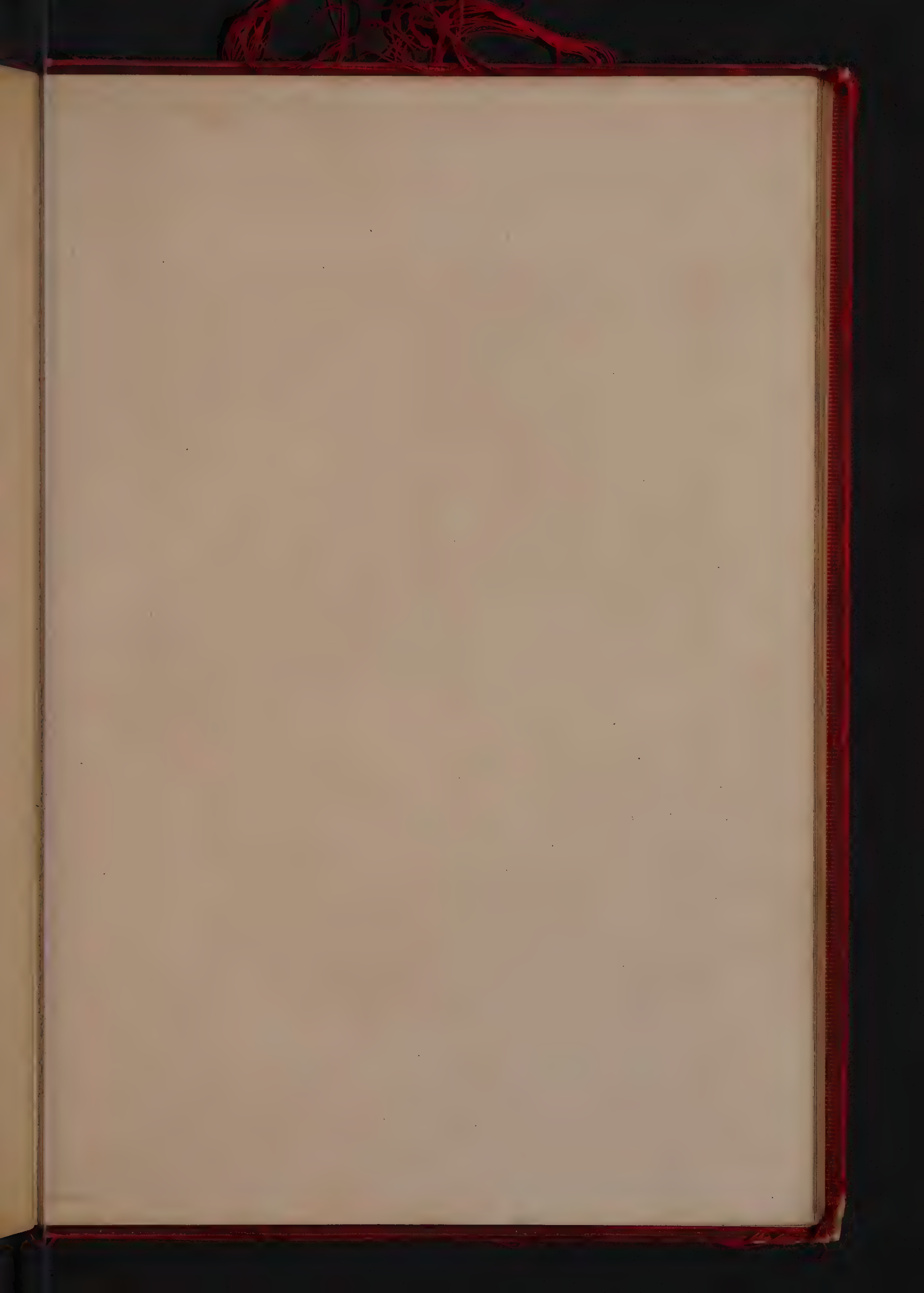
A brighter and more forked flash darted from the sky,— a peal, at the same instant, roared in the thousand echoes of the mountains, and a crash of trees might faintly be heard amid the din of elements, as the sheltering tree toppled and fell to the ground. Eva had drawn her arms closer around the body of her expiring lover, as if she, feeble mortal, could protect him from the lightnings of Heaven—she had blended her fate with his—her prayer had been heard—and as the bolt struck them twined in a close embrace—their congenial souls winged their way from earth—together and *free*.

The storm flew on, upon the wings of the wind,—the bright stars one by one shone from behind the dingy curtain,—a deep,

an unbroken silence reigned in the neighbourhood where the power of Heaven had been so awfully marked.

The next morning, the negroes belonging to Bellevue, after waiting long for their master's rising, sought him in vain through the house, but in extending their search to the surrounding thickets, they found two blackened corpses, hardly distinguishable, extended by the side of a tree that had been struck by lightning. Their death was easily accounted for, but the part that the rebel chief bore in the catastrophe was never known.

One short week, passed in the revelry of the Christmas holidays, intervened before the frightful rebellion, that laid one part of the beautiful island in ruins, broke out, and amongst the first properties attacked was Happy Valley. M^cAllspice, who had delayed until too late to join the militia at Montego Bay, was dragged from the burning ruins of his house by a savage multitude, and, pierced by a thousand wounds, fell dead at his own door. At each ingenious torture, at every fresh cruelty vented upon him, the wretched victim saw a countenance glaring upon him, the likeness of which was, alas! too familiar—and heard a loud voice that cried with a fiendish laugh—"This for the wrongs of Eva!—This for your insults to your master's daughter—her avenger's sister—the poor SLAVE GIRL!!"





J. B. Stock

W.H.M. to

FLORINE.

BY MISS A. FARRER.

A faultless form was thine, Florine, and scarcely did it seem
 To be of mortal birth, but more the beauty of a dream;
 A sadness dwelt around thee, breathing forth in ev'ry tone,
 And when we mourn'd thy loss, we felt Heav'n had but claim'd
 its own.

I see thee as I saw thee last, thy lute neglected lay,
 And from thy drooping head the wreath unbound had fall'n
 away;
 And e'en as they were thrown aside, as things of little worth,
 So hadst thou banish'd ev'ry thought which spoke to thee of
 earth.

No more from those sweet lips shall now the voice of song be
 heard,
 For silent are the tones which breath'd music in ev'ry word;
 And lovely as of old they were, the wreaths of spring may be,
 But the flowers of another year will bloom in vain for thee.

Oh! desolate is now the home thy beauty made so fair,
 And cheerless is the lonely heart which mourns thine absence
 there;
 Yet though unknown its sorrows be, its sufferings unseen,
 The hope, the light of life, are gone,—they died with thee,
 Florine!

THREE DAYS CHAMOIS HUNTING

IN THE NEIGHBOURHOOD OF THE DIABLERETS OF BEX.

BY VISCOUNT MAIDSTONE.

"The hills are a refuge for the wild goats."

Even so,
This way the chamois leapt; her nimble feet
Have baffled me; my gains to-day will scarce
Repay my break-neck travail.

MANFRED.

I FIND, by referring to an old journal, that I arrived at Bex, in the Pays de Vaud, on the 31st of September, 1836.

I had previously made several chamois hunting expeditions; two of them from Grindelwald, upon the Mettenberg and Wetterhorn, on which latter occasion we narrowly escaped with our lives, being surprised by a fog in the mountains, and obliged to come down at all hazards, although the day was fast closing, and the mountain was exceedingly dangerous. It was very lucky that we executed our descent, as the fog lasted three days; and, according to the chamois hunters, we should have been frozen to death before the morning. I shall never forget the plight in which we reached Grindelwald, at ten o'clock at night, having been on foot more than twenty hours.

This satisfied me for a month or more; but the passion for the chase returning, I found myself, on the morning of the

2nd of October, at the salt mines of Bex, in close consultation with an old miner (who had the character of being a *fameux chasseur*), arranging the plan of a three days' campaign, which I intended to be conducted on the most approved principles. We were to take with us three brothers, Ansermet; the old man, whose name was Morel, and his son; these, with Pierre* and myself, made a party of seven. We agreed to start the next day, in the direction of the Diablerets of Bex, and to sleep in a deserted châlet on the mountain of Ainzende, between the Grand Diableret and the Grand Movran.

October 4.—I had made all my preparations for the commissariat on the preceding evening; the chasseurs took their own provisions, so we reckoned that a leg of mutton, a ham, half a cheese, four or five loaves, four bottles of wine, some brandy, and a flask of *eau-de-cerises*, would be sufficient for Pierre and me.

The party were not in excellent humour at starting, as they considered themselves overloaded. Pierre in particular gave vent to his spleen, by declaring that he smelt no "*viande sauvage*,"† and would carry all we killed. For my own part, I had made it a rule in chamois hunting, never to believe that we had got the animal, until I should fairly see him mounted on some one's shoulders.

We now arrived at the last village on the mountain, and halted to bait, all the party drinking light *vin du pays* at my expense, each bottle costing one batzen, or little less than a penny halfpenny. I had now leisure to examine the costumes

* Pierre was the guide I took with me throughout the whole of Switzerland; he was a character in his way, but rather a coward.

† This phrase was originally employed by Pierre at Chamonix, in consequence of my having killed a hare running, to his immense delight and astonishment; upon this occasion he exclaimed emphatically, "*Ah, moi! je sentoits déjà le matin la viande sauvage.*"

and countenances of the chasseurs. They were stout, thick set, very short, and weather-beaten to such a degree, that one would have guessed their ages at twenty years beyond the mark. Old Morel's face was like the mummy heads of New Zealand chiefs, to be found in museums, and I puzzled myself to make out how, in spite of the resemblance, his countenance was still good *humoured* and pleasing.

The road lengthened itself out before us amazingly; and we had walked eight leagues instead of five, when we reached the chalet of Ainzende, an edifice, which I may be allowed to say, was only fit to shelter a Swiss cow in a hurricane. The good people who constructed it, had forgotten to leave any other opening than the door, so we were enveloped immediately in a cloud of green-wood smoke, which communicated to the eyes a very tolerable notion of the pain that might be produced by rubbing them with Cayenne pepper.

This state of affairs offered no inducement to sit up after supper, and we retired to our sleeping apartment; but not before I had had the misfortune, in consequence of an unusual whiff of smoke in my eyes, to let fall a rasher of ham, and a magnificent piece of toast, the very *beau ideal* of their respective species, into the centre of the fire. Laugh not, courteous reader! Such misfortunes are no laughing matter in the mountains; neither, peradventure, would you think them so.

We were to sleep on a platform extending half-way across the room, at the height of eight feet, ascended by a rickety ladder, without steps in every place where one expected to find them. Here we were packed together, like dominoes in a box, to make the most of the space. Pierre took up a position with his head close to my feet; consequently, whenever I moved, he got a good knock; add to which, he had a dream, during the course of which he suddenly got up and bumped his head against the roof: he showed me the bruise next

morning with a most disconsolate air, and I laughed, which annoyed him not a little.

At four o'clock a general stir commenced. When I came down, I conjectured from the aspect of the chasseurs, and their continual exclamations in *patois*, that all was not right; and Pierre acquainted me with the provoking intelligence, that seven uncivil gentlemen, having heard of our expedition, had walked all night, and were an hour or more in advance of us, to pre-occupy the best ground.

There was no help for this, however, as we were too much laden to overtake them, and at best, we could only have spoilt their sport, an enterprize which would have terminated most probably in a quarrel and a fight; we therefore set off for a *châlet* on the borders of the Lac de Cheville, to hunt on a range of mountains opposite the Grand Movran,—good ground, but much more difficult than the other.

The Lac de Cheville is the youngest in Switzerland, and was formed in 1740, by a celebrated *eboulement* of the Diablerets, which interrupted the course of a small river, and spread it into a lake. The chasseurs had many legends about this *eboulement*. They said that it extended more than two leagues, burying six hundred cows, besides a number of goats and sheep, with several Vachers who looked after them. One man was buried with his *châlet*, and lived upon the cheese he had made during the season, until he dug his way out, and returned to his family, after they had supposed him to be dead more than three weeks.

The Valaisans accounted at the time most scientifically for the *eboulement* falling on their side rather than the other. They said that the Diable du Vaud, and the Diable du Valais, having had a difference of opinion, as to the side on which the *eboulement* should fall, the former, after a furious contest, proved victorious, and accomplished the desirable object of

hurling down the peaks in question upon the district of his enemy.

We found the chalet still tenanted; the good people were not to go down to the valley until the next day. We now unloaded the baggage, and began our dispositions for the day's campaign. Four of us, myself included, were to take up positions on the ridge of the mountain, three hours were allowed us to reach them,—at eleven o'clock precisely the two others were to begin driving the mountain below us "*à coups de fusil*." In about two hours we reached the first plateau, or terrace of the mountain; it formed a beautiful hollow in the middle, open to the sun, and covered with strait ridges of rock, exactly resembling stone walls. Here we advanced very cautiously, as it was a noted haunt of chamois. At last down dropped young Morel, and made us aware that he had seen some below. I now crept up, and perceived seven chamois, three does with their fawns, and an old buck last, browsing as he went, and butting them with his horns, when they got in his way. They were about two hundred yards off, and I was all impatience to shoot, but the old man said they were too far, perhaps they might come nearer, and so on, until they had quietly walked out of our reach. Immediately they were fairly out of shot, every one inquired why the other had not fired. Pierre was especially indignant, and took occasion to observe, that he could hardly refrain from shooting at them with the double gun and slugs, which would have carried just half way.

After this wretched manœuvre, we proceeded gloomily up the mountain. In the course of two hours, I was completely driven from my post by the intense cold. I was in the shadow of the mountain, surrounded by ice and snow, and commanding a full view of a beautiful spot where Pierre had placed himself to watch for chamois, as he said, but in reality to bask in the sunshine.

We now determined to return home again; and after one or two adventures, in which I very nearly slipped from the top to the bottom of the mountain on my back, and Pierre was caught in a complete trap, by mistaking an iced ridge of rock in the middle of a snow shoot, for good walking ground, we reached the Châlet of Cheville.

I now began making a sketch of mine host's domicile, which was built of logs of pine, become a complete scarlet by exposure to the weather. All the best part of it was devoted to the cows, and all the worst to himself and guests. Presently, the two *batteurs* returned; they had killed nothing, but thought they had driven several forward. Morel and his son were still absent. About six there was a cry of "Here he comes!" and to our great delight, after him came young Morel with a chamois.

Every body was happy; every body asked questions without minding whether they got answers, and rallied Pierre, in the intervals, on the pleasure he would derive from carrying all the *viande sauvage* we could kill. The chamois was six years old, and could not have weighed, as he fell, less than seventy or eighty pounds.

No language can describe the fashion after which I was devoured in the course of the night, by fleas. The chasseurs treated my complaints with considerable contempt, and seemed to take it for granted that a good skin should be proof against all such nocturnal annoyances.

Our destination this morning was on the same mountain, but further up the ridge. As we had a longer round to make, the *batteurs* were not to begin till twelve o'clock. We were no sooner on the mountain, than we observed a herd of chamois on an insulated rock, in a great snow field; these we unfortunately determined to take *en passant*, and in order to keep out of their sight, scrambled up a succession of precipices,

so steep, that we had to pull ourselves up by the arms. In the middle of our undertaking, a loud noise, twice repeated, made every one stop short. Pierre screamed "*Une avalanche !*" — Morel said, in a low voice, — "*C'est un eboulement, sauvons nous.*" We rushed out of the couloir in which we were, in American phrase, progressing, and crouched under the protection of a large rock; Pierre lamenting loudly, (according to his invariable practice when in danger), that he had ever come upon such a breakneck expedition. At this moment two or three small stones rolled over our rock of refuge, and frightened us still more, as we took them for the advance guard of the *eboulement*; which never in fact arrived, the noise proceeding from the blasting of some iron mines in the neighbourhood, that Morel had forgotten in the first moment of terror. Young Morel now made his appearance behind our chamois, and drove them all in the wrong direction; so we had nothing left us but proceeding to our original destination. The top of the ridge was *taillé en pic*, and perfectly resembled a wall. The view was splendid. The Valais in its whole extent lay below us, with the town of Sion, and the windings of the Rhone; beyond, rose Monte Rosa, Mont Cervin, and the Matterhorn; to the left, lay the Gemmi, Altels, &c.; and towards the middle, the Oberland Alps, with the Jung Frau and Finsteraärhorn, rising from among them. It was worth a journey to look at.

When we had waited about three hours, the wind began to blow violently, and the mists to boil up from the foot of the mountain, so that I began to anticipate a repetition of our disaster in the Wetterhorn, and was compelled to descend. Alas! for the influence of malignant fate over hunting and shooting, as well as more serious matters; had we but waited a little longer, our ears would probably have been saluted by the stealthy tread of a herd of thirty chamois, and the old

Vacher down below would have pricked up his; as the sharp crack of three or four rifles in quick succession, came rattling down the breeze, not all of them, I should trust, innocent of a chamois demise.

The *batteurs* returned about two hours after us, and most beautiful specimens of ill-temper they presented,—perfect models of indignation. Why had we come down?—why had we thought?—what business had we to think? were questions to which we could not reply satisfactorily. Young Morel was the only one of our party who had been in time to see the herd, and that only against the sky line, as they filed off to another ridge, crossing as they always do, the topmost pinnacle of ours. The misfortune was too great to be talked about. “*Une morne silence regnait partout;*” and the gloom was only a little dispelled, when I projected a *soupe sauvage*, to put the party in good humour. The proposition was received with grunts of acquiescence and satisfaction.

We began by sending for a large iron marmite from a neighbouring chalet, where it remained the whole year round. Upon its arrival, a list of contributions was called. I generously presented all the fat of the ham, which called forth an unsuppressed murmur of applause. This was put into it, and the marmite was then filled up with water, and placed on the fire. We then cut up bits of bread, cheese, and ham, into a large wooden pail, till it was nearly full, and it was announced that the subscription had closed. The soup was now boiling, and one of the chasseurs taking up the marmite in his horny hands, very dexterously transferred the contents to the milk-pail; the cheese melted, the bread crumbled, and the ham simmered round gloriously. I had been engaged in cutting a stick, with which I stirred it well up, and the soup was declared to be ready.

It was placed on a block in the centre of the hut, round

which we clustered, each with a large wooden spoon holding a teacup full in his hand. Pierre acted as spokesman; and proceeded most ceremoniously to express the general wish of the party, that Monsieur Milord would begin alone. To this I would by no means consent; accordingly, we all fell to at once, Pierre eating for two at least. No one put in his spoon oftener, or to more purpose, as he rarely failed in bringing it up crammed with cheese, which formed a layer two inches thick at the bottom of the pail. This he dispatched with marvellous *goût*, ejaculating, at intervals, with a pant like a broken-winded horse, "*Ah-h-h-! voilà quelque chose de bon!*" The singularity of the group was much improved by the threads of melted cheese which extended from the pail to the mouth of each pig; the cheese hardening and becoming like vermicelli, at the distance of a couple of feet. At last, symptoms of flagging commenced; Pierre still going well, till having fairly beaten off all the rest, he threw himself back on the straw, declaring that he was in a complete "*transpiration.*"

After this, it was thought right to arrange ourselves for the night, in order to hinder the escape of the caloric which the soup had generated; and owing to its good offices I soon fell asleep. The wind now blew up such a violent hurricane that it stripped our *châlet* of most of the great stones laid upon the wooden tiles, and nearly unripped the roof. One particular gust was so tremendous, that all raised their heads by simultaneous consent, as if to assure themselves that the roof had not fallen and killed them. I could not help laughing at this movement, which scandalized Pierre not a little, and he took occasion to declare, that laughing was not at all desirable, since we might have our heads broken at any moment; add to which, the fire might catch the *châlet*, and then we should have to pay twenty louis for a new one. This made me laugh still more, and Pierre got up, grumbling, to place large stones

on the embers, that one part, at least, of his forebodings might not come true.

In the morning we found as imposing an assemblage of *debris* from rock, house, and tree, as ever made travelling at night disagreeable, and were not altogether sorry to leave such a stirring vicinity.

In crossing the mountain of Ainzende a single chamois was descried quite low down. Each congratulated the other on his position, as it was reckoned he could not escape without being shot at. We had to make a very wide circuit, the chamois lair being a perfect watch-tower. Morel at last posted me; but the chamois had shifted in consequence of the violence of the wind, which was so great as to blow the old man down several times; he himself went up a little higher, and was just in time to see the beast stealing quietly off; he shot at him and missed, so our last chance was up.

We now reached the village, and received great congratulations on the result of our *chasse*; Pierre very sagaciously observing that the sight of a chamois was not quite so common as our friends would have us believe, or such a fuss would not be made about this one. I felt (in consequence of these congratulations) quite hospitably disposed, and gave every one who chose as much wine as they could drink. The hearts of the chasseurs expanded, the brows of the batteurs (who had been particularly displeased with our bungling of the previous day) relaxed, and they were graciously pleased to begin talking all at once. Flowers were placed in each man's cap and button-hole, and an immense bouquet, about as big as a sheaf of corn, was tied between the chamois' horns; in consequence of which attention it was intimated to me that a *bonne main* of a couple of francs would be acceptable to the young lady who had placed it there. This I accordingly presented, and paid for two-and-twenty bottles of wine besides, out of one five franc

piece. Oh, for the economy of the mountains! Village of Ainzende! I have still a profound respect for thee, as the only place where they keep to the tariff of the golden age! It forms a bright spot in my account book. Five francs for two-and-twenty bottles of wine, and a larger present, most likely, than the young lady of the house ever received before!

Our triumphal entry into Bex was conducted in the shades of evening, but still created a visible sensation. I first went to superintend the arrangement of the chamois by the town butcher, who wanted to cut it up like a sheep; and then rushed to mine inn, to enjoy the luxury of a toilette such as none can appreciate who have not resided with fleas for three days in a barn.

Thus ends the hunting of Chevy Chase. But still one word with you, gentle reader, in order to vindicate myself from the charge of folly you are making against me for pursuing a sport in which, according to my own showing, I have prospered so little. I cannot say that I am one of those who measure the excitement of a *chasse* by the contents of the game-bag; nor the pleasure, by absence of disappointment. I like an expedition, a good downright caravan; and I like the novelty of sleeping in *châlets*, eating mountain soups, and living for a time a savage life, with the men to whom it is congenial. I like a legend told on the spot, and the superstition of the narrator who believes in all he tells. Reserve is soon laid aside, and the simple chamois hunters look upon a stranger as one of themselves; consequently a person may turn over another (and to me, at least, a new page of human life), and in three days there is time to read it.

Independent of the excitement of the *chasse*, it is worth while to follow it, were it only to see the mountains, not in their holyday but their every day dresses. With a rifle you observe much which is denied the traveller of the beaten road—

you force yourself within the precincts of the mountains and the reach of their power. Avalanches, most of them invisible, keep up a continual thunder; here and there, indeed, a white stream may be distinguished, which, but for its disappearance, might be taken for a mountain torrent; mists float at your feet, and remind you that your position is not without danger in the event of their rising; the keen air elevates your spirits into ecstasy; your muscles are firm, your hand steady, and you would sigh (if there were time) to think that this exuberance of health will not survive many days a return to lowland habits and lowland life.

Gentle reader! I wish that you had dined with me at Geneva, on the chamois whose death I have described; you would have given me your opinion whether you liked him best "*piqué*" or "*au naturel*." I wish I had had the pleasure of drinking a glass of very remarkable old hock with you; and in return for all my good wishes, I hope that you will be lenient in your criticism.

FOSCARI.

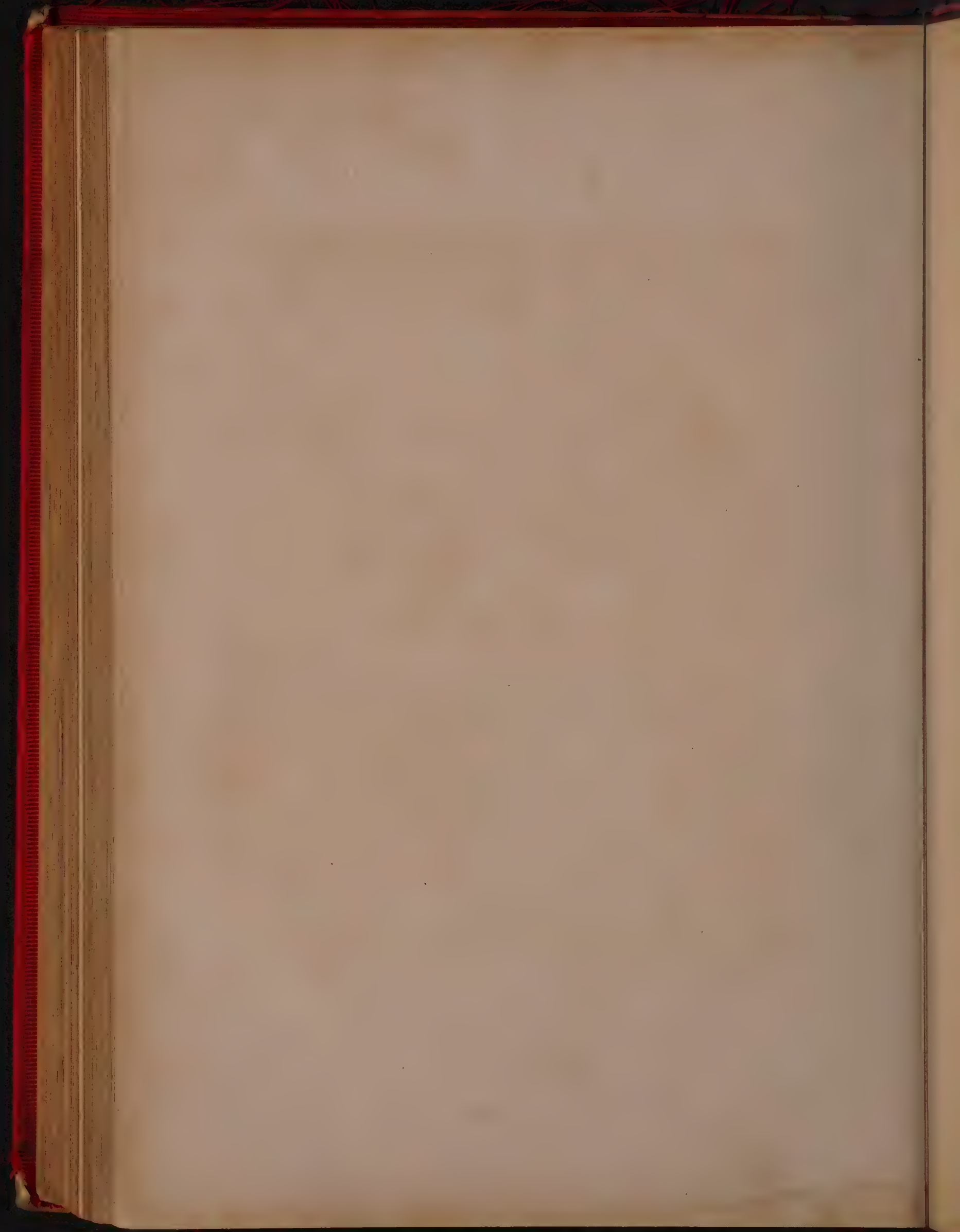
BY THE LADY E. STUART WORTLEY.

Who can thread the azured streets of Venice fair,
Paved thick with sunbeams—nor long pondering dwell,
On all that strangely there of yore befell,—
On all that passed in days historic there?
But from the Foscari's tale of worst despair,
The pained thought shrinks—for words were vain to tell,
The horrors of *that* history! which 'twere well,
Could deep Oblivion shroud—man's heart to spare!
Ah! that pale bride! who might not soothe nor save,
Who for her lord saw the earth, in its broad scope,
Become one rack—one dungeon, and one grave!
Wished she thy death—when thou o'er-wrench'd didst droop—
From very love?—aye!—nor herself forgave,
Feeling almost a murderess in that hope!



J. Smith sculp.

1841



ACCOUNT
OF
A BANQUET GIVEN BY KHOSREW PACHA,

AT HIS PALACE ON THE BANKS OF THE BOSPHORUS.

BY THE LADY E. STUART WORTLEY.

DURING a brief sojourn at Constantinople, in the autumn of 1838, having received a most courteous invitation from the famous old Seraskier (now Grand Vizier), Khosr w Pacha, through our esteemed friend Namik Pacha, we repaired to his splendid palace on the banks of the beautiful Bosphorus on the 9th of September; Namik Pacha's gaily-ornamented arabah* was in waiting to convey us to his lovely ca que, which we found ready for us when we alighted from the curtained and cushioned vehicle, which bore us to the beach. On embarking in the ca que, our consternation was great to learn from a young officer, whom Namik Pacha had sent to escort us, that we were very much after our time; in fact, that we had made the mistake of supposing we were asked to dinner at four o'clock * -la-Frank* instead of four o'clock * -la-Turque*. Rafit Bey had always previously to this period mentioned when the Turkish time was intended to be understood, but omitted doing so on the present occasion, which led us into this error. We were exceedingly annoyed, but nothing was to be done. Namik Pacha's stout and stalwart boatmen, however, in their picturesque gossamer-like draperies, plied their oars with right vigorous strokes, and the feathery fairy-

* Turkish carriage.

coracle, ycleped caïque, shot and glanced over the sunny waters as though its delicate form had been indeed instinct with life. Beautiful and graceful as it is, however, the caïque is far from being a comfortable boat. It is necessary to remain in it almost moveless as a statue, as it is most easily upset, and your position, reclined at the bottom of the vessel, which is extremely narrow, cramps and fatigues the voyager exceedingly. I could not help sighing after the luxurious gondolas of Venice, with their awnings and cushions. That day the heat was very great and the glare oppressive, and in spite of the beauty of the scenery surrounding us, I was glad when we arrived at the old Seraskier's beautiful palace; ere we did so, however, a caïque met us, which had been despatched on purpose to ascertain the cause of our long delay. In order to lighten ours, the young officer I mentioned before, immediately took his seat in it, and our movements were still more accelerated, till our panting boatmen (the Turks row a most terrific pace, but their labours in general appear to distress them) paused at the entrance of a magnificent villa, from whence issued swarms of slaves and servants, to conduct us to the presence of their master.

We found Khosrew Pacha awaiting us in the corridor. He received us with the greatest kindness and distinction, and led us to a beautiful apartment, overlooking the Bosphorus. The Seraskier's costume and figure were singular and striking; the former was certainly a strange contrast to the ancient, beautiful, and magnificent dress of the Turks; it was not, however, by any means Europeanized, at least in our eyes it assuredly appeared not to be so: it consisted of a dark blue *blouse*, very similar in form to the frocks worn by carters in England, and fullish trousers, with slippers, the everlasting fez of course upon his head. Khosrew Pacha's figure is certainly neither symmetrical nor imposing in itself: he is of very short stature, and is considerably bent with age, yet altogether there is some-

thing exceedingly venerable and impressive in his aspect. However chary nature may be of her outward marks of favour, how true it is that where the stamp of glorious, God-like intellect is discerned, we at once own the influence of its mystic presence, the spell-like sway of its sublimity, and confess the *human form divine*!—Yes! even though the exterior be deficient in every other attribute of grace, in every other character of beauty or grandeur.

The kindly greetings with which the Seraskier met us would have been lost upon us but for the presence of Namik Pacha, who undertook on this occasion the office of interpreter. He speaks French remarkably well, and with considerable fluency. We apologized for the lateness of the hour in which we had made our appearance, explaining to the Seraskier the misapprehension in which the delay had originated. He desired us not to make any apologies, as the mistake was not of the slightest consequence, and assured us we were most welcome at whatever hour we came. He then begged of us to be seated; and immediately after, pipes of all dimensions, shapes, and sorts, were brought in abundance, all of a costly and splendid description; a peculiarly magnificent one was offered to me, but I ventured to decline it, having by no means attained any proficiency in the eminently eastern art of smoking. All the others assembled in the room, however, speedily commenced operations;—the narghilé, the chibouque, were in great requisition. The luxury of the rich orientals is much displayed in their pipes, which are costly in the extreme: the mouth-pieces are of the finest amber, and of a large globular form; these are pressed gently to the lips, so as to exclude the air, and thus the grateful odour, almost worshipped in the East, is inhaled. The cherry sticks of these splendid pipes are often of enormous length, sometimes measuring at least three yards; the bowl rests in a brightly polished brazen

saucer, to prevent the ashes soiling the mats or floor. The most striking part of these articles of Ottoman luxury is the mouth-piece, which we found here, and had elsewhere observed amongst the very great and wealthy Turks, to be most richly covered with jewels, arranged with considerable taste, and presenting a very sparkling and brilliant appearance.

I must now proceed to give a little account of the party we found assembled here. The company, then, besides ourselves, consisted of Namik Pacha; the minister of justice, whose name, if I correctly remember, was Saib Effendi, and I believe the same personage who has been lately selected to carry on the negociations between the youthful Sultan and Mehemet Ali; and a Prussian Baron, who had been for some time resident at Constantinople, being employed by the Turkish government to assist in superintending the progress of the European system of discipline at present adopted in the Ottoman army. He was one of the most gentlemanlike, agreeable, and pleasing persons I ever had the good fortune to encounter. He appeared to be very well informed, and much respected. After sitting for some time conversing with these gentlemen, I was invited by Khosrew Pacha to pay a visit to his harem, where he informed me I should find the wife of the Prussian nobleman I have already alluded to, whom I had a previous acquaintance with, and also a Greek lady, who had been asked to join us in the capacity of interpretress. I joyfully acceded to this proposal, and the Pacha immediately rose from his seat, and insisted on conducting me himself to the apartments of the ladies. I accordingly followed His Highness (by which title I found he was invariably addressed by Namik Pacha and the rest) through magnificent suites of rooms, to the harem, which is generally, indeed I believe universally, at a considerable distance from the other apartments, often separated from the rest of the mansion by an ample court.

The Seraskier, as he led the way through the various beautiful corridors and chambers, constantly addressed conversation to me, which he essayed to render intelligible by different signs and animated gesticulations; but, alas! I comprehended but very little, here and there a word only; however, as it appeared to me he was chiefly attempting to explain to me the various uses and destinations of the several rooms, I answered in the best manner I was able, and we proceeded together on the most amicable terms, till I was at length consigned to the care of an exceedingly frightful-looking black slave, who wonderfully heightened his natural hideousness by a gorgon-like grin, which slowly spread over his dusk and dismal features, like the troubled smoke of a steam-engine over the sooty monster beneath. In a few minutes I found myself at the doors of the mysterious harem, under the guidance of my singularly unprepossessing escort. As soon as the doors were opened, I was met by the Seraskier's wife, who advanced with much grace and dignity to greet me, accompanied by the Greek lady I mentioned before: the Seraskier's wife welcomed me in the kindest and most courteous manner imaginable. She was no longer young, but possessed the remains of very great and resplendent beauty; her features were exquisitely modelled; her complexion and skin still very fine; her eyes of eastern darkness, depth, and softness, and her hair silky and glossy, and of a beautiful auburn hue. Her picturesque and superb costume it would be difficult to describe, and, to the uninitiated in the complicated details of a Turkish lady's toilette, such description would only present a series of confused names, and afford no correct or distinct idea. I will therefore avoid dilating upon all the multifarious mysteries of robes, anteries, girdles, turbans, &c., and merely state, that the *tout ensemble* was the perfection of magnificence and splendor, and would put all the professors of mortal millinery in modern Europe to the blush. My courteous hostess

conducted me to the top of the room, and placed me by her side on a luxuriously-cushioned throne-like seat, reaching along the whole length of the windows, which entirely occupied the upper end of that princely apartment, spreading from side to side, ascending from the floor to the ceiling. The Prussian Baroness was seated on a chair placed on the side, and the Greek lady and her two daughters nearly opposite. As soon as I had leisure to look around me, I was struck by the brilliant appearance presented by a large semicircle of sumptuously-attired slaves, who stood before us in graceful attitudes, motionless as a group of beautiful statues; no train of duchesses, and high-born damsels at court, ever displayed such wealth of matchless jewellery, I verily believe, certainly never such splendid variety of apparel; they all wore long flowing trains of most resplendent colours, and exquisite materials, loading the floor with a weight of richness. Their loose, sweeping, immense outer sleeves, hung down to their feet, finely fringed, bordered, and flowered, or starred all over with sparkling gold and silver, or wrought silk of vivid and various dyes; but have I not vowed *not* to be verbose on the subject of dresses and draperies, silks and satins, gold and gear? Still I must be allowed for one moment to break through the rigid rules I had shackled myself with, and to luxuriate for a few, a very few minutes, in the description of the turbans which glittered before my astonished eyes upon this occasion.

The turbans!—Oh! how miserably poor, how wretchedly *jejune*, trivial, and abject are our ideas upon this fertile and fascinating subject,—the *things*, the petty, paltry, prosaic, flat, stale, unimaginative *things* we are accustomed to call by that much-abused name, are no more to be compared with the true, real, yet ideal-looking creations of eastern fancy and taste, than the lame imitations of a London pastry-cook with the most delicate and faultless specimens of Greek or Roman architectural

genius, displayed in their temples, arches, &c. How different were these aërial structures, woven by fairies and worn by hourii, from the ponderous, yet diminutive and lowly concerns raised above the somewhat damaged foreheads of portly dowagers, or the twirled and twisted shawls, crapes, muslins and taffetas of most petty proportions, wreathed about the brows of Christian beauties in more civilized countries. Methought, while I gazed on the inimitable costume of these lovely orientals, that their milliners and mantua-makers must be the butterflies; their hand-maidens and coiffeurs, the winged zephyrs,—so lightly did their fantastical head-dresses rest upon their polished brows, almost seeming to flutter around them—to tremble to every breath, to waver with every slight movement; they were composed of transparent gossamer-like stuffs, light as the mist of the morning—the foam of the fountain—dazzling and rainbowed with a hundred hues, of enormous size, yet *so* delicate, *so* fairy-like, that they rather seemed to float around the head, like sunny-tinged and fleecy clouds, than to be fixed upon it. No two turbans I saw in the room were alike, but all were adorned with bouquets, stars, clusters, &c., of beaming jewels, and interwoven with glossy tresses of hair, sometimes towering above the turban itself, in purposely dishevelled masses; (which, however ill it may sound, produced a very striking and agreeable effect;) and at other times braided among the folds and confined with knots of gems, and afterwards descending in burnished lengths of undulating beauty; in short, just as the fancy of the wearer might dictate.

Alas! I have tried your patience,—I have exceeded my limits, indulgent peruser of this prosy description! and am compelled to confess, that when a woman once enters upon the subject of dress, it is as easy to check the career of a mountain torrent, or the lightning in its mid-rapidity, as to arrest the flow of her eloquence *thus* inspired.

After remaining for some time there, observing that these superbly attired ladies were still standing, I asked the interpretress whether they were to remain the whole time of our visit in this irksome position. She assured me they never sate down in the presence of their mistress. There was one beautiful girl, however, who was accommodated with a seat a little in advance of the others, near the daughter of the interpretress; I was informed she was an adopted child of Khosrew Pacha's lady, who had never had any children of her own. She was a lovely creature, of about eighteen years of age, a Circassian; her complexion was fair, with a brilliant bloom; her hair light auburn, her eyebrows dark, but I believe, from what she herself gave me to understand, *painted*; her features regular, and her figure very graceful. Her waist was peculiarly small, as was easily perceived, in spite of the costly cachemere which was wound about it. It attracted the attention and admiration of the Greek lady's daughters, who were vociferous in its praise;—their *own* might have been encircled by any moderately sized bracelet! Refreshments were served up on glittering trays, sweetmeats, sherbets, and cakes, by troops of slaves, who came and disappeared noiselessly as ghosts. Conversation by no means languished; the interpretress's aid was not always required; signs, gestures, and here and there a few Turkish words which I had made myself mistress of, often appearing a more pleasant mode of communication than the stiff formal process of having one's words conveyed to their destination through the medium of another's organs of speech.

I cannot express the kindness and attention which the lady of the mansion treated me with. Several divisions of the enormous windows had been thrown open, and she had given prompt orders to have them shut, being apprehensive that the air might be too much for me. It was not without many assurances on my part of how much I enjoyed the refreshing

breeze from the waters, instead of being desirous to exclude it, that she consented to have it again admitted into the apartment. She was constantly employed in arranging the embroidered cushions for me, and placing them in what she conceived to be the most comfortable positions, and seemed continually watching every look and movement of her guest, in her anxiety to please, and to show her warm-hearted, kindly hospitality. She was much amused in examining my bracelets and other trinkets; among these was a heart containing some of my husband's hair. She inquired particularly concerning this; and when informed what it was, exclaimed, in an accent of astonishment, "How much you English ladies then, must love your husbands, to carry a little piece of their hair about with you. We Turkish wives would never think of doing such a thing!" I happened to wear that day a locket in the shape of an eagle, in which was enclosed some of Napoleon's hair; this excited her curiosity greatly, and she asked me whose hair that was. When I told her, she immediately said, "Who is Napoleon? Is he a relation of yours?" The Prussian Baroness burst out into exclamations of surprise at her ignorance (in French) to me, remarking that it was the more extraordinary, as her lord had commanded the Ottoman army against the forces of that distinguished personage. I was told, subsequently, however, that had I said Buonaparte, she would have known immediately who I meant, but that, in general, he is not known here by the name of Napoleon. I expressed a wish to see the dressing and sleeping apartments, and on this being repeated to her she smiled and said, "We sleep in any of the rooms just as we happen to fancy at the moment. We lie down upon these couches in the same dresses we wear in the day time."

The toilette of the Turkish ladies is always, I believe, made at the bath; however, I could not help thinking, as I looked at the magnificent array of this stately princess, of her adopted

daughter, and her attendants, with its wonderful profusion of ornament and decoration, how uncomfortable it must make their repose, at least, according to *our* notions of comfort. Whilst we were engaged in conversation on various topics, I was much interested by a singular and lovely apparition—it was that of a most beautiful child, about six years old, led in by an old woman, who seemed to be her nurse, and such in fact she was. This charming little creature was almost bending beneath the load of magnificence in which her little slight fairy form was enveloped; a turban was wreathed round her infantine brows of dimensions nearly as vast as those I have previously described. Her hanging sleeves swept the floor; she glittered in a perfect blaze of jewels, and reminded one of images one sometimes sees in Roman Catholic churches, on which the wealth of treasures seems lavished.

This was another adopted child of my amiable hostess—a late purchase—also a Circassian. She was beautiful as morning, and exhibited no signs of shyness or trepidation; her hair was cut short over her forehead, and allowed to hang at full length behind, braided; a flower was delicately painted between her eyebrows, and a costly cachemere was rolled about her diminutive waist, while enormously ample trousers were furled about her tiny ancles. Her new mistress seemed very fond of her, and told me she was already making much progress in reading and writing; her name was “Indjou,” or “the Pearl.” She remained some time in the room; her childish manners seemed modelled on those of the persons surrounding her, and she appeared all obedience, gentleness, and docility. A slave now announced that the banquet was in readiness, and the Prussian lady, the interpretriss with her daughters, and myself, prepared to join the gentlemen. We were shown back into the same apartment I had first entered, where we found the Seraskier and his guests awaiting our arrival. The Seraskier then offered me his hand, and led me

down stairs to a most superb saloon, with enormous windows on both sides, these looking upon the sunny Bosphorus in all its beauty, and those upon a delightful garden enamelled with a million flowers, and filling the air with the enchantment of a million odours, where birds were singing, and fountains were playing, and all was magical and matchless. A richly wooded hill terminated the prospect on that side, and it was indeed a delicious one; but still the incomparable Bosphorus asserted his claim; purple and golden in the sunshine, with his beautiful banks opposite, and it was really a perplexity of pleasure! The interior of the room made me think of Aladdin's palace; but my eyes and my imagination were completely dazzled, and the gorgeous vision seemed to overtax the senses, and to assume the vague features of a dream. I was recalled, however, from my ærial phantasies to earthly realities and sober reason, by the Seraskier asking me whether I would prefer a dinner in the Turkish or in the Christian fashion. What a sinking in poetry!—but not so *very* unpleasant a transition, perhaps, humanly speaking, in plain prose. The Prussian Baron, who happened to be standing by me, whispered, “Choose the Turkish, pray!” and I directly did so. The Pacha looked much pleased, and directed us to take our seats at a table placed near the window overlooking the river. In the middle of this table was an immense tureen of soup; beautifully embroidered napkins, fringed with gold, were laid in readiness for the use of each guest, but neither plates, knives, nor forks, were to be seen; spoons, indeed, there were in profusion. As soon as we were ranged around the table, servants came and brought a most splendid cloth of tissue of gold and silver, of very large size, wrought all over with coloured flowers and devices; this they arranged so as to go completely round the table, covering us all from the waist to the knees. Besides this, they fastened the embroidered napkins round our shoulders and throats. We must have presented a rather singular ap-

pearance, clothed, as we were, in this sumptuous array!—Each person then armed himself with a spoon of somewhat formidable dimensions; and, I confess, I began to repent the rash precipitation and presumption of my choice—my fool-hardy intrepidity—and to tremble for what was to follow; a consciousness of fearful awkwardness rushed upon me! How was I to convey the liquid from the vessel in which it was deposited to its destination without spilling some drops over the beauteous shroud which enveloped me? for I felt my unpractised hand would falter in the act! I was the person, too, who was expected and called upon to begin. The Seraskier looked on, smilingly, at my embarrassment—there was a pause—an awful one;—now for the plunge—the onset! At this moment, our good-natured host relieved me from my uneasy situation, by begging me to lay aside my spoon, to divest myself of my share of the splendid but somewhat cumbrous paraphernalia of the table, and invited us all to partake of a Frank* dinner, instead of a Turkish one, (which former appeared to have been prepared by magic,) saying with a laugh, that we had played at eating a Mahometan repast, we should now in reality assist in demolishing a Christian one; adding, that he thought we had at present a very good idea of what a dinner *à-la-Turque* was. He then rose from his seat and led the way to a table in the centre of the saloon; we all followed his example, nothing loth, and found this table in every way arranged according to the most approved notions of civilized European life: knives, forks, spoons, plates, &c., in rich abundance. Every thing was in perfection of taste, and in great splendor.

I wish I could give even the slightest idea of the excelling beauty of the princely room in which we were assembled, with its vast glass walls on either side—for to call them windows must convey a false impression of their majestic proportions—the lovely, the surpassing prospects these so brilliantly afforded

* Christian.

—the gorgeous furniture and adornments of the spacious chamber itself, lofty and columned, with its gildings and its arabesques, its cloths of gold, and silks of more than Tyrian dye. The shape of this delicious apartment was very fantastical and peculiar; but as I am sure I could not adequately describe it, I will not make the attempt. Altogether, I felt transported into the regions of the Arabian Nights. All was fairy-land, all was magic, all was illusion, enchantment, fable, and phantasy, *excepting* the solid and substantial *Frank* repast with which our distinguished host had so considerately provided us. I have said all the appliances were complete: the plate was goodly and massive, the porcelain exceedingly beautiful. The Pacha informed us it came from Berlin; it excited the admiration of the whole company, and the Prussian Baron and Baroness appeared proud of what their country could produce.

The plot now thickened. Innumerable slaves and servants glided to and fro incessantly, and every instant presented fresh dishes to each guest, nameless for us (though when we a moment hesitated, the official whispered in our ear some mystical Turkish name, which but little illuminated our mental darkness), and apparently numberless! It seemed to us the courses were mixed in inextricable confusion, but I believe there was method in their mixture, though it was not discoverable to our unpractised eyes; at least six separate courses of fish appeared at certain intervals; also courses of confectionary, &c. and viands without end, dressed in every imaginable and unimaginable manner; some that I tasted were most excellent, and worthy specimens of a Turkish *cuisine*, (for although the banquet was conducted in the Frank style, its component parts were eminently oriental). After dishes upon dishes had been presented and removed, with almost preternatural celerity (which made me think of the bodiless hands in the fairy tales), till I was really dizzy and distracted by their multitudes and rapid succession, at what *I* in my ignorance conceived to be the end of

the feast (as there was a slight pause, a breathing-moment), the Seraskier begged Namik Pacha to inform us he was about to drink our good healths *à l'Anglaise*. We were of course much flattered by this most unexpected compliment, and entreated Namik Pacha to convey the expression of our gratification to the Seraskier's ears. Our hospitable host then rising with much grace, drank all our good healths, making what was, I doubt not, a neat and appropriate speech in Turkish!

If I had imagined the truly sumptuous banquet was drawing to a close, I was destined soon to be convinced of how grievously I was mistaken. Hostilities recommenced with incredible and increased ardour—the rapid discharge of dishes became quite appalling—we were quickly enveloped in the smoke of a hundred—steaming viands!—the fire seemed every moment to redouble—the *batteries de cuisine* appeared indeed inexhaustible. I now discovered that the table-tactics of my Turkish friends consisted in slight skirmishings, rather than in close charges—lengthened encounters, or continued and obstinate conflicts. I remarked the Pachas helped themselves to about half-a-spoonful at a time; they were thus enabled to pay their respects to most of the dishes presented to their notice. Now I observed Namik Pacha coquetting gracefully with a few piquante kibaubs—now delicately dallying with a spoonful of exquisite sweetmeats. The Turkish epicures seem really like bees, flying from flower to flower, extracting a drop of honey from each. Great was our surprise when suddenly appeared before our eyes in all its froth of glory—and what is glory but froth?—that truly British beverage ycleped bottled porter, purposely sent for from Pera by His Highness, to do honour to his English guests. I believe I have not mentioned that there was also sparkling champagne, which the Frank gentlemen pronounced to be excellent. I must not omit saying that very good cheese formed part of the repast; made, as Namik Pacha told us, at the Seraskier's own dairies. Still there were no signs of slackening in the evolu-

tions of the legions of domestics, who unwearyingly continued plying their arduous task. I had dined an hour ago, and could not resist asking Namik Pacha in a low voice, whether this sumptuous feast of a thousand-and-one dishes was indeed interminable. The Seraskier,—who I verily think heard with his eyes, the quick penetrating glances of which it was impossible to escape,—immediately asked Namik Pacha if I was not tired with the length of the entertainment; without consulting me as to his answer, Namik Pacha replied in the affirmative; adding, however, how much I had expressed my surprise and admiration at the extraordinarily lavish display of luxury and profusion I had beheld. The Seraskier then told Namik Pacha to acquaint me that he should instantly order the pilaw to be brought, which always concluded the feast, although at that moment only half of the dinner had been served!

We then rose from table; the slaves immediately brought large golden salvers, on which were vessels of perfumed water for washing the hands, and small globes of odoriferous soap, and presented each person with napkins still more superb than those we had previously seen. The embroidery with which they were literally covered, was really admirable, the same on both sides, and the gold borderings were resplendent. I should have been sorry to have used them, had I not been told they bore washing perfectly. After this his Highness handed the Baroness and myself up stairs, where coffee was served; pipes were again brought. During the course of conversation, Namik Pacha, with his usual generosity and kindness, begged me to accept a beautiful horse, which he had daily lent me to ride in Constantinople. My husband, however, desired me to decline this munificent present: in the first place, he did not like to deprive the Pacha of his steed; and in the next, the difficulties, expenses, and risks attendant on the transportation of the horse to England, would have rendered the gift undesirable.

After remaining a short time with the gentlemen, we ladies again repaired to the harem, and found the Seraskier's lady in another apartment, equally splendid with the former, a sort of gallery of noble dimensions, looking on the gardens. One of the greatest beauties of these rooms is, the amplitude of the windows, through which a flood of light pours, that makes them singularly cheerful, despite the gilded wire network which is fastened outside in the harems, to prevent the fair inmates being seen.

The Prussian Baroness went to walk in the garden with the interprestress and her young ladies, and I remained with the mistress of the house and her adopted daughter, the female slaves, as usual, standing round; we entered into an animated conversation, in the midst of which, with a countenance beaming with fun and merriment, she thought proper to administer to me a most tremendous dose of tickling, which I bore in the least possible philosophical manner, for to me it is torment indescribable. I writhed and screamed in agony, but my sufferings only drew upon me the unmitigated ridicule of all present; they jumped with delight, and clapped their hands, shrieking with laughter; no pity and no mercy were shewn me;—I thought I should have died! At length, to my inexpressible relief, the other ladies appeared, and the interprestress entreated the merry lady to desist in my name, telling her, if she continued her attack, I should assuredly go into convulsions: this had the desired effect, quarter was given, and my life spared! The Seraskier's wife then asked me many questions,—how long I had been married, how many children I had, &c.; and at once fell into her usual manner of gentle grace and dignity. She told me she had called her eldest adopted daughter, “the young houri.” I answered she well deserved the name, as she was so very lovely; the lady replied, if I really thought so, she would give her to me to present to my husband. I lost no time in assuring her,

that as our English husbands had but one wife a-piece, and no slaves, I could not accept of her gracious offer; she held up her hands in astonishment, and apparent horror, and desired the interpretress to tell me that it was very difficult for her to believe my assertions; she then held up *one* finger, and shook her head expressively, reiterating, "Yok! yok!" No! no! in the most emphatic manner.

At last the hour for our departure drew nigh, the black slave announced the caïque was in readiness. The female attendants on my kind hostess crowded around, one bringing my shawl, another my parasol, a third my bonnet, a fourth my reticule, a fifth one glove, and a sixth another; so well is the division of labour understood by them! I then took leave of my charming friend, and the lovely young houri; who, with their hands on their hearts, returned my salutations, then insisted on shaking hands in the *Frank fashion*, as they had seen the Baroness and myself do, which ceremony occasioned much merriment.

On rejoining my husband, I found the Seraskier assuring him of the great pleasure our visit had given him; while he, on his part, was expressing his gratitude for all the kindness we had experienced. Many courteous speeches were then exchanged. The conversation ended by Khosrew Pacha energetically observing to my husband, how ardently and anxiously he hoped that the relations between Great Britain and her ancient ally, Turkey, might daily be strengthened and improved, saying that this was the most constant wish of his heart, the fondest and most fervent of his prayers. He expatiated much on this subject, and seemed never weary of repeating how deeply he desired that these nations should be united by all the bonds of friendship and alliance. The venerable Pacha then, apparently overcome by his emotions, folded my husband in a really paternal embrace, and bade us adieu with much feeling.

We then left this hospitable mansion with sincere regret, and once more found ourselves in our fairy vessel. Though evening was drawing on, we determined on going to Therapia, as we might not have another opportunity of paying our respects to Lord and Lady Ponsonby, whose kind invitation to dinner, a few days before, we had been obliged to decline, as I was, at that time, indisposed. Nothing can be imagined more beautiful than the Bosphorus and its banks the whole way, and the evening was delicious. When we arrived at Therapia, we found Lady Ponsonby was out, and we were sorry to hear that Lord Ponsonby had had a fall from his horse, which made it inexpedient he should receive any visitors. We returned to Constantinople, and by the light of the gaily-painted lanterns in vogue there, found our way to our lodging in Pera, sufficiently tired by our toilsome march up its rugged and cur-infested streets. Our Armenian host had thought proper to prepare a dinner for us, but this, my readers may well imagine, we promptly begged leave to decline.*

* Throughout the foregoing narrative, I have used the title "Seraskier" in speaking of our princely host; strictly, however, I should say the Ex-Seraskier, as he no longer held that high office, having retired from public life, I believe, in consequence of advancing age. But everywhere in Constantinople we heard him called nothing but the "Old Seraskier Pacha." He is said universally to have been the person most beloved and respected by the late Sultan Mahmoud, who always called him his "father." He is styled the "Talleyrand of Turkey." I certainly never saw a countenance that exhibited an expression of more acuteness and sagacious penetration. In every fold and furl of the furrows which mark it, lies a world of diplomatic meaning, more difficult for the casual observer to trace, than a hundred labyrinths of Crete, *without* a clue, yet the combined expressions of its many expressions is pleasing and agreeable.

THE CELEBRATED EARL OF CHESTERFIELD'S ILLUSTRATION OF
THE CHARACTER OF HIS INTIMATE FRIEND,

THE EARL OF SCARBOROUGH.

FROM AN ORIGINAL MANUSCRIPT IN THE POSSESSION OF HIS GRACE THE DUKE
OF RUTLAND.

IN drawing the character of Lord Scarborough, I will be strictly upon my guard against the partiality of the intimate and uninterrupted friendship in which we lived for more than twenty years, to which friendship, as well as to the public notoriety of it, I owe much more than my pride will let my gratitude own; if this may be suspected to have biased my judgement, it must at the same time be allowed to have informed it, for the most secret movements of his soul, were, without disguise, communicated to me only. However, I will rather lower than heighten the colouring,—I will make the shades, and draw a credible rather than an exact likeness.—He had a very good person, rather above the middle size, a handsome face, and when he was cheerfull, the most engaging countenance imaginable; when grave, which he was the oftenest, the most respectable one; he had in the highest degree the manners and address of a man of Quality, Politeness with Ease, and Dignity without Pride.

Bred in camps and courts, it cannot be supposed he was untainted with the fashionable vices of these warm climates, but (if I may be allowed the expression), he dignified them, instead of their degrading him into any mean or indecent action. He had a good degree of classical, and a great one

of modern knowledge, with a just, and at the same time, a delicate taste; in his common expences he was liberal within bounds, but in his charities and bounties he had none, I have known them put him to some present inconveniencies. He was a strong, but not an elegant or a florid speaker in parliament. He spoke so unaffectedly the honest dictates of his heart, that truth and virtue, who never want and seldom wear ornaments, seemed only to borrow his voice, this gave such an astonishing weight to all he said, that he has more than once carried an unwilling majority after him; such is the authority of unsuspected virtue, that it will sometimes shame vice into decency at least.

He was not only offered, but pressed to accept the office of Secretary of State, but he constantly refused it; I once tried to persuade him to accept it, but he told me he was conscious that both the natural warmth and melancholy of his temper, made him unfit for it, and that moreover he knew very well, that in those ministerial employments, the course of business made it necessary to do many hard things, and some unjust ones, which could only be authorised by the Jesuitical casuistry of the direction of the intention, a doctrine which he could not possibly adopt.

Whether he was the first that ever made this objection I cannot affirm, but I suspect that he will be the last. He was a true Constitutional Patriot, a sincere Lover and jealous asserter of the natural, the civil, and the religious rights of his country, but he would not quarrel with the crown, for some slight stretches of the prerogative, nor with the people for some unwary ebullitions of liberty, nor with any one for a difference of opinion in speculative points. He considered the constitution in the aggregate, and only watched that no one part of it should preponderate too much, that if one may say of that imperfect creature man, what a celebrated Historian

says of Scipio,—*nil non laudandum aut dixit aut fecit aut sensit*. I sincerely think I had almost said, I know one might say it with truth of him, one single instance excepted, which shall be mentioned. He joined to the noblest and strictest principles of honor and generosity, the tenderest sentiments of benevolence and compassion, and as he was naturally warm, he could not even hear of an injustice or a baseness without a sudden indignation, or of the misfortune or miseries of a fellow creature, without melting into softness, and endeavouring to relieve them.

This part of his Character was so universally known, that our best and most satericall English Poet says :—

“ When I confess there is who feels for fame,
And melts to goodness, Scarborough need I name.”

He had not the least pride of birth or rank, that common narrow notion of little minds, that wretched mistaken succedaneum of merit, but he was jealous to anxiety of his character, as all men are who deserve a good one, and such was his diffidence upon the subject, that he never could be persuaded that mankind really thought of him as they did; surely never man had a higher reputation, and never man enjoyed a more universall esteem; even knaves respected, and fools thought they loved him; if he had any Enemies (for I protest I never knew one), they could only be such as were weary of always hearing of Aristides the just. He was too subject to sudden gusts of passion, but they never hurried him into any illiberal or indecent expression or action; so invincibly habitual to him were good nature and good manners, but if ever any word happened to fall from him in warmth, which, upon subsequent reflection he himself thought too strong, he was never easy till he had made more than a sufficient atonement for it. He had a most unfortunate, I will

call it a most fatal kind of melancholy in his nature, which often made him both absent and silent in company, but never morose or sour, at other times he was a cheerful and agreeable companion; but conscious that he was not always so, he avoided company too much, and was too often alone giving way to a train of gloomy reflections. His constitution, which was never robust, broke rapidly at the latter end of his life. He had two severe strokes of apoplexy or palsy, which considerably affected his body and his mind, this added to his natural melancholy, made him put an end to himself in the year of his age This fatal catastrophe was universally lamented, tenderly censured, and entirely excused by those who considered the unaccountable effects of physical ills upon the human mind.

I desire that this may not be looked upon as a full and finished character, wrote for the sake of writing it, but as my solemn deposition of the truth to the best of my knowledge. I owed this small tribute of justice, such as it is, to the best man I ever knew, and of the dearest friend I ever had.

